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Granger in his Biog. Hist. of England V. III. p. 60, describes two engraved portraits of the Duchess of Newcastle, viz. that, without her name affixed to the Volume of Plays &c. and that, sitting in her Study, sometimes annexed to the second edition of her Poems and Fancies, both by P. van Schuppen after Diepenbeke: — and says

"This Lady was daughter of Thomas Lucas Esq. and sister of Sir John afterwards the first Lord Lucas, and second wife of William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle. If her merit as an Author were to be estimated from the quantity of her Works, she would have the pre-[illegible] of all Female Writers, ancient and modern. There are no less than [illegible] folios of hers [illegible] ten of which are in print: [illegible] [illegible] plays. — The Life of the Duke her Husband, is the most estimable of her p[illegible]. This has been translated into Latin. [illegible] Bristow, of Corpus Christi College in Oxford [illegible] to translate a Volume of her Philosoph[illegible] into the same language; but he was [illegible] to desist from the undertaking. Such [illegible] obscurity and perplexity of the subject, [illegible] could not find words, where he had no [illegible]. We are greatly surprised that a Lady of her quality should have written so [illegible], and are little less surprised that one who [illegible] so well, has writ no better: — but what is most to be wondered at, is that she, who found so much time

time for writing; could acquit herself in the several duties and relations of so life, with so much propriety. — Obt. 1673." — Granger's Biog. Hist.

Granger in a Note to the above, alludes to the scarce folio Volume of Letters and Poems in honour of the Dutchess printed in 1678. — and says 'It consists of 182 pages, filled with the grossest and most fulsome panegyric on the Duke and Dutchess of Newcastle, especially Her Grace. — I know no flattery (continues he) ancient or modern, that is, in any degree, comparable to it, except the deification of Augustus, and the erection of altars to him in his life time. Incense and adoration seem to have been equally acceptable to the Roman God, and English Goddess. — This is part of a Letter of thanks sent to the Dutchess by Anthony Thysius, Rector of the University of Leyden, upon the receipt of her Works, which she sent to the public Library. — "Princeps fœminei sexus merito diceris. Admiratur fœcunda tua eruditio, per cœlos, terras, Maria, et quicquid in natura vel civili vita, ullove scientiarum genere nobile occurrit. Ipsa Pallas academiæ nostræ præses tibi assurgit, gratiasque immensas pro vestro munere agit, et cum imaginem vestram aspicit, sapientem, veluti in speculo, intueri videtur." — Granger, also gives some passages from the Book, sent from Cambridge, and finishes the climax' with another passage adapted to Her Grace from Oxford. —

The following is the first edition of the Poems and Fancies' of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle; — To some copies a portrait by P. v. Schuppen after V. Diepenbeke is annexed: — but the whole are of rare occurrence; — Lowndes notes them at £3. 3. 0. — In the British Museum is a Copy, with MS. Notes, in the Duchess's own hand. — The second Edition, was also in folio, and printed in London in 1664. — a Copy of this edition was sold at Brindley's Sale (Catalogue p. 2 No. 1092) for £1. 18s. — Some copies of it, says Lowndes have a portrait of the Duchess sitting in a Chair. The third edition, also in folio, was printed in London, in 1668 and contained 384 pages. — a Copy of it occurs in the Bibl. Anglo-Poet. No. 490 illustrated with several portraits of the Duchess, at 7. 7. 0

Her Ladyship also published in 1653, a 12mo Volume, intituled "Philosophical Fancies", a Copy of which sold, at the Sale of Sir M. M. Sykes' Library (Cat: p. 2. No. 555) bound in Russia for £2. 1. — whilst a Copy in the Nassau Library, (Cat. p. 1. No. 2426) only produced 7s. —

She also, was the author of "Philosophical and Physical Opinions, — London, 1655," folio. — a Copy of it with Natures Pictures &c. Lond. 1656 sold at Brindley's Sale (Cat. p. 2. 1090) for 5s. — A Second edition of these Opinions was published in 1663,

in

in folio:– a Copy of this was sold at Sir Mellighen's for 14s: Catalogue p: 2. Nº 5244 —

"The World's Olio. – Nature's Picture drawn by Fancies "Pencil to the Life. – London, 1655, folio," – is another of Her Grace's Literary productions:– A Copy of it is in the British Museum, with MS. Notes, by the Duchess. — a Second edition of this work, occurs, London 1656, also in folio:– Bindley's Copy, with her Ladyships' "Opinions" sold as before mentioned. – Prefixed to some Copies is a Print. Diepenbeck del: P. Clouwet, sc: a half Sheet, containing portraits of William Cavendish, Marquis of Newcastle, his Marchioness, and their Family. — Constables' Copy (Cat. Nº 866) sold for £5..12..6

Her Ladyship was also the author of "Orations of divers Sorts, accommodated to divers places; "London 1662 folio:– The Roxb[illegible] Copy of this Work, date 1663, sold for 11s – Catalogue [illegible]7. —

"Philosophical Letters or Modest Reflections upon some "Opinions in Natural Philosophy, London 1662" folio:– Of this, a Copy was sold at Bindley's Sale (Cat. p: 2. Nº 1091) for 16/6

"CCXI sociable Letters. London, 1664" folio. —

"Observations upon experimental Philosophy; to which "is added, the Description of a New World. London 1666," also in folio. —

"Grounds of Natural Philosophy, – London 1668" – folio

Plays.

Plays (2s and 5) London 1662 and 1668, folio; volumes. Prefixed is a frontispiece by Van Schuppen, with a full length portrait of the Duchess.— The Roxburghe Copy of this Work, sold for £4. 4. 0.— Cat: No. 3915. Rhodes' Copy (Cat. No. 2669) sold for £5. 15. 6:— Constable's (Cat. No. 867) for £3. 3. 6

"The Life of William Cavendish, Duke, Marquis and Earl of Newcastle. London 1667 folio:— Of this Work several editions have been printed:— There is a Copy in the British Museum with MS. Notes by Her Grace:— The Nassau Copy, date 1669 (Cat: p. 2d. No. [illegible]) sold for 11s.— Bindley's for 18s. (Catalogue p. 2. 4493).— another edition, in 4to was printed in London in 1675:— Lowndes marks it 7/6.— one, in Latin, Londini 1668 folio,— was sold at Bindley's for 5s. Cat. p. 3. 1032.—

Sir Egerton Brydges Bart. printed in 1813, in 8vo a Volume of "Select Poems of the Duchess of Newcastle." of which only twenty-five Copies were printed at the Lee priory press, being the first work printed there. Copies of this are consequently extremely scarce.—

He also printed "A true Relation of the Birth &c. of Margaret Cavendish, Dutchess of Newcastle;— Written by herself.— With a Critical preface &c. by Sir Egerton Brydges. Kent 1814. Royal 8vo Printed at the private press of Lee priory, with a portrait. S. Harding del:

W. N.

W. N. Gardner, sculp. It is extracted from the Ladyships 'Natural Pictures drawn to the life.' — Copies of this are frequently sold high, Tibbets' produced 17. whilst Sykes' only brought 5. —

Wanley also notices a grave and solemn panegyric on the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, but especially on her Grace, under the Title of 'Letters and poems in honour of the incomparable Princess, Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. — printed In the Savoy, 1676, folio. — a Copy of which was sold at Bindley's (Cat. pt. 2. No. 613) for 5s. — In Ballard's Memoirs will be found a copious Memoir of the Duchess. —

D'Granger quotes from a Copy of this work, then in the Library of John Loveday of Caversham Esquire (from its extreme scarcity, he had been induced to give some Long extracts from it: — and adds "these monstrous strains of Panegyric "relate chiefly to that wild Philosophy which would have "puzzled the whole Royal Society, and on account of "which she seems desirous of being admitted to two "of their meetings." — See Birch's Hist. of the Royal Society, Vol. 2. p. 174, 176, 177, from which it appears that she was admitted. — see also, what Evelyn says of her in his 'Numismata' p. 265. —

POEMS, AND FANCIES:

WRITTEN

By the RIGHT HONOURABLE,

THE LADY

NEWCASTLE.

LONDON,

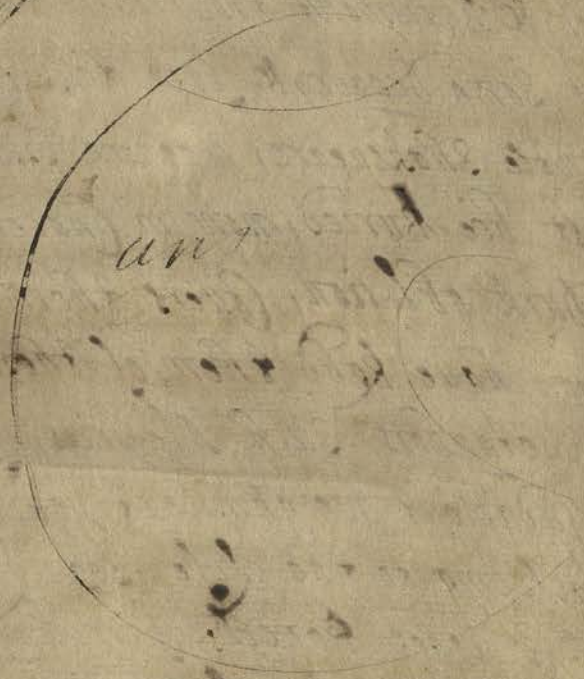
Printed by T. R. for J. Martin, and J. Allestrye

at the Bell in Saint Pauls Church Yard, 1653.

Elizabeth Carr is my

Name England is my nation

Ryall is my dwelling place



To the Lady Newcastle
of Her Book of Poems

I Saw your Poems and then wisht them myne
Reading the Richer Dressings, of Each Line
Your Newborne Sublimd Phantsies & Such Store
May make our Poets Blush, & writ no more
Nay Spencers Ghost will Haunt you, in the night
And Johnson rise full fraught with venoms spight
Fletcher, & Beaumont troubled in their Graues
Look out Some Deeper, & forgotten Caues
And gentle Shakspeare, weeping Since hee Must
At best bee Buried, now in Chacers-Dust
Thus Dark obliuion, Couers their Each Name
Since you haue Robd them, of their Glorious fame
Such Metaphors, Such Allegories, fitt
your Judgment weighing out your fresher witt
By Similizing to the Life Soe like
your Phantsyes Pencil's farr beyond Van-Dike
Drawing all things to all things, at your pleasure
Which shews your store Hous is the Muses treasure
your Head Shallembeck, where the Muses Sitt
Distilling there the quintesence of witt,
Spirits of Phantsy, Essences Soe Sweet
In your Just Numbers, walk on velvet feet
I thought to prays you but Alas my way
To yours, is night vnto A Glorious Day

W. Newcastle

THE EPISTLE DEDICATORY:

TO SIR CHARLES CAVENDISH, MY Noble Brother-in-Law.

SIR,

I *Do here dedicate this my* VVork *unto you, not that I think my* Book *is worthy ſuch a* Patron, *but that ſuch a* Patron *may gaine my* Book *a* Reſpect, *and* Eſteeme *in the* VVorld, *by the* favour *of your* Protection. *True it is,* Spinning *with the* Fingers *is more proper to our* Sexe, *then ſtudying or writing* Poetry, *which is the* Spinning *with the* braine: *but* I *having no ſkill in the* Art *of the* firſt (*and if* I *had,* I *had no hopes of gaining ſo much as to make me a Garment to keep me from the* cold) *made me delight in the* latter; *ſince all* braines *work naturally, and inceſſantly, in ſome kinde or other; which made me endeavour to Spin a* Garment *of* Memory, *to lapp up my* Name, *that it might grow to after* Ages: I

cannot ſay the VVeb *is* ſtrong, fine, *or* evenly Spun, *for it is a* Courſe peice; *yet I had rather my* Name *ſhould go* meanly clad, *then* dye *with* cold; *but if the* Sute *be trimmed with your* Favour, *ſhe may make ſuch a* ſhew, *and appeare ſo* lovely, *as to wed to a* Vulgar Fame. *But certainely your* Bounty *hath been the* Diſtaffe, *from whence* Fate *hath Spun the thread of this part of my* Life, *which* Life *I wiſh may be drawne forth in your* Service. *For your* Noble minde *is above petty* Intereſt, *and ſuch a* Courage, *as you dare not onely look* Misfortunes *in the Face, but grapple with them in the defence of* your Freind; *and your* kindneſſe *hath been ſuch, as you have neglected* your ſelfe, *even in* ordinary Accoutrements, *to maintaine the* diſtreſſed; *which ſhewes you to have ſuch an* Affection, *as* St. Paul *expreſſes for his* Brethren *in* Chriſt, *who could be* accurſt *for their* ſakes. *And ſince your* Charity *is of that* Length, *and* Generoſity *of that* Height, *that no* Times, *nor* Fortunes *can cut* ſhorter, *or pull downe* lower; *I am very confident, the* ſweetneſſe *of your* diſpoſition, *which I have alwayes found in the* delightfull converſation *of your* Company, *will never* change, *but be ſo humble, as to accept of this* Booke, *which is the* VVork *of,*

Your moſt Faithfull

Servant,

M: N.

TO ALL NOBLE, AND WORTHY LADIES.

Noble, Worthy Ladies,

COndemne me not as a *diſhonour* of your *Sex*, for ſetting forth this *Work*; for it is *harmeleſſe* and *free* from all *diſhoneſty*; I will not ſay from *Vanity*: for that is ſo *naturall* to our *Sex*, as it were unnaturall, not to be ſo. Beſides, *Poetry*, which is built upon *Fancy*, *Women* may claime, as a *worke* belonging moſt properly to themſelves: for I have obſerv'd, that their *Braines* work uſually in a *Fantaſticall motion*; as in their *ſeverall*, and *various dreſſes*, in their many and ſingular choices of *Cloaths*, and *Ribbons*, and the like; in their *curious ſhadowing*, and *mixing of Colours*, in their *Wrought workes*, and divers ſorts of *Stitches* they imploy their *Needle*, and many *Curious* things they make, as *Flowers*, *Boxes*, *Baskets* with *Beads*, *Shells*, *Silke*, *Straw*, or any thing elſe; beſides all manner of *Meats* to eate: and thus their *Thoughts* are imployed perpetually with *Fancies*. For *Fancy* goeth not ſo much by *Rule*, & *Method*, as by *Choice*: and if I have choſen my *Silke* with *freſh colours*, and *matcht* them in *good ſhadows*, although the *ſtitches* be not very true, yet it will pleaſe the *Eye*; ſo if my *Writing* pleaſe the *Readers*, though not the *Learned*, it wil ſatisfie me; for I had rather be praiſed in this, by the *moſt*, although not the *beſt*. For all I deſire, is *Fame*, and *Fame* is nothing but a *great noiſe*, and *noiſe* lives moſt in a *Multitude*; wherefore I wiſh my *Book* may ſet a worke every *Tongue*. But I imagine I ſhall be cenſur'd by my owne *Sex*; and *Men* will caſt a *ſmile* of *ſcorne* upon my *Book*, becauſe they think thereby, *Women* incroach too

much upon their *Prerogatives*; for they hold *Books* as their *Crowne*, and the *Sword* as their *Scepter*, by which they rule, and governe. And very like they will ſay to me, as to the *Lady* that wrote the *Romance*,

Work Lady, *work*, *let writing* Books *alone*,
For ſurely wiſer Women *nere wrote one*.

But thoſe that ſay ſo, ſhall give me leave to wiſh, that thoſe of neereſt Relation as *Wives*, *Siſters*, & *Daughters*, may imploy their time no worſe then in *honeſt*, *Innocent*, and *harmleſſe Fancies*; which if they do, *Men* ſhall have no cauſe to feare, that when they go abroad in their abſence, they ſhall receive an *Iniury* by their *looſe Carriages*. Neither will *Women* be deſirous to *Goſsip* abroad, when their *Thoughts* are well imployed at home. But if they do throw ſcorne, I ſhall intreat you, (as the *Woman* did in the *Play* of the *Wife*, for a *Month*, which cauſed many of the *Effeminate Sex*) to help her, to keep their *Right*, and *Priviledges*, making it their owne *Caſe*. Therefore pray ſtrengthen my Side, in defending my *Book*; for I know *Womens Toungs* are as *ſharp*, as two-edged *Swords*, and wound as much, when they are anger'd. And in this *Battell* may your *Wit* be *quick*, and your *Speech ready*, and your *Arguments* ſo *ſtrong*, as to beat them out of the *Feild* of *Diſpute* So ſhall I get *Honour*, and *Reputation* by your *Favours*; otherwiſe I may chance to be caſt into the *Fire*. But if I burn, I deſire to die your *Martyr*; if I live, to be

Your humble Servant,

M. N.

AN EPISTLE TO MISTRIS TOPPE.

SOME may think an *Imperfection* of *wit* may be a *blemiſh* to the *Family* from whence I ſprung: But *Solomon* ſayes, *A wiſe man may get a Fool.* Yet there are as few *meer Fools*, as *wiſe men*: for *Underſtanding* runs in a *levell courſe*, that is, to know in *generall*, as of the *Effects*; but to know the *Cauſe* of any one thing of *Natures* workes, *Nature* never gave us a *Capacity* thereto. Shee hath given us *Thoughts* which run wildly about, and if by *chance* they light on *Truth*, they do not know it for a *Truth*. But amongſt many *Errours*, there are *huge Mountaines* of *Follies*; and though I add to the *Bulke* of one of them, yet I make not a *Mountaine* alone, and am the more *excuſable*, becauſe I have an *Opinion*, which troubles me like a *conſcience*, that tis a part of *Honour* to aſpire towards a *Fame*. For it cannot be an [illegible] to ſeek, or run after *Glory*, to love *Perfection*, to deſire *Praiſe*; and though I want *Merit* to make me worthy of *it*, yet I make ſome ſatisfaction in deſiring it. But had I broken the *Chaines* of *Modeſty*, or behav'd my ſelfe in *diſhonourable* and *looſe carriage*, or had run the *Wayes* of *Vice*, as to *Periure* my ſelf, or betray my *Freinds*, or denyed a *Truth*, or had lov'd *deceit*: Then I might have prov'd a *Greiſe* to the *Family* I came from, and a *diſhonour* to the *Family* I am link't to, raiſed *Bluſhes* in their *cheeks* being mentioned, or to turne *Pale* when I were publiſhed. But I hope, I ſhall neither *greive*, nor *ſhame* them,

them, or give them cauſe to wiſh I were not a *Branch* thereof. For though my *Ambition's* great, my *deſignes* are harmeleſſe, and my wayes are *plaine Honeſty:* and if I ſtumble at *Folly*, yet will I never fall on *Vice*. Tis true, the *World* may wonder at my *Confidence*, how I dare put out a *Book*, eſpecially in theſe *cenſorious times*; but why ſhould I be aſhamed, or affraid, where no *Evill* is, and not pleaſe my ſelfe in the *ſatisfaction* of *innocent deſires*? For a *ſmile* of *neglect* cannot diſhearten me, no more can a *Frowne* of *diſlike* affright me; not but I ſhould be well pleaſed, and delight to have my *Booke* commended. But the *Worlds diſpraiſes* cannot make me a *mourning garment*: my mind's too big, and I had rather venture an *indiſcretion*, then looſe the *hopes* of a *Fame*. Neither am I aſhamed of my *ſimplicity*, for Nature tempers not every *Braine* alike; but tis a *ſhame* to deny the *Principles* of their *Religion*, to break the *Lawes* of a *well-governed Kingdome*, to diſturbe *Peace*, to be unnaturall, to break the *Union* and *Amity* of *honeſt Freinds*, for a *Man* to be a *Coward*, for a *Woman* to be a *Whore*; and by theſe *Actions*, they are not onely to be caſt out of all *Civill ſociety*, but to be blotted out of the *Roll* of *Mankinde*. And the reaſon why I ſummon up theſe *Vices*, is, to let my *Freinds* know, or rather to remember them, that my *Book* is *none* of them: yet in this Action of ſetting out of a *Booke*, I am not clear without fault, becauſe I have not asked leave of any *Freind* thereto; for the *feare* of being denied, made me ſilent: and there is an *Old ſaying*; That it is eaſier to aske *Pardon*, then *Leave*: for a *fault* will ſooner be forgiven, then a *ſuite* granted: and as I have taken the One, ſo I am very confident they will give me the Other. For their *Affection* is ſuch, as it doth as eaſily obſcure all *infirmity* and *blemiſhes*, as it is *fearfull* and *quick-ſighted* in ſpying the *Vices* of thoſe they *love*; and they doe with as much kindneſſe pardon the *One*, as with griefe reprove the *Other*. But I thought it an *Honour* to aime at *Excellencies*, and though I cannot attaine thereto, yet an *Endeavour* ſhews a *good will*, and a *good will* ought not to be turned out of *Noble mindes*, nor be whipt with *diſpraiſes*,

but

but to be cheriſhed with *Commendations*. Beſides, I Print this *Book*, to give an *Account* to my *Freinds*, how I ſpend the *idle Time* of my *life*, and how I buſie my Thoughts, when I thinke upon the *Obiects* of the World. For the truth is, our *Sex* hath ſo much waſte Time, having but little imployments, which makes our *Thoughts* run wildly about, having nothing to fix them upon, which *wilde thoughts* do not onely produce unprofitable, but indiſcreet Actions; winding up the *Thread* of our *lives* in *ſnarles* on *unſound bottoms*. And ſince all times muſt be ſpent either *ill*, or *well*, or *indifferent*; I thought this was the *harmeleſſeſt Paſtime*: for ſure this *Worke* is better then to ſit ſtill, and cenſure my *Neighbours actions*, which nothing concernes me; or to condemne their *Humours*, becauſe they do not *ſympathize* with *mine*, or their *lawfull Recreations*, becauſe they are not agreeable to my *delight*; or ridiculouſly to laugh at my *Neighbours Cloaths*, if they are not of the *Mode*, *Colour*, or *Cut*, or the *Ribbon* tyed with a *Mode Knot*, or to buſie my ſelfe out of the *Sphear* of our *Sex*, as in *Politicks* of *State*, or to Preach *falſe Doctrine* in a Tub, or to entertaine my ſelfe in hearkning to *vaine Flatteries*, or to the *incitements* of evill *perſwaſions*; where all theſe *Follies*, and many more may be cut off by ſuch innocent worke as this. I write not this onely to ſatisfie you, which my *Love* makes me deſire ſo to doe; but to defend my *Book* from ſpightfull Invaders, knowing *Truth* and *Innocence* are two good *Champions* againſt *Malice* and *Falſhood*: and which is my *defence*, I am very confident is a great ſatisfaction to you. For being bred with me, your *Love* is twiſted to my *Good*, which ſhall never be undone by any *unkinde Action* of Mine, but will alwayes remaine

Your loving Freind,

M. N.

Madam,

YOU *are not onely the firſt* Engliſh Poet *of your* Sex, *but the firſt that ever wrote this way: therefore whoſoever that writes afterwards, muſt own you for their Pattern, from whence they take their* Sample; *and a* Line *by which they meaſure their* Conceits *and* Fancies. *For whatſoever is written afterwards, it will be but a* Copy *of your* Originall, *which can be no more Honour to them, then to* Labouring Men, *that draw Water from another mans* Spring, *for their* owne *uſe; neither can there be any thing writ, that your* Honour *have not imployed your Pen in: As there is* Poeticall Fictions, Morall inſtructions, Philoſophicall Opinions, Dialogues, Diſcourſes, Poeticall Romances. *But truely,* Madam, *this* Book *is not the onely* occaſion *to Admire you; for having been brought up from my* Childhood *in your* Honourable Family, *and alwayes in your* Ladyſhips company; *ſeeing the courſe of your life, and* honouring *your* Ladyſhips diſpoſition, *I have admired* Nature *more in your* Ladiſhip, *then in any other Works beſides. Firſt, in the courſe of your* Life, *you were alwayes* Circumſpect, *by* Nature, *not by* Art; *for* naturally *your* Honour *did hate to do any thing that was* mean *and* unworthy, *or any thing that your* Honour *might not* owne *to all the* World *with* confidence; *& yet your* Ladiſhip *is naturally baſhful, & apt to be out of Countenance, that your* Ladiſhip *could not oblige all the* World. *But truly,* Madam, Fortune *hath not ſo much in her* power *to give, as your* Honour *hath to beſtow; which apparently ſhineth in all* Places, *eſpecially where your* Ladyſhip *hath been, as* France, Flanders, Holland, *&c. to your everlaſting* Honour *and* Fame; *which will manifeſt this* Relation *to be the* Truth, *as well as I, who am,*

Madam,

Your Honours moſt humble
and obedient Servant,

E. Toppe.

To Naturall Philoſophers.

IF any *Philoſophers* have written of theſe *Subjects*, as I make no queſtion, or doubt, but they have, of all that *Nature* hath diſcover'd, either in meere *Thought*, and *Speculation*, or other waies in *Obſervation*; yet it is more then I know of: for I never read, nor heard of any *Engliſh Booke* to Inſtruct me: and truly I underſtand no other *Language*; not *French*, although I was in *France* five yeares: Neither do I underſtand my owne *Native Language* very well; for there are many words, I know not what they ſignifie; ſo as I have onely the *Vulgar part*, I meane, that which is moſt *uſually ſpoke*. I do not meane that which is us'd to be ſpoke by *Clownes* in every *Shire*, where in ſome *Parts* their *Language* is knowne to none, but thoſe that are bred there. And not onely every *Shire* hath a ſeverall *Language*, but every *Family*, giving *Marks* for things according to their *Fancy*. But by *Ignorance* of the *Mother Tongue* makes me ignorant of the *Opinions*, and *Diſcourſes* in former times; wherefore I may be *abſurd*, and erre *groſſely*. I cannot ſay, I have not heard of *Atomes*, and *Figures*, and *Motion*, and *Matter*; but not throughly *reaſon'd* on: but if I do erre, it is no great matter; for my *Diſcourſe* of them is not to be accounted *Authentick*: ſo if there be any thing worthy of noting, it is a good Chance; if not, there is no harm done, nor time loſt. For I had nothing to do when I wrot it, and I ſuppoſe thoſe have nothing, or little elſe to do, that read it. And the Reaſon why I write it in *Verſe*, is, becauſe I thought *Errours* might better paſſe there, then in *Proſe*; ſince *Poets* write moſt *Fiction*, and *Fiction* is not given for *Truth*, but *Paſtime*; and I feare my *Atomes* will bé as ſmall *Paſtime*, as themſelves: for nothing can be leſſe then an *Atome*. But my deſire that they ſhould pleaſe the *Readers*, is as big as the *World* they make; and my *Feares* are of the ſame *bulk*; yet my *Hopes* fall to a ſingle *Atome* agen: and ſo ſhall I remaine an unſettled *Atome*, or a confus'd heape, till I heare my *Cenſure*. If I be prais'd, it fixes them; but if I am condemn'd, I ſhall be *Annihilated* to nothing: but my *Ambition* is ſuch, as I would either bé a *World*, or nothing.

I de-

I deſire all that are not quick in apprehending, or will not trouble themſelves with ſuch ſmall things as *Atomes*, to skip this part of my *Book*, and view the *other*, for feare theſe may ſeem *tedious*: yet the *Subject* is *light*, and the *Chapters* ſhort. Perchance the *other* may pleaſe better; if not the *ſecond*, the third; if not the third, the fourth; if not the fourth, the fifth: and if they cannot pleaſe, for lack of *Wit*, they may pleaſe in *Variety*, for moſt *Palates* are greedy after *Change*. And though they are not of the choiceſt *Meates*, ye t there is none *dangerous*; neither is there ſo much of particular *Meat*, as any can feare a *Surfet*; but the better pleas'd you are, the better *Welcome*. I wiſh heartily my *Braine* had been *Richer*, to make you a finer *Entertainment*: truly I ſhould have ſpar'd no *Coſt*, neither have I ſpar'd any *Paines*: for my *Thoughts* have been very buſily imployed, theſe eight, or nine *Months*, when they have not been taken away by *Worldly Cares*, and *Trouble*, which I confeſſe hath been a great *hinderance* to this *Work*. Yet have they ſat up late, and riſen earely, running about untill they have been in a *fiery heat*, ſo as their *Service* hath not been wanting nor their *Induſtry* ſlack. What is amiſſe, excuſe it as a *Fault* of too much *Care*; for there may be *Faults* committed with being over-buſie, as ſoon as for want of *Diligence*. But thoſe that are poore, have nothing but their labour to beſtow; and though I cannot ſerve you on *Agget Tables*; and *Perſian Carpets*, with *Golden Diſhes*, and *Chryſtall Glaſſes*, nor feaſt you with *Ambroſia*, and *Nectar*, yet perchance my *Rye Loafe*, and new *Butter* may taſt more ſavoury, then thoſe that are ſweet, and delicious.

If you diſlike, and riſe to go away,
Pray do not Scoff, *and tell what I did ſay.*
But if you do, the matter is not great,
For tis but fooliſh words *you can repeat.*

Pray do not cenſure all you do not know,
But let my Atomes *to the* Learned *go.*
If you judge, *and* underſtand *not, you may take*
For Non-ſenſe *that which* learning Senſe *will make.*
But I may ſay, as Some *have ſaid before,*
I'm not bound to fetch you Wit *from* Natures Store.

TO

TO THE READER.

READER,

IF any do read this Book of mine, pray be not too ſevere in your Cenſures. For firſt, I have no Children to imploy my Care, and Attendance on; And my Lords Eſtate being taken away, had nothing for Huſwifery, or thrifty Induſtry to imploy my ſelfe in; having no Stock to work on. For Houſewifery is a diſcreet Management, and ordering all in Private, and Houſehold Affaires, ſeeing nothing ſpoil'd, or Profuſely ſpent, that every thing has its proper Place, and every Servant his proper Work, and every Work to be done in its proper Time; to be Neat, and Cleanly, to have their Houſe quiet from all diſturbing Noiſe. But Thriftineſs is ſomething ſtricter; for good Houſewifery may be uſed in great Expenſes; but Thriftineſs ſignifies a Saving, or a getting; as to increaſe their Stock, or Eſtate. For Thrift weighs, and meaſures out all Expence. It is juſt as in Poetry: for good Husbandry in Poetry, is, when there is great ſtore of Fancy well order'd, not onely in fine Language, but proper Phraſes, and ſignificant Words. And Thrift in Poetry, is, when there is but little Fancy, which is not onely ſpun to the laſt Thread, but the Thread is drawne ſo ſmal, as it is ſcarce perceived. But I have nothing to ſpin; or order, ſo as I become Idle; I cannot ſay, in mine owne Houſe, becauſe I have none, but what my Mind is lodg'd in. Thirdly, you are to ſpare your ſevere Cenſures, I having not ſo many yeares of Experience, as will make me a Garland to Crowne my Head; onely I have had ſo much time, as to gather a little Poſie to ſtick upon my Breaſt. Laſtly, the time I have been writing them, hathnot been very long, but ſince I came into England, being eight Yeares out, and nine Months in; and of theſe nine Months, onely ſome Houres in the Day, or rather in the Night. For my Reſt being broke with diſcontented Thoughts, becauſe I was from my Lord, and Husband, knowing him to be in great Wants, and my ſelfe in the ſame Condition; to divert them, I ſtrive to turne the Stream, yet ſhunning

the

the muddy, *and* foule waies *of* Vice, *I went to the* Well *of* Helicon, *and by the* Wells ſide, *I have ſat, and wrote this* Worke. *It is not* Excellent, *nor* Rare, *but* plaine; *yet it is* harmleſſe, modeſt, *and* honeſt. *True, it may taxe my* Indiſcretion, *being ſo* fond *of my* Book, *as to make it as if it were my* Child, *and ſtriving to ſhew her to the* World, *in hopes* Some *may like her, although no* Beauty *to Admire, yet may praiſe her* Behaviour, *as not being* wanton, *nor* rude. *Wherefore I hope you will not put her out of* Countenance, *which ſhe is very apt to, being of* baſhfull Nature, *and as ready to ſhed* Repentant Teares, *if ſhe think ſhe hath committed a* Fault: *wherefore pity her* Youth, *and* tender Growth, *and rather taxe the* Parents Indiſcretion, *then the* Childs Innocency. *But my* Book *coming out in this* Iron age, *I feare I ſhall find* hard Hearts; *yet I had rather ſhe ſhould find* Cruelty, *then* Scorne, *and that my* book *ſhould be* torn, *rather then* laught *at; for there is no ſuch* regret *in* Nature *as* Contempt: *but I am reſolv'd to ſet it at all* Hazards. *If* Fortune *plaies* Aums Ace, *I am gon; if ſize* Cinque, *I ſhall win a* Reputation *of* Fancy, *and if I looſe, I looſe but the* Opinion *of* Wit: *and where the* Gaine *will be more then the* Loſſe, *who would not venture: when there are many in the* World, (*which are accounted* Wiſe) *that will venture* Life, *and* Honour, *for a* petty Intereſt, *or out of* Envie, *or for* Revenge ſake. *And why ſhould not I venture, when nothing lies at* Stake, *but* Wit? *let it go; I ſhall nor cannot be much* Poorer. *If* Fortune *be my Friend, then* Fame *will be my* Gaine, *which may build me a* Pyramid, *Praiſe to my* Memory. *I ſhall have no cauſe to feare it will be ſo high as* Babels Tower, *to fall in the* mid-way; *yet I am ſorry it doth not touch at* Heaven: *but my* Incapacity, Feare, Awe, *and* Reverence *kept me from that* Work. *For it were too great a* Preſumption *to venture to* Diſcourſe *that in my* Fancy, *which is not* deſcribeable. *For* God, *and his* Heavenly Manſions, *are to be* admired, wondred, *and* aſtoniſhed *at, and not* diſputed *on.*

But at all other things let *Fancy* flye,
And, like a *Towring Eagle*, mount the *Skie.*
Or lik the *Sun* ſwiftly the *World* to round,
Or like pure *Gold*, which in the *Earth* is found.
But if a droſſie *Wit*, let't buried be,
Under the *Ruines* of all *Memory.*

the

The *Poetreſſes* haſty Reſolution.

READing my Verſes, I like't them ſo well,
Selfe-love *did make my* Iudgement *to rebell:*
Thinking them ſo good, I thought more to write;
Conſidering not how others would them like.
I writ ſo faſt, I thought, if I liv'd long,
A Pyramid *of* Fame *to build thereon.*
Reaſon *obſerving which Way I was bent,*
Did ſtay my hand, and ask't me what I meant;
Will you, ſaid ſhee, thus waſte your time in vaine,
On that which in the World ſmall praiſe ſhall gaine?
For ſhame leave off, ſayd ſhee, the Printer *ſpare,*
Hee'le looſe by your ill Poetry, *I feare.*
Beſides the World hath already ſuch a weight
Of uſeleſſe Bookes, as it is over fraught.
Then pitty take, doe the World a good turne,
And all you Write caſt in the fire, and burne.
Angry I was, and Reaſon *ſtrook away,*
When I did heare, what ſhee to me did ſay.
Then all in haſte I to the Preſſe *it ſent,*
Fearing Perſwaſion *might my* Book *prevent:*
But now 'tis done, with greiſe repent doe I,
Hang down my head *with* ſhame, bluſh *ſigh, and* cry.
Take pitty, *and my drooping* Spirits *raiſe,*
Wipe off my teares *with* Handkerchiefes *of* Praiſe.

The *Poetreſſes* Petition.

LIke to a Feavers pulſe *my* heart *doth beat,*
For fear my Book *ſome great repulſe ſhould meet.*
If it be naught, let her in ſilence lye,
Diſturbe her not, let her in quiet dye;
Let not the Bells *of your* diſpraiſe *ring loud,*
But wrap her up in ſilence *as a* Shrowd;
Cauſe black oblivion *on her* Hearſe *to hang,*
In ſtead of Tapers, *let darke night there ſtand;*

In

Inſtead of Flowers *to the grave her ſtrow*
Before her Hearſe, *ſleepy, dull* Poppy *throw*;
Inſtead of Scutcheons, *let my* Teares *be hung,*
Which greife *and* ſorrow *from my eyes out wrung*:
Let thoſe that beare her Corps, *no* Jeſters *be,*
But ſad, *and* ſober, grave Mortality:
No Satyr Poets *to her* Funerall *come*;
No Altars *rays'd to write* Inſcriptions *on*:
Let duſt of all forgetfulneſſe *be caſt*
Upon her Corps, *there let them lye and waſte*:
Nor let her riſe againe; *unleſſe ſome know,*
At Iudgements, *ſome good* Merits *ſhee can ſhew*;
Then ſhee ſhall live in Heavens *of high* praiſe;
And for her glory, Garlands *of freſh* Bayes.

An excuſe for ſo much writ upon my Verſes.

COndemne me not for making ſuch a coyle
About my Book, *alas it is my* Childe.
Juſt like a Bird, *when her* Young *are in Neſt,*
Goes in, and out, and hops and takes no Reſt;
But when their Young *are fledg'd, their heads out peep,*
Lord what a chirping does the Old *one keep.*
So I, for feare my Strengthleſſe Childe *ſhould fall*
Againſt a doore, or ſtoole, aloud I call,
Bid have a care of ſuch a dangerous place:
Thus write I much, to hinder all diſgrace.

POEMS.

Nature calls a Councell, which was Motion, Figure, matter, *and* Life, *to adviſe about making the World.*

WHen *Nature* firſt this World ſhe did create,
She cal'd a Counſell how the ſame might (make;
Motion was firſt, who had a ſubtle wit,
And then came *Life*, and *Forme*, and *Mat-* (*ter* fit.

Firſt *Nature* ſpake, my *Friends* if we agree,
We can, and may do a fine *Worke*, ſaid ſhe,
Make ſome things to adore us, worſhip give,
Which now we only to our ſelves do live.
Beſides it is my nature things to make,
To give out worke, and you directions take.
And by this worke, a pleaſure take therein,
And breed the *Fates* in huswifery to ſpin,
And make ſtrong *Deſtiny* to take ſome paines,
Leaſt ſhe growe idle, let her Linke ſome Chaines:
Inconſtancy, and *Fortune* turne a Wheele,
Both are ſo wanton, cannot ſtand, but reele.
And *Moiſture* let her poure out *Water* forth,
And *Heat* let her ſuck out, and raiſe up growth,
And let ſharp *Cold* ſtay things that run about,
And *Drought* ſtop holes, to keepe the water out.
Vacuum, and *Darkneſſe* they will domineere,
If *Motions* power make not *Light* appeare;

Produce a *Light*, that all the World may ſee,
My only *Childe* from all Eternitie:
Beauty my Love, my Joy, and deare delight,
Elſe *Darkneſſe* rude will cover her with ſpight.
Alas, ſaid *Motion*, all paines I can take,
Will do no good, *Matter* a *Braine* muſt make;
Figure muſt draw a *Circle*, round, and ſmall,
An Eye. Where in the midſt muſt ſtand a *Glaſſy Ball*,
Without *Convexe*, the inſide a *Concave*,
And in the midſt a round ſmall hole muſt have,
That *Species* may paſſe, and repaſſe through,
Life the *Proſpective* every thing to view.
Alas, ſaid *Life*, what ever we do make,
Death, my great Enemy, will from us take:
And who can hinder his ſtrong, mighty power?
He with his cruelty doth all devoure:
And *Time*, his *Agent*, brings all to decay:
Thus neither *Death*, nor *Time* will you obey:
He cares for none of your commands, nor will
Obey your Lawes, but doth what likes him ſtill;
He knowes his power far exceedeth ours;
For whatſo'ere we make, he ſoone devours.
Let me adviſe you never take ſuch paines
A *World* to make, ſince *Death* hath all the gaines.
Figures opinion did agree with *Life*,
For *Death*, ſaid ſhe, will fill the World with ſtrife;
What *Forme* ſoever I do turne into,
Death findes me out, that *Forme* he doth undoe.
Then *Motion* ſpake, none hath ſuch cauſe as I,
For to complaine, for *Death* makes *Motion* dye.
'Tis beſt to let alone this worke, I thinke.
Saies *Matter*, *Death* corrupts, and makes me ſtinke.
Saies *Nature*, I am of another minde,
If we let *Death* alone, we ſoone ſhall finde,
He wars will make, and raiſe a mighty power,
If we divert him not, may us devoure.
He is ambitious, will in triumph ſit,
Envies my workes, and ſeekes my State to get.
And *Fates*, though they upon great *Life* attend,
Yet feare they *Death*, and dare not him offend.

Though

Though *Two* be true, and ſpin as *Life* them bids,
The *Third* is falſe, and cuts ſhort the long threads.
Let us agree, for feare we ſhould do worſe,
And make ſome worke, for to imply his force.
Then all roſe up, we do ſubmit, ſay they,
To *Natures* will, in every thing obey.
First *Matter* ſhe brought the *Materialls* in,
And *Motion* cut, and carv'd out every thing.
And *Figure* ſhe did draw the *Formes* and *Plots*,
And *Life* divided all out into Lots.
And *Nature* ſhe ſurvey'd, directed all,
With the foure *Elements* built the *Worlds Ball*.
The ſolid *Earth*, as the Foundation lai'd,
The *Waters* round about as *Walls* were raiſ'd,
Where every drop lies cloſe, like *Stone*, or *Bricke*,
Whoſe *moiſture* like as *Morter* made them ſticke.
Aire, as the Seeling, keeps all cloſe within,
Leaſt ſome *Materialls* out of place might ſpring.
Aire preſſes downe the *Seas*, if they ſhould riſe,
Would overflow the *Earth*, and drowne the *Skies*.
For as a Roofe that's laid upon a Wall,
To keepe it ſteddy, that no ſide might fall,
So *Nature Aire* makes that place to take,
And *Fire* higheſt laies, like *Tyle*, or *Slat*,
To keepe out raine, or wet, elſe it would rot:
So would the World corrupt, if *Fire* were not.
The *Planets*, like as *Weather-fans*, turne round,
The *Sun* a *Diall* in the midſt is found:
Where he doth give ſo juſt account of time,
He meaſures all, though round, by even Line.
But when the *Earth* was made, and ſeed did ſow,
Plants on the *Earth*, and *Mineralls* downe grow,
Then *Creatures* made, which *Motion* gave them ſenſe,
Yet *reaſon* none, to give *intelligence*.
But *Nature* found when ſhe was *Man* to make,
More difficult then new Worlds to create:
For ſhe did ſtrive to make him long to laſt,
Into *Eternity* then he was caſt.
For in no other place could keep him long,
But in *Eternity*, that Caſtle ſtrong.

There ſhe was ſure that *Death* ſhe could keep out,
Although he is a Warriour ſtrong, and ſtout.
Man ſhe would make not like to other kinde,
Though not in Body, like a *God* in minde.
Then ſhe did call her Councell once againe,
Told them the greateſt work edid yet remaine.
For how, ſaid ſhe, can we our ſelves new make?
Yet *Man* we muſt like to our ſelves create:
Or elſe he can never eſcape *Deaths* ſnare,
To make this worke belongs both skill, and care;
But I a *Minde* will mixe, as I thinke fit,
With *Knowledge*, *Underſtanding*, and with *Wit*,
And, *Motion*, you your Servants muſt imploye:
Which *Paſſions* are, to waite ſtill in the Eye,
To dreſſe, and cloath this Minde in faſhions new,
Which none knowes better how to doe't then you.
What though this *Body* dye, this *Minde* ſhall live,
And a *free-will* we muſt unto it give.
But, *Matter*, you from *Figure Forme* muſt take,
Different from other Creatures, *Man* muſt make.
For he ſhall go upright, the reſt ſhall not,
And, *Motion*, you in him muſt tye a knot
Of ſeverall *Motions* there to meet in one:
Thus *Man* like to himſelfe ſhall be alone.
You, *Life*, command the *Fates a thread* to ſpin,
From which *ſmall thread the Body* ſhall begin.
And while the *thread* doth laſt, not cut in twaine,
The Body ſhall in *Motion* ſtill remaine.
But when the *thread* is broke, then downe ſhall fall,
And for a time no *Motion* have at all.
But yet the *Minde* ſhall live, and never dye;
We'le raiſe the *Body* too for company.
Thus, like our ſelves, we can make things to live
Eternally, but no paſt times can give.

Deaths

Deaths *endeavour to hinder, and obſtruct* Nature.

WHen *Death* did heare what *Nature* did intend,
To hinder her he all his force did bend.
But finding all his forces were too weake,
He alwaies ſtrives the *Thread* of life to breake:
And ſtrives to fill the *Minde* with black deſpaire,
Let's it not reſt in peace, nor free from care;
And ſince he cannot make it dye, he will
Send griefe, and ſorrow to torment it ſtill.
With grievous paines the *Body* he diſpleaſes,
And bindes it hard with chaines of ſtrong diſeaſes.
His Servants, *Sloth*, and *Sleep*, he doth imploye,
To get halfe of the time before they dye:
But *Sleep*, a friend to *Life*, oft diſobeyes
His Maſters will, and ſoftly downe her lay's
Upon their weary limbs, like *Birds* in neſt,
And gently locks their ſenſes up in reſt.

A World made by Atomes.

SMall *Atomes* of themſelves a *World* may make,
As being ſubtle, and of every ſhape:
And as they dance about, fit places finde,
Such *Formes* as beſt agree, make every kinde.
For when we build a houſe of Bricke, and Stone,
We lay them even, every one by one:
And when we finde a gap that's big, or ſmall,
We ſeeke out Stones, to fit that place withall.
For when not fit, too big, or little be,
They fall away, and cannot ſtay we ſee.
So *Atomes*, as they dance, finde places fit,
They there remaine, lye cloſe, and faſt will ſticke.
Thoſe that unfit, the reſt that rove about,
Do never leave, untill they thruſt them out.
Thus by their ſeverall *Motions*, and their *Formes*,
As ſeverall work-men ſerve each others turnes.

And

And thus, by chance, may a *New World* create:
Or elſe predeſtinated to worke by *Fate*,

The foure principall Figur'd Atomes *make the foure* Elements, *as* Square, Round, Long, *and* Sharpe.

THE *Square flat Atomes*, as dull *Earth* appeare,
The *Atomes Round* do make the *Water* cleere.
The *Long ſtreight Atomes* like to Arrowes fly,
Mount next the points, and make the *Aiery Skie*;
The *Sharpeſt Atomes* do into *Fire* turne,
Which by their peircing quality they burne:
That *Figure* makes them *active*, active, Light;
Which makes them get aboue the reſt in flight;
And by this *Figure* they ſtick faſt, and draw
Up other *Atomes* which are *Round* and *Raw*:
As *Waters are round drops*, though nere ſo ſmall,
Which ſhew that *water* is all *ſphæricall*.
That *Figure* makes it *ſpungy*, ſpungy, wet,
For being hollow, ſoftneſſe doth beget.
And being ſoft, that makes it run about;
More ſolid *Atomes* thruſt it in, or out;
But *ſharpeſt Atomes* have moſt power thereon,
To nip it up with *Cold*, or *Heate* to run.
But *Atomes Flat*, are heavy, dull, and ſlow,
And ſinking downward to the bottome go:
Thoſe *Figur'd Atomes* are not active, Light,
Whereas the *Longe* are like the *Sharp* in flight.
For as the *Sharpe* do pierce, and get on high,
So do the long ſhoot ſtreight, and evenly.
The *Round* are next the *Flat*, the *Long* next *Round*,
Thoſe which are *ſharp*, are ſtill the higheſt found:
The *Flat* turne all to *Earth*, which lye moſt low,
The *Round*, to *Water* cleer, which liquid flow.
The *Long* to *Aire* turne, from whence Clouds grow,
The *Sharp* to *Fire* turne, which hot doth glow.
Theſe *Foure Figures foure Elements* do make,
And as their *Figures* do incline, they take.

For

For thoſe are perfect in themſelves alone,
Not taking any ſhape, but what's their owne.
What *Forme* is elſe, muſt ſtill take from each part,
Either from *Round*, or *Long*, or *Square*, or *Sharp*;
As thoſe that are like to *Triangulars* cut,
Part of three *Figures* in one *Forme* is put.
And thoſe that bow and bend like to a Bow;
Like to the *Round*, and *Joynted Atomes* ſhew.
Thoſe that are *Branch'd*, or thoſe which *crooked* be,
You may both the *Long*, and *ſharp Figures* ſee.
Thus ſeverall *Figures*, ſeverall tempers make,
But what is mixt, doth of the *Four* partake.

Of Aiery Atomes.

THE *Atomes long*, which ſtreaming *Aire* makes,
Are hollow, from which *Forme Aire* ſoftneſſe takes.
This makes that *Aire*, and *water* neer agree,
Becauſe in hollowneſſe alike they be.
For *Aiery Atomes* made are like a *Pipe*,
And *watry Atomes*, *Round*, and *Cimball* like.
Although the one is *Long*, the other *Round*;
Yet in the midſt, a hollowneſſe is found.
This makes us thinke, *water* turnes into *Aire*,
And *Aire* often runs into *water* faire.
And like two *Twins*, miſtaken they are oft;
Becauſe their hollowneſſe makes both them ſoft.

Of Aire.

THE reaſon, why *Aire* doth ſo equall ſpred,
Is *Atomes long*, at each end ballanced.
For being *long*, and each end both alike,
Are like to *Weights*, which keep it ſteddy, right:
For howſoere it moves, to what *Forme* joyne,
Yet ſtill that *Figure* lies in every line.
For *Atomes long*, their *Formes* are like a *Thread*,
Which interweaves like to a Spiders *Web*:
And thus being thin, it ſo ſubtle growes,
That into every empty place it goes.

of

Of Earth.

WHY *Earth's* not apt to move, but ſlow and dull,
Is, *Atomes flat* no *Vacuum* hath, but full.
That *Forme* admits no empty place to bide,
All parts are fil'd, having no hollow ſide.
As Round, and Long have. And where no *Vacuum* is, *Motion* is ſlow,
Having no empty places for to go.
Though *Atomes* all are ſmall, as ſmall may bee,
As the numbers of Sharpe A-tomes *do peirce and make way through greater numbers, as a* Sparke *of fire will kindle, and burn up a houſe.* Yet by their *Formes*, *Motion* doth diſagree.
For *Atomes ſharp* do make themſelves a *Way*,
Cutting through other *Atomes* as they ſtray.
But *Atomes flat* will dull, and lazy ly,
Having no Edge, or point to make a *Way*.

The weight of Atomes.

IF *Atomes* are as ſmall, as ſmall can bee,
They muſt in *quantity* of *Matter* all agree:
And if conſiſting *Matter* of the ſame be right,
Then every *Atome* muſt weigh juſt alike.
Thus *Quantity*, *Quality* and *Weight*, all
Together meets in every *Atome* ſmall.

The bigneſſe of Atomes:

WHEN I ſay *Atomes* ſmall, as ſmall can bee;
I mean *Quantity*, *quality*, and *Weight* agree
Not in the *Figure*, for ſome may ſhew
Much bigger, and ſome leſſer: ſo
Take *Water* fluid, and *Ice* thats firme,
Though the *Weight* be juſt, the *Bulke* is not the ſame.
So *Atomes* are ſome ſoft, others more knit,
According as each *Atome's Figured*;
Round and *Long Atomes* hollow are, more ſlacke
Then *Flat*, or *Sharpe*, for they are more compact:
And being hollow they are ſpread more thin,
Then other *Atomes* which are cloſe within:
And *Atomes* which are thin more tender far,
For thoſe that are more cloſe, they harder are.

The joyning of ſeverall Figur'd Atomes *make other* Figures.

SEverall *Figur'd Atomes* well agreeing,
When joyn'd, do give another *Figure* being.
For as thoſe *Figures* joyned, ſeverall waies,
The *Fabrick* of each ſeverall *Creature* raiſe.

What Atomes *make* Change.

THIS ſeverall *Figur'd Atomes* that make *Change*,
When ſeverall *Bodies* meet as they do range.
For if they ſympathiſe, and do agree,
They joyne together, as one *Body* bee.
But if they joyne like to a *Rabble-rout*,
Without all order running in and out;
Then *diſproportionable* things they make,
Becauſe they did not their right places take.

All things laſt, or diſſolve, according to the Compoſure *of* Atomes.

THoſe *Atomes* looſely joyn'd, do not remaine
So long as thoſe, which *cloſeneſſe* do maintaine.
Thoſe make all things i'th World ebb, and flow;
According as the *moving Atomes* go.
Others in *Bodies*, they do joyne ſo cloſe,
As in long time, they never ſtir, nor looſe:
And ſome will joyne ſo cloſe, and knit ſo faſt,
As if unſtir'd, they would for ever laſt.
In ſmalleſt *Vegetables*, looſeſt *Atomes* lye,
Which is the reaſon, they ſo quickly dye.
In *Animals*, much cloſer they are laid,
Which is the cauſe, *Life* is the longer ſtaid.
Some *Vegetables*, and *Animals* do joyne
In equall ſtrength, if *Atomes* ſo combine.
But *Animals*, where *Atomes* cloſe lay in,
Are ſtronger, then ſome *Vegetables* thin.
But in *Vegetables*, where *Atomes* do ſtick faſt,

As in ſtrong *Trees*, the longer they do laſt.
In *Minerals*, they are ſo hard wedg'd in,
No ſpace they leave for *Motion* to get in:
Being *Pointed* all, the cloſer they do lye,
Which make them not like *Vegetables* dye.
Thoſe *Bodies*, where *looſe Atomes* moſt move in,
Are *Soft*, and *Porous*, and many times thin.
Thoſe *Porous Bodies* never do live long,
For why, *looſe Atomes* never can be ſtrong.
There *Motion* having power, toſſes them about,
Keeps them from their right places, ſo *Life* goes out.

Of Looſe Atomes.

IN every *Braine looſe Atomes* there do lye,
Thoſe which are *Sharpe*, from them do *Fancies* flye.
Thoſe that are *long*, and *Aiery*, nimble be.
But *Atomes Round*, and *Square*, are dull, and ſleepie.

Change *is made by ſeveral-*figur'd Atomes, *and* Motion.

IF *Atomes* all are of the ſelfe ſame *Matter*;
As *Fire*, *Aire*, *Earth*, and *Water*:
Then muſt their ſeverall *Figures* make all *Change*
By *Motions* helpe, which orders, as they range.

Of Sharpe Atomes.

THen *Atomes Sharpe Motion* doth mount up high;
Like Arrowes ſharpe, *Motion* doth make them flye.
And being *ſharpe* and *ſwift*, they peirce ſo deep,
As they paſſe through all *Atomes*, as they meet:
By their ſwift motion, they to bright *Fire* turne;
And being *Sharpe*, they peirce, which we call *Burne*.

What

What Atomes *make* Flame.

THoſe *Atomes*, which are *Long*, * *ſharp* at each end,
Stream forth like *Aire*, in *Flame*, which *Light* doth ſeem:
For *Flame* doth flow, as if it fluid were,
Which ſhewes, part of that *Figure* is like *Aire*.
Thus *Flame* is joyn'd, two *Figures* into one:
But *Fire* without *Flame*, is *ſharpe* alone.

* *Theſe Atomes are halfe aiery Atomes, and halfe Fiery.*

Of Fire *and* Flame.

ALthough we at a diſtance ſtand; if great
The *Fire* be, the *Body* through will heat.
Yet thoſe *ſharpe Atomes* we do not perceive;
How they flye out, nor how to us they cleave.
Nor do they flame, nor ſhine they cleere and bright,
When they flie out, and on our Bodies ſtrike.
The reaſon is, they looſe, and ſcattered flye;
And not in *Troupes*, nor do they on heaps lye.
Like ſmall duſt raiſ'd, which ſcatter'd all about;
We ſee it not, nor doth it keep *Light* out:
When gathered thick up to a Mountaine high,
We ſee them then in ſolid Earth to lye.
Juſt ſo do *Atomes ſharpe* looke, cleere, and bright,
When in heaps lye, or in a ſtreaming flight.

Of Fire *in the* Flint.

THE reaſon, *Fire* lies in *Flint* unſeene;
Is, other *Figur'd Atomes* lye betweene:
For being bound, and overpowred by
A *Multitude*, they do in Priſon lye.
Unleſſe that *Motion* doth releaſe them out,
With as ſtrong power, which make them flye about.
But if that *Flint* be beat to powder ſmall;
To ſep'rate the *groſſeſt*, releaſ'd are all.
But when they once are out, do not returne,
But ſeeke about to make another *Forme*.

Of the Sympathy *of* Atomes.

BY *Sympathy*, *Atomes* are fixed ſo,
As paſt ſome *Principles* they do not go.
For count the *Principles* of all their workes,
You'le finde, there are not many ſeverall ſorts.
For when they do diſſolve, and new *Formes* make,
They ſtill to their firſt *Principles* do take.
As *Animals*, *Vegetables*, *Minerals*;
So *Aire*, *Fire*, *Earth*, *Water* falls.

Of the Sympathy *of their* Figures.

Long, *Round*, *Sharpe*, *Flat*.

SUch *Sympathy* there is in every *Figure*,
That every ſeverall ſort do flock together.
As *Aire*, *Water*, *Earth* and *Fire*;
Which make each *Element* to be entire:
Not but *looſe Atomes*, like *Sheep* ſtray about,
And into ſeverall places go in, and out:
And ſome as *Sheep* and *Kine* do mixe together;
Which when they mixe, tis ſeverall change of weather.
But *Motion*, as their *Shepheard* drives them ſo,
As not to let them out of order go.

What Atomes *make* Vegetables, Minerals, *and* Animals.

THE *Branched Atomes Formes* each *Planted* thing,
The hooked points pull out, and makes them ſpring,
The *Atomes Round* give Juice, the *Sharpe* give heate;
And thoſe grow *Hearbs*, and *Fruits*, and *Flowers* ſweet.
Thoſe that are *Square*, and *Flat*, not rough withall,
Make thoſe which *Stone*, and *Minerals* we call.
But in all *Stones*, and *Minerals* (no doubt,)
Sharpe points do lye, which *Fire* makes ſtrike out.
Thus *Vegetables*, *Minerals* do grow,
According as the ſeverall *Atomes* go.
In *Animals*, all *Figures* do agree;
But in *Mankinde*, the beſt of *Atomes* bee.

And

And thus, in *Nature* the whole World may be,
For all we know, unto Eternitie.

What Atomes *make* Heate *and* Cold.

SUch kinde of *Atomes*, which make *Heat*, make *Cold*:
Like Pincers ſharpe, which nip, and do take hold.
But *Atomes* that are pointed *ſharpe*, peirce through:
And *Atomes* which are *ſharpe*, but *Hookt*, pull to.
Yet, all muſt into pointed *Figures* turne;
For *Atomes blunt* will never freeze, nor burne.
'Cauſe *Blunt Figures* do to a ſoft *Forme* bend;
And *Soft* do unto *wet*, or *Liquid* tend.

What Atomes *make* Fire *to burne, and what* Flame.

WHat makes a *Sparke* of *Fire* to burne more quick,
Then a great *Flame*? becauſe 'tis ſmall to ſtick.
For *Fire* of it ſelfe, it is ſo dry,
Falls into parts, as crowds of *Atomes* lye.
The *Sharpeſt Atomes* keepe the Body hot,
To give out *Heat*, ſome *Atomes* forth are ſhot.
Sometimes for anger, the *Sparkes* do flye about;
Or want of roome, the weakeſt are thruſt out.
They are ſo ſharpe, that whatſoere they meet,
If not orepowr'd, by other *Atomes*, * eate:
As *Ants*, which ſmall, will eate up a dead Horſe:
So *Atomes ſharpe*, on *Bodies* of leſſe force.
Thus *Atomes ſharpe*, yet ſharper by degrees;
As Stings in *Flies*, are not ſo ſharpe as *Bees*.
And when they meet a *Body, ſolid, flat*,
The weakeſt Flye, the *Sharpeſt* worke on that.
Thoſe that are not ſo *ſharpe*, do flye about,
To ſeeke ſome lighter matter, to eate out.
So lighter *Atomes* do turne *Aire* to *Flame*,
Becauſe more *Thin*, and *Porous* is the ſame
Thus *Flame* is not ſo hot as *Burning Coale*;
The *Atomes* are too weake, to take faſt hold.
The *ſharpeſt* into firmeſt *Bodies* flye,
But if their ſtrength be ſmall, they quickly dye.

* *This is, when ſome* Atomes *overpower others by their* Numbers, *for they cannot change their* Formes.

Or

Or if their *Number* be not great, but ſmall;
The *Blunter Atomes* beate and quench out all.

What Atomes *make the* Sun, *and the* Sea, *go round.*

ALL pointed *Atomes*, they to *Fire* turne;
Which by their drineſſe, they ſo light become:
Above the reſt do flye, and make a *Sun*.
Which by conſent of parts, a *Wheele of Fire* growes,
Which being *Sphæricall*, in a round motion goes:
And as it turnes round, *Atomes* turne about;
Which *Atomes round*, are *Water*, without doubt.
This makes the *Sea* go round, like *Water-Mill*;
For as the *Sun* turnes round, ſo doth the *water* ſtill.

What Atomes *make* Life.

ALL pointed *Atomes* to *Life* do tend,
Whether pointed *all*, or at one *end*.
Or whether *Round*, are ſet like to a *Ring*;
Or whether *Long*, are ~~ſtrid~~ as on a *String*. *rang!*
Thoſe which are *pointed*, ſtreight, quick *Motion* give;
But thoſe that bowe and bend, more dull do live.
For *Life* lives dull, or merrille,
According as *Sharpe Atomes* be.
The *Cauſe* why things do live and dye,
Is, as the mixed *Atomes* lye.

What Atomes *make* Death.

LIfe is a *Fire*, and burnes full hot,
But when *Round watry Atomes* power have got:
Then do they quench *Lifes Atomes* out,
Blunting their *Points*, and kill their courage ſtout.
Over power'd. Thus they ſometimes do quite thruſt out each other,
When equall mix'd, live quietly together.
The *cauſe* why things do *live* and *dye*,
Is as the *mixed Atomes* lye.

What

What Atomes *cauſe* Sickneſſe.

WHen ſicke the *Body* is, and well by fits,
Atomes are fighting, but none the better gets.
If they agree, then *Health* returnes againe,
And ſo ſhall live as long as *Peace* remaine.

What Atomes *make a* Dropſie.

WHen *Atomes round* do meet, joyne in one *Ball*,
Then they ſwell high, and grow *Hydropicall*.
Thus joyning they 'come ſtrong, ſo powerfull grow,
All other *Atomes* they do overflow.

VVhat Atomes *make a* Conſumption.

THE *Atomes ſharpe*, when they together meet,
They grow ſo hot, all other *Atomes* beate.
And being hot, becomes ſo very dry,
They drinke *Lifes moiſture* up, make *motion* dye.

VVhat Atomes *make the* wind Collick.

LOng *aiery Atomes*, when they are combin'd,
Do ſpread themſelves abroad, and ſo make *Wind*:
Making a *Length* and *Breadth* extend ſo far,
That all the reſt can neither go nor ſtir.
And being forc'd, not in right places lye;
Thus preſſ'd too hard, *Man* in great paine doth dye.

VVhat Atomes *make a* Palſey, *or* Apoplexy.

DUll *Atomes flat*, when they together joyne,
And with each other in a heape combine;
This *Body thicke* doth ſtop all paſſage ſo,
Keeps *Motion* out, ſo num'd the *Body* grow.
Atomes that are ſharpe, in which *Heate* doth live,
Being ſmothered cloſe, no heate can give:
But if thoſe *Atomes flat* meet in the *Braine*,
They choake the *Spirits*, can no heate obtaine.

In all other Diſeaſes *they are mixed, taking* parts, *and* factions.

BUT in all other *Diſeaſes* they are mix'd,
And not in one conſiſting *Body* fix'd.
But do in *factions* part, then up do riſe;
Striving to beate each other out, *Man* dies.

All things are govern'd by Atomes

THus *Life* and *Death*, and *young* and *old*,
Are, as the ſeverall *Atomes* hold.
So *Wit*, and *Underſtanding* in the *Braine*,
Are as the ſeverall *Atomes* reigne:
And *Diſpoſitions* good, or ill,
Are as the ſeverall *Atomes* ſtill.
And every *Paſſion* which doth riſe,
Is as the ſeverall *Atomes* lies.
Thus *Sickneſſe*, *Health*, and *Peace*, and *War*;
Are alwaies as the ſeverall *Atomes* are.

A warr with Atomes:

SOme factious *Atomes* will agree, combine,
They ſtrive ſome *form'd Body* to unjoyne.
The *Round* beate out the *Sharpe*: the *Long*
The *Flat* do fight withall, thus all go wrong.
Thoſe which make *Motion Generall* in their war,
By his direction they much ſtronger are.

Atomes *and* Motion *fall out.*

WHen *Motion*, and all *Atomes* diſagree,
Thunder in Skies, and ſickneſſe in *Men* bee.
Earthquakes, and *Windes* which make diſorder great,
'Tis when that *Motion* all the *Atomes* beate.
In this confuſion a horrid noiſe they make,
For *Motion* will not let them their right places take.
Like frighted *Flocks* of *Sheepe* together run,
Thus *Motion* like a *Wolfe* doth worry them.

The agreement of ſome kinde of Motion, *with ſome kinde of* Atomes.

SOme *Motion* with ſome *Atomes* well agree;
Fits them to *places right*, as juſt may bee.
By *Motions* helpe, they ſo ſtrong joyne each to,
That hardly *Motion* ſhall againe undo.
Motions inconſtancy oft gives ſuch power
To *Atomes*, as they can *Motion* devoure.

Motion *directs, while* Atomes *dance.*

A*Tomes* will dance, and meaſures keep juſt time;
And one by one will hold round circle line,
Run in and out, as we do dance the *Hay*;
Croſſing about, yet keepe juſt time and way:
While *Motion*, as *Muſicke* directs the *Time*:
Thus by conſent, they altogether joyne.
This *Harmony* is *Health*, makes *Life* live long;
But when they're out, 'tis *death*, ſo dancing's done.

The difference of Atomes *and* Motion, *in* youth *and* age.

IN all things which are *young*, *Motion* is ſwift:
But moving long, is tir'd, and groweth ſtiff.
So *Atomes* are, in *youth*, more nimble, ſtrong,
Then in *old Age*, but apt more to go wrong.
Thus *Youth* by falſe *Notes* and wrong *Steps* doth dye,
In *Age Atomes*, and *Motion*, weary downe do lye:
Motions Eaſe is *Change*, weary ſoone doth grow,
If in one *Figure* ſhe doth often go.

Motion *makes* Atomes *a* Bawd *for* Figure.

DID not wild *Motion* with his ſubtle wit,
Make *Atomes* as his *Bawd*, new *Formes* to get
They ſtill would conſtant be in one *Figure*,
And as they place themſelves, would laſt for ever.

But *Motion* ſhe perſwades new *Formes* to make,
For *Motion* doth in *Change* great pleaſure take.
And makes all *Atomes* run from place to place;
That *Figures young* he might have to imbrace.
For ſome ſhort time, ſhe will make much of *one*,
But afterwards away from *them* will run.
And thus are moſt things in the World undone,
And by her *Change*, do *young ones* take *old's* roome.
But 'tis butt like unto a *Batch* of *Bread*,
The *Floure* is the ſame of ſuch a *Seed*.
But *Motion ſhe* a *Figure* new mould, bak'd,
Becauſe that *ſhe* might have a new hot *Cake*.

Motion and *Figure*.

A *Figure Spherical*, the *Motion's* ſo,
Streight Figures in a darting *Motion* go:
As ſeverall *Figures* in ſmall *Atomes* bee,
So ſeverall *Motions* are, if we could ſee.
If *Atomes* joyne, meet in another *Forme*,
Then *Motion* alters as the *Figures* turne.
For if the *Bodies weighty* are, and *great*,
Then *Motion's* ſlow, and goes upon leſſe feet.
Out of a *Shuttle-cocke* a feather pull,
And flying ſtrike it, as when it was *full*;
The *Motion* alters which belongs to that,
Although the *Motion* of the hand do not.
Yet *Motion*, *Matter*, can new *Figures* find,
And the *Subſtantiall Figures* turne and wind
Thus ſeverall *Figures*, ſeverall *Motions* take,
And ſeverall *Motions*, ſeverall *Figures* make.
But *Figure*, *Matter*, *Motion*, all is one,
Can never ſeparate, nor be alone.

Of the Subtlety *of* Motion.

COuld we the ſeverall *Motions* of *Life* know,
The Subtle windings, and the waies they go:
We ſhould adore *God* more, and not diſpute,
How they are done, but that great *God* can doe't.

But

But we with *Ignorance* about do run,
To know the *Ends*, and how they firſt begun.
Spending that *Life*, which *Natures* God did give
Us to adore him, and his wonders with,
With fruitleſſe, vaine, impoſſible purſuites,
In *Schooles*, *Lectures*, and quarrelling *Diſputes*.
But never give him thanks that did us make,
Proudly, as petty *Gods*, our ſelves do take.

Motion *is the* Life *of all things.*

AS *Darkneſſe* a *privation* is of *Light*;
That's when the *Opticke Nerve* is ſtopt from *Sight*:
So *Death* is even a *ceſſation* in
Thoſe *Formes*, and *Bodies*, wherein *Motions* ſpin.
As *Light* can only ſhine but in the *Eye*,
So *Life* doth only in a *Motion* lye.
Thus *Life* is out, when *Motion* leaves to bee,
Like to an *Eye* that's ſhut, no *Light* can ſee.

Of Vacuum.

SOme thinke the *World* would fall, and not hang ſo,
If it had any empty place to go.
One cannot thinke that *Vacuum* is ſo vaſt,
That the great *World* might in that *Gulfe* be caſt.
But *Vacuum* like is to the *Porous* Skyn,
Where *Vapour* * goeth out, and Aire takes in:
And though that *Vapour* fills thoſe places ſmall,
We cannot thinke, but firſt were empty all:
For were they all firſt full, they could not make
Roome for ſucceſſion, their places for to take.
But as thoſe *Atomes* paſſe, and repaſſe through,
Yet ſtill in empty places muſt they go.

† Atomes *do ſo.*

Of the Motion *of the* Sea.

IF that the *Sea* the *Earth* doth run about,
It leaves a *Space*, where firſt the *Tide* went out.
For if the *Water* were as much as * *Land*,
The *Water* would not ſtir, but ſtill would ſtand.

In compaſſe.

Which ſhewes, that though the *Water* ſtill goes round,
Yet is the *Land* more then the *Water* * found.
But ſay, the *Aire* * that's moveable without,
Which being thin, gives leave to run about.
Or like a *Wheele*, which *Water* * makes to go,
So *Aire* may the *Water* make to flow.
But if that *Aire* hath not roome to move,
It cannot any other *Body* ſhove.
Beſides *what* drives, muſt needs be ſtronger far,
Then *what* it drives, or elſe it would not ſtir.
If ſo, then *Infinites* of *ſtrengths* muſt be
In *Motions* power, to move *Eternally*.
But ſay, all things do run in *Circles* line,
And every part doth altogether joyne.
They cannot in each others places ſtir,
Unleſſe ſome places were left empty bare.
For take a *Wheele*, *circumference* ſtop without,
And *Center* too, it cannot turne about.
If *Breadth* and *Depth* were full, leaving no * ſpace,
Nothing can ſtir out of the ſelfe ſame place.

* *In compaſſe.*

* *As water will make a wheele to go, ſo aire makes water go.*

* *A croſſe Motion ſtops the Circular, if there be no ſpace between. The world turns upon two imaginary Poles, the Earth, upon one, the Heavens upon another; yet the Earth, nor the Heavens could not ſtir, having no vacuum. For example, A wheel could not turne round, if the circumference were preſt upon cloſe, and the center on either ſide.*

Ebbing *and* Flowing *of the* Sea.

THE Reaſon the Sea ſo conſtant *Ebbs* and *Flowes*,
Is like the *Hammer* of a *Clocke*, which goes.
For when it comes juſt to the *Notch*, doth ſtrike,
So water to that empty place doth like.
For when it *Flowes*, *Water* is caſt out ſtill,
And when it *Ebbs*, runs back that place to fill.

Vacuum *in* Atomes.

IF all the *Atomes*, *Long*, *Sharpe*, *Flat*, and *Round*,
Be onely of one ſort of *Matter* found:
The *Hollow Atomes* muſt all empty be.
For there is nought to fill *Vacuitie*.
Beſides being ſeverall *Bodies*, though but ſmall,
Betwixt thoſe *Bodies*, there is nought at all.
For as they range about from place to place,
Betwixt their *Bodies* there is left a *Space*.

How

How ſhould they move, having no ſpace between?
For joyning cloſe, they would as one *Lumpe* ſeem.
Nor could they move into each others place,
Unleſſe there were ſomewhere an *Empty ſpace*.
For though their *Matter's infinite*, as *Time*,
They muſt be fix'd, if altogether joyne.
And were all *Matter fluid*, as ſome ſay,
It could *not* move, having no empty way.
Like *Water* that is ſtopt cloſe in a Glaſſe,
It cannot ſtir, having no way to paſſe.
Nor could the *Fiſhes* ſwim in *Water* thin,
Were there no *Vacuum* to crowd thoſe waters in.
For as they *Crowd*, thoſe *waters* on heapes high
Muſt ſome waies riſe to *Place* that empty lye.
For though the *water's* thin, wherein they move,
They could not ſtir, if water did not ſhove.

Of Contracting *and* Dilating, *whereby* Vacuum *muſt needs follow.*

Contracting, and *Dilating* of each part,
It is the chiefeſt worke of *Motions Art*.
Yet *Motion* can't dilate, nor yet contract
A Body, which at firſt is cloſe compact:
Unleſſe at firſt an empty place was found,
To ſpread thoſe *Compact Bodies* round.
Nor *fluid matter* can contract up cloſe,
But by *contracting* it ſome place muſt loſe.

The Attraction *of the* Earth.

THE reaſon *Earth* attracts much like the *Sun*,
Is, *Atomes ſharpe* out from the *Earth* do come:
From the *Circumference*, *thoſe* like *Bees* ariſe,
As from a *Swarm*, diſperſ'd, ſevr'ally flyes.
And as they wander, meet with duller *Forms*,
Wherein they ſticke their *point*, then backe returnes.
Yet like a *Bee*, which loaded is each *Thigh*,
Their *weight* is great, they cannot nimbly flye.
So when their *points* are loaded, heavy grow,
Can peirce no further, backward muſt they go.

And

And, as their *Hives*, to *Earth* returne againe:
Thus by their travell they the *Earth* maintaine.

The Attraction *of the* Sun.

WHen all thoſe *Atomes* which in *Rayes* do ſpread,
And ranged long, like to a ſlender * thread:
They do not ſcatter'd flye, but joyne in length,
And being joyn'd, though ſmall, add to their ſtrength.
The further forth they ſtreame, more weake become,
Although thoſe *Beames* * are faſtened to the Sun.
For all thoſe *Rayes* which *Motion* ſends downe low,
Are, *looſe, ſharp Atomes*, from the *Sun* do flow.
And as they flow in ſeverall *Streames*, and *Rayes*,
They ſticke their points in all that ſtop their waies.
Like *Needle points*, whereon doth ſomething *ſticke*,
No paſſage make, having no *points* to *pricke*.
Thus being ſtop'd, ſtrait-waies they backe do run,
Drawing thoſe *Bodies* with them to the *Sun*.

* *I meane all Rayes in generall, of all ſorts of* Atomes *which move.*

* *The Suns Rayes.*

The cauſe of the breaking *of the* Suns Beames.

IF *Porous Atomes* by the *Sharpe* are found,
They're borne on points away, as Priſoners bound:
But as they mount, *Atomes* of their owne kinde,
If chance to meet, ſtrait helpe them to unbinde.
For *Porous Atomes* being ſoft and wet,
When *Numbers* meet, they cloſe together get:
And being *glut*, they joyne together *all*,
By one conſent they pull, ſo *backe do* fall.
If they be *round*, in ſhowring *Drops* returne,
Like *Beads* that are upon a *long thread* ſtrunge.
But if their *Figures* different be from thoſe,
Then like a *thicke* and *foggy* miſt it ſhewes.

Of the Rayes *of the* Sun.

THE *Rayes* are not ſo hot, as is the Sun,
Becauſe they are united ſtrong to burne

But

But with a *Glaſſe* thoſe ſcatter'd *Beames* draw in,
When they're united, peirce through every * thing.
But being *ſeparate*, they weake become,
And then like *Cowards* ſev'rall waies they run.

* Concaves *draw to a* center.

Of the Beames *of the* Sun.

THoſe *Splendent Beames* which forth the *Sun* doth ſpread,
Are looſe *ſharpe Atomes*, ranged long like *Thread*.
And as they *ſtreame*, if *Porous bodies* meet,
Sticke in their Points; to us that *Touch* is *heat*.

The Sun *doth ſet the* Aire *on a* light, *as ſome Opinions hold.*

IF that the *Sun* ſo like a *Candle* is,
That all the *Aire* doth take a *Light* from his;
Not from *Reflexion*, but by kindling all
That part, which we our *Hemiſpheare* do call:
Then ſhould that *Aire* whereon his *Light* takes place,
Be never out, unleſſe that *Subſtance* waſte:
Unleſſe the *Sun Extinguiſhers* ſhould throw,
Upon the *Aire*, ſo out the *Light* doth go.
But ſure the *Suns reflexion* gives the *Light*,*
For when he's gone, to us *it is* darke *Night*.
For why, the *Sun* is *Atomes ſharpe entire*,
Being cloſe *wedg'd round*,* is like a wheele of *Fire*.
And round that *Wheele* continually do flow
Sharpe ſtreaming Atomes, which like *Flame* do ſhew
And in this *Flame* * the *Earth* its face doth ſee,
As in a *Glaſſe*, as cleere, as cleere may bee.
And when the *Earth* doth turne aſide his face,
It is not ſeene, but *Darkneſſe* in that * place.
Or when the *Moone* doth come betwixt that *Light*,
Then is the *Earth* ſhut up * as in darke *Night*.

* *Noe* Atomes *ſhine but* ſharp Atomes.

* *It ſeems like a burning* coal.

* Long Atomes ſharp *at each end.*
* *That part of the* Earth *is* darke *which is from the* Sun.
* *To that part of the* Earth *the* Moone *hides.*

What Atomes *the* Sun *is made of.*

THE *Sun* is of the *ſharpeſt Atomes* made,
Cloſe knit together, and exactly laid.

The

The *Fabricke* like a *Wheele* is juſt made round,
And in the midſt of all, the *Planets* found.
And as the *Planets* move about the *Sun*,
Their *Motions* make the *looſe ſharpe Atomes* run.

Of Vapour.

Looſe Atomes ſharpe, which *Motion* ſhoots about,
Sticke on *looſe Porous Atomes*, thoſe draw out.
From *thoſe* more *cloſe*, for *theſe* do higheſt lye,
Thus *Vapours* drawne toward the *Region high*.
But being *their weight* is *equall* with their owne,
They let them fall to *Earth*, ſo backe returne.

Of Dewes, *and* Miſts *from the* Earth.

SOme *Atomes ſharpe* thruſt from the *Earth* ſome *Round*,
And then a *Pearled dew* lies on the ground.
But if they beare them on their *ſharpe points* high,
Thoſe being raiſ'd, a *Miſt* ſeemes to the *Eye*.
On the *Circumference* of the *Earth* there lies
The *looſeſt Atomes*, which are apt to riſe;
Yet not to *mount* ſo high as to the *Sun*,
For being dull, they backe to *Earth* returne:
As *water*, which *is ſhov'd* with force of ſtrength,
Is not ſo apt to [illegible], as run at *length*.

The Attraction *of the* Poles, *and of* Froſt.

THE *North* and *South Attracts*, *Contracts*, are like the *Sun*,
They freeze as hard, as he with *Heate* doth burne.
For *Atomes* there are like to *Pincers* ſmall,
By which they * draw, and others pull withall.
When *Motion* from the *Poles* ſhoots them about;
Mixing with *Porous bodies* when they're out:
And with thoſe *Pincers* ſmall thoſe *Bodies* nip,
So *cloſe* and *hard*, they cannot from them get;
Unleſſe that *fiery Atomes ſharpe* do peirce
Betwixt thoſe *Pincers* ſmall, ſo do releaſe.

* *At the* Poles.

Thoſe

Thoſe *Porous Atomes*, like an *Aule* that bores;
Or like a *Picklocke*, which doth open doors.
For when they're opened by thoſe *fiery Aules*,
Let go their holds, which *Men* a *Thaw* ſtrait calls.
If not, they pinch thoſe *Bodies* cloſe together,
Then men do ſay, it is hard *Froſty* weather.

Quenching *out of* Fire.

THE *Atomes* round, tis not their *Numbers* great
That put out *Fire*, quenching both *Light* and *Heate*.
But being *wet*, they *looſen*, and *unbinde*,
Thoſe *ſharpe dry Atomes*, which together joyn'd.
For when they are diſperſ'd, their *power's* but ſmall,
Nor give they *Light*, nor *Heate*, if ſingle all.
Beſides thoſe *Atomes ſharpe* will ſmother'd be,
Having no *vent*, nor yet *Vacuity*.
For if that *Fire* in a place lies cloſe,
Having no *vent*, but *ſtop'd*, it ſtrait out goes.
There is no better *Argument*, to prove
That *Vacuum* is, then to ſee *Fire* move.
For if that *Fire* had not *Liberty*
To run about, how quickly would it dye?

Round Atomes are water. Sharp Atomes.

Quenching, *and* Smothering *out of* Heat, *and* Light, *doth not change the* Property, *nor* Shape *of* ſharpe Atomes.

THIS not, that *Atomes ſharpe* do change their *Forme*,
When *Heat* and *Flame* is out, but *Motion's* gone:
When *Motion's* gone, *ſharpe Atomes* cannot pricke,
Having no force * in any thing to pricke.
For if the *Sunquicke Motion* mov'd it not,
T'would neither *ſhine*, nor be to us ſo *hot*.
Juſt ſo, when *Creatures* dye, change not their *Forme*,
That *kinde* of *Motion*, which made *Life*, is gone. *
For *Animall Spirits*, which we *Life* do call,
Are onely of the *ſharpeſt Atomes* ſmall.
Thus *Life* is *Atomes ſharpe*, which we call *Fire*,
When *thoſe* are *ſtopt*, or *quench'd*, *Life* doth expire.

* *By* Gone, *is meant* Motion *ceaſes. Their* Forme *doth not diſſolve juſt at their* Death.
* Life *is ſuch kinde of* Motion *as ſharp* Atomes.
* *That is, when they are ſeparated, or their* Motion *ſtopt, and though every* Figure *hath proper* Motions *belonging to their* Shape, *yet they do not move alwaies alike, for they have one kinde of* Motion *ſingly, and another kinde when they are* united, *but when they are mixt with other* Figures, *their* Motion *is according to their ſeverall mixtures.*

Of a Sparke of Fire.

A *Sparke* of *Fire*, is like a *Mouſe*, * doth eate
Into a *Cheeſe*, although both hard, and great.
Juſt ſo a *Sparke*, although it be but ſmall,
If once thoſe *Points* can *faſten*, peirce through all.

* *The* ſharpe Atomes *are like the* Teeth *of* Mice.

Of a Coale.

WHY that a *Coale* ſhould ſet an houſe on *Fire*,
Is, *Atomes ſharpe* are in that *Coale* entire.
Being ſtrong arm'd with *Points*, do quite peirce through;
Thoſe *flat dull Atomes*, and their *Formes* * undo.
And *Atomes ſharpe*, whoſe *Forme* is made for *flight*,
If *looſe*, do run to helpe the reſt in fight.
For like as *Souldiers*, * which are of one ſide,
When they ſee *Friends ingag'd*, to *reſcue* ride.
But *Atomes flat*, where *Motion* is but *ſlow*,
They cannot *fight*, but ſtrait to *Aſhes* go.

* *Not the* form *of the* Atomes, *but the* forme *of their* Settlement.

* *Stragling*, looſe Atomes, *which we perceive not, doe run to thoſe which are* united *in the* Coale.

Of Aſhes.

Burnt wood is like unto an *Army's* rout, *
Their *Formes* undone, lye ſcattered all about.
When *Atomes ſharpe*, *flat Atomes* unbinde all,
Thoſe *looſe flat Atomes*, we ſtrait *Aſhes* call. *

* *Wood is made moſt of* flat Atomes.

* *For ſeverall* Formes *are according to the* Compoſure *of* Atomes, *which* Formes *are undone ſtill by the* ſtrongeſt party.

The Increaſing, and Decreaſing of viſible Fire.

WHen *Fuel's* kindled, *Fire* ſeemes but ſmall,
That *Fuell* afterward doth ſeem *Fire* all.
Juſt like a *Crow*, that on a dead *Horſe* lights;
When other *Crowes* perceiving in their flights,
They ſtrait invite themſelves unto that *Feaſt*,
And thus from one, to *Numbers* are increas'd.
So *Atomes ſharpe*, which ſingly flye about,
Joyne with the *reſt*, to eate the *Fuell* out.
And, as the *Fuell* doth increaſe, do *they*,
And as it *waſts*, ſo do *they* flye away.

* *when there is no* Subſtance *left for* ſharp Atomes *to worke upon, they diſperſe, for they ſeek to undo the* compoſure *of all other* Atomes.

The Power *of* Fire.

FIre ſuch power hath of every thing,
As like to *Needle points* that peirce the *Skyn*.
So doth that *Element* peirce into all,
Bee't nere ſo *hard*, *ſtrong*, *thicke*, or *Solid Ball*.
All things it doth *diſſolve*, or *bow*, or *breake*,
Keeping its *ſtrength*, by making *others* weake.

Of Burning.

THE cauſe why *Fire* doth burne, and burning ſmarts,
The reaſon is of *Numerous* little *parts*.
Which *parts* are *Atomes ſharpe*, that wound like Stings,
If they ſo far do peirce into our Skyns;
And like an angry *Porcupine*, doth ſhoot
His fiery *Quils*, if nothing quench them out.
Their *Figure* makes their *Motion* ſudden, quicke,
And being *ſharpe*, they do like *Needles* pricke.
If they peirce deep, * do make our fleſh to ake,
If only touch * the skyn, we pleaſure take. *when it burns.*
That kinde of paine, do we a *Burning* call: Warmth.
For *Atomes numerous*, and very *ſmall*,
Do make from *Needles* point a different *touch*,
Whoſe *points* are *groſſe*, and *Numbers* not ſo much;
Which cannot lye ſo *cloſe*, and ſpread ſo *thin*,
All at one time our *Pores* to enter in.

The Reaſon VVater *quenches* Fire.

THE Reaſon *Water Fire* quenches out,
Is, *Atomes* * *round* the *ſharpe* put to a rout. * *They ſeparate the* ſharp Atomes.
For when a Houſe is on a *Fire* ſet,
Is, *Atomes ſharpe* do in great *Armies* meet.
And then they range themſelves in *Ranks* and *Files*,
And ſtrive alwaies to havocke, and make ſpoiles.
Running about as nimble as may bee,*
From ſide to ſide, as in great *Fire* we ſee.
But *Atomes round* do like a *reſcue* * come, * *When water is throwne on Fire.*
And *ſeparate* the *ſharpe*, which in heapes run.

For being *ſeperate*, they have no force;
Like to a Troope, or Regiment of Horſe:
Which when great Canon bullets are ſhot through,
They diſunite, and quite their ſtrength undo.
So *water*, that is throwne on *flaming Fire*,
Doth *ſeparate*, and make that ſtrength expire.

Of the ſound of VVaters, Aire, Flame, *more then* Earth, *or* Aire *without* Flame.

WHen *Crowds* of *Atomes* meet, not joyned cloſe,
By *Motion* quicke do give * each other blowes.
So *Atomes hollow* which are *Long*, and *Round*,
When *they* do ſtrike, do make the greateſt *ſound*:
Not that there 's any thing that moves therein,
To make *Rebounds*, but that their *Forme's* more *thin*.
For being *thin*, they *larger* are, and *wide*,
Which make them apt to ſtrike each others ſide
In larger *Bulks encounters* are more fierce,
When that they ſtrike, though not ſo quicke to pierce.
This is the reaſon *Water*, *Aire*, and *Flame*,
Do make moſt noiſe, when *Motions* move the ſame.
For *Atomes* looſe are like to people rude,
Make horrid noiſe, when in a *Multitude*.

* *The* encounters *of* Bodies *make all* Sound.

* Long, *and* round Atomes *are more* thin *then* flat, or ſharpe, *by reaſon they are more* hollow: *and their* hollowneſs *makes their* Bulk bigger, *though not their* weight heavier.

The reaſon of the Roaring *of the* Sea.

ALL *Waters Sphæricall*, when *Tides* do flow,
Beat all thoſe *ſphæricall Drops* as they do go.
So *Winds* do ſtrike thoſe *watry drops* together,
Which we at *Sea* do call *Tempeſtuous* weather:
And being *ſhpæricall*, and *Cymball* like,
They make a *ſound*, when each 'gainſt other ſtrike.

The Agileneſſe *of* VVater.

WAter is apt to move, being round like *Balls*,
No points to fixe, doth trundle as it falls.
This makes the *Sea*, when like great Mountaines high
The waves do riſe, it ſteddy cannot lye.

But

But falls againe into a *Liquid Plaine*,
Tides, *Winds* diſturbe them not, levell remaine.
Thus *watry Balls* they do not intermixe,
But ſticke * ſo cloſe, as nothing is betwixt.

* *Thoſe* Drops *ioyning* cloſe *and* even.

Of the Center.

IN *Infinites* no *Center* can be laid,
But if the * *World* has *Limits*, *Center's* made.
For whatſoe're's with *Circumference* fac'd,
A *Center* in the midſt muſt needs be plac'd.
This makes all *Formes* that *Limit* have, and *Bound*,
To have a *Center*, and *Circumference* round.
This is the *Cauſe*; the *World* in *circle* runs,
Becauſe a *Center* hath whereon it turnes.
The *Center* ſmall, *Circumference* big without,
Which by the *weight* doth make it turne about.

* *unleſſe there be Infinites of Worlds; then there may be infinites of* Centers, *although not a* Center *in Infinites.*

All ſharpe Atomes *do run to the* Center, *and thoſe that ſettle not, by reaſon of the ſtraitneſſe of the* Place, *flye out to the* Circumference. Sharpe Atomes *to the* Center, *make a* Sun.

ALL *Atomes ſharpe to every Center flye*,
In midſt of Earth, and midſt of Planets lye;
And in * thoſe *Planets* there are *Centers* too,
Where the *ſharpe Atomes* with quicke *Motion* go.
And to the *Center* of the *Earth* they run,
There gathering cloſe, and ſo become a *Sun*.
This is the *Axe* whereon the *Earth* turnes round,
And gives the *heat* which in the *Earth* is found;
A *World* of *Fire*: thus may we gueſſe the *Sun*;
If all *ſharpe Atomes* to the *Center* run.
For why, the *Sun* amongſt the *Planets* round,
Iuſt as a *Center*, in the midſt is found.
And *fixed Stars*, which give a twinckling *Light*,
Are *Center Worlds* of *Fire*, that ſhineth bright.

* *The* Sun *in the midſt of the* Planets, *which are ſharpe* Atomes.

In the Center Atomes *never* Separate.

JUſt at the *Center* is a *point* that's ſmall,
Thoſe *Atomes* that are there are wedg'd in all:
They lye ſo cloſe, *firme* in one *Body* binde,
No other *Forme*, or *Motion* can unwinde:
As it were without partition, but it is but one.
For they are wreath'd ſo hard about that *point*,
As they become a *Circle* without *joynt.* *

If Infinite VVorlds, Infinite Centers.

IF *Infinites* of *Worlds*, they muſt be plac'd
At ſuch a diſtance, as between lies waſte.
If they were joyned cloſe, moving about,
By juſtling they would puſh each other out.
And if they ſwim in *Aire*, as *fiſhes* do
They would beat againſt each other.
In *Water*, they would meet * as they did go.
But if the *Aire* each *World* doth incloſe
Them all about, then like to *Water* flowes;
Keeping them *equall*, and in *order* right,
That as they move, ſhall not each other ſtrike.
Or like to *water wheels* by *water* turn'd,
So *Aire* round about thoſe *Worlds* do run:
And by that *Motion* they do turne about,
They are ſtinted according to the ſeverall ſtrengths of their motion.
No further then that *Motions ſtrength runs out.*
Like to a *Bowle*, which will no further go,
But runs according as that ſtrength do throw.
They turne as they go.
Thus like as *Bowles*, the *Worlds* do turne, and run,
A Jack Bowle is the marke.
But ſtill the *Jacke*, and *Center* is the * *Sun.*

The Infinites *of* Matter.

IF all the *World* were a *confuſed heape*,
What was beyond? for this *World* is not great:
We finde it *Limit* hath, and *Bound*,
And like a *Ball* in compaſſe is made round:
And if that *Matter*, with which the *World's* made,
Be *Infinite*, then more *Worlds* may be ſaid;
Then *Infinites* of *Worlds* may we agree,
As well, as *Infinites* of *Matters* bee.

A World made by foure Atomes.

SHarpe *Atomes Fire ſubtle*, quicke, and dry,
The *Leng*, like Shafts ſtill into *Aire* fly.
The *Round* to *Water* moiſt, (a hollow *Forme*,)
The *Figure ſquare* to heavy dull *Earth* turne.
The *Atomes ſharpe* hard *Mineralls* do make,
The *Atomes round* ſoft *Vegetables* take.
In *Animals* none *ſingly* lye alone,
But the *foure Atomes* meet, and joyne as *one*.
And thus *foure Atomes* the *Subſtance* is of *all*;
With their *foure Figures* make a *worldly Ball*.

Thus the Fancy of my Atomes is, that the foure Principall Figures, as Sharpe, Long, Round, Square, make the foure Elements; not that they are of ſeverall matters, but are all of one matter, onely their ſeverall Figures do give them ſeverall Proprieties; ſo likewiſe do the mixt Figures give them mixt Proprieties, & their ſeveral compoſures do give them other Proprieties, according to their Formes they put themſelves into, by their ſeverall Motions. This I do repeate, that the ground of my Opinion may be underſtood.

The ſeverall Elements are all but one matter.

Of Elements.

SOme hold *foure* perfect *Elements* there bee,
Which do ſurmount each other by degree.
And *ſome* Opinions thinke that *One* is all,
The reſt from *that*, and to *that One* ſhall fall:
This *ſingle Element* it ſelfe to turne
To ſeverall qualities, as *Fire* to burne.
So *water* moiſt, that heate to quench, and then
To *ſubtle Aire*, and ſo to *Earth* agen.
Like *fluid water*, which turnes with the Cold,
To *Flakes* of Snow, or in firme *Ice* to hold.
But that *Heate* doth melt that *Icy Chaine*,
Then into *water* doth it turne againe.
So from the *Earth* a *Vapour* thicke aſcends,
That *Vapour* thicke it ſelfe to thin *Aire* ſpends;
Or elſe it will condenſe it ſelfe to *Raine*,
And by its *weight* will fall to *Earth* againe.

And

And what is very *thin*, ſo *ſubtle* growes,
As it turnes *Fire*, and ſo a bright flame ſhewes
And what is *dull*, or *heavy*, *ſlow* to move;
Of a cold quality it oft doth prove.
Thus by *contracting*, and *dilating* parts,
Is all the skill of Natures working Arts.

Fire *compared to* Stings.

NOthing is ſo like *Fire*, as a *Flies Sting*,
If we compare th' effect which both do bring.
For when they *ſting* the fleſh, they no blood draw,
But bliſters raiſe, the *Skin* made red, the *Fleſh* raw.
Were there as many *Stings*, as *Fiery Atomes* ſmall,
Would peirce into the *Fleſh*, *Bones* turne to *Aſhes* all.
Thus we finde *Flies* do carry every where
Fire in their *Tailes*, their *Breech* they do not feare.

Comparing Flame *to the* Tide *of the* Sea.

LIke *watry Tides*, a *Flame* will ebb and flow,
By ſinking downe, and then ſtrait higher grow
And if ſuppreſt, all in a rage breake out,
Streaming it ſelfe in ſeverall parts about.
Some thinke the *Salt* doth make the *Sea* to move,
If ſo, then *Salt* in *Flame* the like may *prove*.
From that *Example*, *Salt* all *Motions* makes,
Then *Life* the chiefe of *Motion* from *Salt* takes.

What is Liquid:

WEE cannot call all *Liquid* which doth flow,
For then a Flame may turne to water ſo.
But that is *Liquid*, which is moiſt, and wet,
Fire that Propriety can never get.
Then 'tis not Cold, that puts the *Fire* out,
But 'tis the Wet that makes it dye, no doubt

Fire and moiſture.

IF Hay be not quite dry, but ſtackt up wet,
In time that Moiſture will a Fire beget.

This

This proves that Fire may from Moiſture grow,
We proofe have none, Moiſture from Fire flow.
This ſhewes that Fire in its ſelfe is free,
No other Element in it can bee.
For Fire is pure ſtill, and keeps the ſame,
Where oyly Moiſture's not, no Fire can flame.

Aire begot of Heate and Moiſture.

HEate, and Moiſture joyn'd with equall merit,
Get a Body thin of Aire, or Spirit;
Which is a Sinoake, or Steame begot from both,
If Mother Moiſture rule, 'tis full of ſloth.
If the Father Fire predominates,
Then it is active, quicke, and Elevates.
This Aiery Childe is ſometimes good, or bad,
According to the nouriſhment it had.

The Temper of the Earth.

THE Earth we finde is very cold, and dry,
And muſt therefore have Fire and water nigh,
To waſh and bath, then dry her ſelfe without,
Elſe ſhe would uſeleſſe be without all doubt.

Winds are made in the Aire, not in the Earth.

HOW can we thinke Winds come from Earth below,
When they from Skye do downe upon us blow?
If they proceeded from the Earth, muſt run
Strait up, and upon Earth againe backe come:
They cannot freely blow, leaſt Earth were ma
Like to a Bowling-Greene, ſo levell laid.
But there are Rocks, and Hills, and Mountaines great,
Which ſtop their waies, and make them ſoone retreat.
Then ſure it is, the Sun drawes Vapour out,
And rarifies it thin, then blow'th 't about.
If Heat conden's'd, that turnes it into Raine,
And by its weight falls to the Earth againe.
Thus Moiſture and the Sun do cauſe the Winds,
And not the Crudities in hollow Mines.

Thunder

Thunder is a Wind in the middle Region.

WHO knowes, but Thunders are great Winds, which
Within the middle vault above the Skye; (lye
Which Winde the *Sun* on *Moiſture* cold begot,
When he is in his Region *Cancer* hot.
The Wind. This * Childe is thin, and ſubtle, made by heat,
It gets a voice, and makes a noiſe that's great:
It's Thinneſſe makes it agile, agile ſtrong,
Which by its force doth drive the Clouds along.
And when the Clouds do meet, they each do ſtrike,
Flaſhing out Fire, as do Flints the like.
Thus in the Summer Thunder's caus'd by Wind,
Vapour drawne ſo high, no way out can find.
But in the *Winter*, when the *Clouds* are looſe,
Then doth the *Wind* on Earth keep *Rendezvous*.

Of cold VVinds.

AS rarified water makes *Winds* blow,
So rarified *Winds* do colder grow.
For if they thin are rarified, then they
Do further blow, and ſpread out every way
So cold they are, and ſharpe as *Needle points*,
For by the thinneſſe breaks, and diſunites;
Into ſuch *Atomes* fall, *ſharpe Figures* bee,
Which *Porous Bodies* peirce, if we could ſee.
Yet ſome will thinke, if *Aire* were parted ſo,
The *Winds* could not have ſuch ſtrong force to blow.
'Tis true, if *Atomes* all were *Blunt* and *Flat*,
Or *Round* like *Rings*, they could not *peirce*, but *pat*;
But by themſelves they do ſo ſharpe become,
That through all *Porous Bodies* they do rum:
But when the *Winds* are ſoft, they intermixe,
As water doth, and in one *Body* fixe.
More like they wave, then blow as *Fanns* are ſpread,
Which Ladies uſe to coole their *Cheeks*, when red.
As water *Drops* feele harder when they ſtrike,
Then when they're *intermixt*, and on us light;

Unleſſe

Unleſſe ſuch ſtreames upon our heads downe runne,
As we a *Shelter* ſeeke the *Wet* to ſhun.
But when a *Drop* congealed is with *Cold*,
As *Haile-ſtones* are, more ſtrength thereby doth hold.
Then *Flakes* of *Snow* may have more quantity,
Then *Haile-ſtones*, yet not have more force thereby.
They fall ſo ſoft, they ſcarce do ſtrike our Touch,
Haile-ſtones we feele, and know their weight too much.
But *Figures* that are *Flat*, are *dull*, and *ſlow*,
Make weake *Impreſſion* whereſoe're they go.
For let ten times the quantity of *Steele*
Be beaten thin, no hurt by that you'le feele.
But if that one will take a *Needle* ſmall,
The *Point* be *ſharpe*, and preſſe the *Fleſh* withall;
Strait it ſhall hurt, and put the *Fleſh* to paine,
Which with more ſtrength that ſhall not do, that's plaine.
Although you preſſe it hard againſt the *Skin*,
May heavy feele, but ſhall not enter in.
So may the *Wind* that's thinly rarified,
Preſſe us downe, but it ſhall not peirce the *ſide*.
Or take a *Blade* that's *flat*, though ſtrong and great,
And with great ſtrength upon the *Head* that beat;
The *Skull* may breake, ſeldome knocke out the *Braines*,
Which *Arrowes ſharpe* ſoone do, and with leſſe paines.
Thus what is *ſmall*, more ſubtle is, and quicke,
For all that's ſmall in *Porous Bodies* ſticke.
Then are the *Winds* more cold when they do blow,
Broke into *Atomes* ſmall, then ſtreaming flow:
For all which *knit*, and cloſely do compoſe,
Much ſtronger are, and give the harder *Blowes*.
This ſhewes what's neereſt abſolute to bee,
Although an *Atome* to its ſmall degree:
Take quantity, for quantity alike,
Union more then *Mixture* hard ſhall ſtrike.

Of Stars.

WEE finde in the *Eaſt-Indies* Stars there bee,
Which we in our *Horizon* did nere ſee;
Yet we do take great paines in *Glaſſes* cleere,
To ſee what *Stars* do in the *Skie* appeare;

But yet the more we ſearch, the leſſe we know,
Becauſe we finde our *Worke* doth endleſſe grow.
For who doth know, but *Stars* we ſee by *Night*,
Are *Suns* wich to ſome other *Worlds* give *Light*?
But could our outward *Senſes* pace the *Skie*,
As well as can *Imaginations* high;
If we were there, as little may we know,
As thoſe which ſtay, and never do up go.
Then let not *Man*, in fruitleſſe paines *Life* ſpend,
The moſt we know, is, *Nature Death* will ſend.

Of the Motion *of the* Sun.

SOmetimes we finde it *Hot*, and ſometimes *Cold*,
Yet equall in Degrees the *Sun* doth hold:
And in a *Winters* day more *Heate* have found,
Then *Summer*, when the *Sun* ſhould parch the *Ground*.
For if this *heate* doth make him gallop faſt,
Muſt ever equall be, or ſtay his haſte.
If ſo, then *Seas* which ſend a *Vapour* high,
May coole his Courage, ſo in the mid way lye.
Beſides, the middle *Region* which is cold,
And full of *Ice*, will of his ſtrength take hold.
Then 'tis not *heat* that makes him run ſo faſt,
But running faſt, doth *heat* upon *Earth* caſt;
And *Earth* ſends *Vapours cold*, to quench his *heate*,
Which breake his ſtrength, and make his *Beames* ſo weake.

Of the Suns weakneſſe.

THE *Sun* doth not unto the *Center* go,
He cannot ſhoot his *Beames* ſo deep and low.
For, a *thicke Wall* will breake his *Arrowes* ſmall,
So that his *heate* can do no hurt at all;
And *Earth* hath *Armes* ſo thicke, to keepe out all
His fiery *Darts*, which he on her lets fall.

A Fire *in the* Center.

AS *Heate* about the *Heart* alwaies keeps nigh,
So doth a *Fire* about the *Center* lye.

This

This *heate* diſperſes through the *Body* round,
And when that *heate* is not, no *Life* is found.
Which makes all things ſhe ſends, to bud, and beare,
Although the *Suns* hot *Beames* do ne're come there.
But yet the *Sun* doth nouriſh all without,
But *Fire* within the *Earth* gives *Life*, no doubt.
So *heate* within begets with Childe the *Earth*,
And *heate* without is *Mid-wife* to her *Birth*.

The Sun *is* Nurſe *to all, the* Earth *beares.*

THough the *Earth* to all gives *Forme*, and *Feature*,
Yet the *Sun* is *Nurſe* to every *Creature*.
For long ſhe could not live without his *Heate*,
Which is the nouriſhing, and ripening *Meate*.
Juſt as a *Childe* is got, and born of *Man*,
It muſt be fed, or 'twill ſoone dye agen.

What makes Eccho.

THE ſame *Motion*, which from the *Mouth* doth move,
Runs through the Aire; which we by *Eccho* prove.
As ſeverall *Letters* do a word up-joyne,
So ſeverall *Figures* through the *Aire* combine.
The *Aire* is waxe, words *Seale*, and give the Print,
Thoſe words an *Eccho* in the *Aire* do mint.
And while thoſe *Figures* laſt, *Life* do maintaine;
When *Motion* weares it out, is *Eccho* ſlaine.
As *Sugar* in the *Mouth* doth melt, and taſte,
So *Eccho* in the *Aire* it ſelfe doth waſte.

Of Rebounds.

REbounds reſiſting ſubſtance muſt worke on,
Both in its ſelfe, and what it beates upon.
For yeilding *Bodies*, which do bow, or breake,
Can ne're *Rebound*, nor yet like *Eccho* ſpeake.
Then every word of *Aire* formes a *Ball*,
And every *Letter* like a *Ball* doth fall.
Words are condenſed *Aire*, which heard, do grow
As water, which by *Cold* doth turne to *Snow*.

And

And as when *Snow* is pres'd, hard *Balls* become,
So words being pres'd, as *Balls* do backward run.

Of Sound:

A *Sound* ſeemes nothing, yet a while doth live,
And like a wanton *Lad*, mocke-*Anſwers* give.
Not like to *Soules*, which from the *Body* go,
For *Eccho* hath a *Body* of *Aire* we know.
Yet ſtrange it is, that *Sound* ſo ſtrong and cleere,
Reſiſting *Bodies* have, yet not appeare;
But *Aire* which ſubtle is, encounter may.
Thus words a *Sound* may with ſelfe *Eccho* play;
Grow weary ſoone, and cannot hold out long,
Seemes out of breath, and *faulter* with the *Tongue*.

Of Shadow, *and* Eccho.

A *Shadow* fell in love with the bright *Light*,
Which makes her walke perpetually in her ſight;
And when *He's* abſent, then poore *Soule* ſhe dyes,
But when *He* ſhewes himſelfe, her *Life* revives.

She Siſter is to *Eccho* loud, and cleere,
Whoſe voice is heard, but no *Body* appeare:
She hates to ſee, or ſhew her ſelfe to men,
Unleſſe *Narciſſus* could live once agen.
But theſe two *Soules*, for they no *Bodies* have,
Do wander in the *Aire* to ſeeke a *Grave*.
Silence would bury on the other *Night*,
Both are denied by *Reflections* ſpight;
And each of theſe are ſubject to the *Senſe*,
One ſtrikes the *Eare*, *Shadow* the *Eye* preſents.

Of Light.

SOme thinke no *Light* would be without the *Eye*,
'Tis true, a *Light* our *Braine* could not deſcry;
And if the *Eye* makes *Light*, and not the *Sun*,
As well our *Touch* may make the *Fire* to burne.

Of Light, *and* Sight.

PHiloſophers, which thought to reaſon well,
Say, *Light*, and *Colour*, in the *Braine* do dwell;
That *Motion* in the *Braine* doth *Light* beget,
And if no *Braine*, the *World* in darkneſſe ſhut.
Provided that the *Braine* hath *Eyes* to ſee,
So *Eyes*, and *Braine*, do make the *Light* to bee.
If ſo, poore *Donne* was out, when he did ſay,
If all the *World* were blind, 'twould ſtill be day.
Say they, *Light* would not in the *Aire* reigne,
Unleſſe (you'le grant) the *World* were one great *Braine*.
Some *Ages* in *Opinion* all agree,
The next doth ſtrive to make them falſe to be.
But what *is*, doth pleaſe ſo well the *Senſe*,
That *Reaſons* old are thought to be *Non-ſenſe*.
But all *Opinions* are by *Fancy* fed,
And *Truth* under *Opinions* lieth dead.

The Objects *of every* Senſe, *are according to their* Motions *in the* Braine.

WEE mad ſhould thinke thoſe *Men*, if they ſhould (tell
That they did ſee a *Sound*, or taſt a *Smell*.
Yet *Reaſon* proves a *Man* doth not erre much,
When that we ſay his *Senſes* all are *Touch*.
If Actions in a *Table* be lively told,
The *Braine* ſtrait thinks the *Eye* the ſame behold.
The *Stomacke Hungry*, the *Noſe* good Meat doth ſmell,
The *Braine* doth thinke that *Smell* the *Tongue* taſts well.
If we a *Theefe* do ſee, and him do feare,
We ſtrait do thinke that breaking Doors we heare.
Imaginations juſt like *Motions* make,
That every *Senſe* doth ſtrike with the miſtake.

According as the Notes *in* Muſicke *agree with the* Motions *of the* Heart, *or* Braine, *ſuch* Paſſions *are produced thereby.*

IN *Muſicke*, if the *Eighths* tun'd *Equall* are,
If one be ſtrucke, the other ſeemes to jarre.
So the *Heart-ſtrings*, if *equally* be ſtretch'd,
To thoſe of *Muſick*, *Love* from thence is fetch'd.
For when *one's* ſtrucke, the *other* moves juſt ſo,
And with *Delight* as evenly doth go.

The Motion *of* Thoughts.

MUſing alone, mine *Eyes* being fixt
Upon the *Ground*, my *Sight* with *Gravell* mixt:
My *Feet* did walke without *Directions* Guide,
My *Thoughts* did travell farre, and wander wide;
At laſt they chanc'd up to a *Hill* to climbe,
And being there, ſaw things that were *Divine*.
Firſt, what they ſaw, a glorious *Light* to blaze,
Whoſe *Splendor* made it painfull for the *Gaze*:
No *Separations*, nor *Shadowes* by ſtops made,
No *Darkneſſe* to obſtruct this *Light* with *Shade*.
This *Light* had no *Dimenſion*, nor *Extent*,
But fil'd all places full, without *Circumvent*;
Alwaies in *Motion*, yet fixt did prove,
Like to the *Twinkling Stars* which never move.
This *Motion* working, running ſeverall waies,
Did ſeeme a *Contradiction* for to raiſe;
As to it *ſelfe*, with it *ſelfe* diſagree,
Is like a *Skeine* of *Thread*, if 't knotted bee
For ſome did go ſtrait in an even *Line*,
But ſome againe did croſſe, and ſome did *twine*.
Yet at the laſt, all ſeverall *Motions* run
Into the firſt *Prime Motion* which begun.
In various *Formes* and *Shapes* did *Life* run through,
Life from *Eternity*, but *Shapes* ſtill new;
No ſooner made, but quickly paſſ'd away,
Yet while they *were*, deſirous were to ſtay.

But

But *Motion* to one *Forme* can nere conſtant be,
For *Life*, which *Motion* is, joyes in varietie.
For the firſt *Motion* every thing can make,
But cannot add unto it ſelfe, nor take.
Indeed no other *Matter* could it frame,
It *ſelfe* was all, and in it *ſelfe* the ſame.
Perceiving now this fixed *point* of *Light*,
To be a *Union*, *Knowledge*, *Power*, and *Might*;
Wiſdome, *Juſtice*, *Truth*, *Providence*, all one,
No *Attribute* is with it ſelfe alone.
Not like to ſeverall *Lines* drawne to one *Point*
For what doth meet, may ſeparate, diſjoynt.
But *this* a *Point*, from whence all *Lines* do flow,
Nought can diminiſh it, or make it grow.
Tis *its* owne *Center*, and *Circumference* round,
Yet neither has a *Limit*, or a *Bound*.
A *fixt Eternity*, and ſo will laſt,
All *preſent* is, nothing to come, or paſt.
A fixt *Perfection* nothing can add more,
All things is *It*, and *It* ſelfe doth adore.
My *Thoughts* then wondring at what they did ſee,
Found at the laſt * themſelves the ſame to bee;
Yet was ſo ſmall a *Branch*, perceive could not,
From whence they *Sprung*, or which waies were begot.

* *All things come from God Almighty.*

Some ſay, all that we know of *Heaven* above,
Is that we joye, and that we love.
Who can tell that? for all we know,
Thoſe *Paſſions* we call *Joy*, and *Love* below,
May, by *Exceſſe*, ſuch other *Paſſions* grow,
None in the World is capable to know.
Juſt like our *Bodies*, though that they ſhall riſe,
And as St. *Paul* ſaies, ſee *God* with our *Eyes*;
Yet may we in the *Change* ſuch difference find,
Both in our *Bodies*, and alſo in our *Mind*,
As if that we were never of *Mankind*,
And that theſe *Eyes* we ſee with now, were blind.
Say we can meaſure all the *Planets* high,
And number all the *Stars* be in the *Skie*;
And *Circle* could we all the *World* about,
And all th' *Effects* of *Nature* could finde out:

Yet cannot all the *Wiſe*, and *Learned* tell,
What's done in *Heaven*, or how we there ſhall dwell.

The Reaſon why the Thoughts *are onely in the* Head.

THE *Sinewes* are ſmall, ſlender *Strings*,
Which to the *Body Senſes* brings;
Yet like to *Pipes*, or *Gutters*, hollow be,
Where *Animall Spirits* run continually.
Though they are ſmall, ſuch *Matter* do containe,
As in the *Skull* doth lye, which we call *Braine*.
That makes, if any one doth ſtrike the *Heele*,
The *Thought* of that, *Senſe* in the *Braine* doth feele.
Yet tis not *Sympathy*, but tis the ſame
Which makes us thinke, and feele the paine.
For had the *Heele* ſuch *quantity* of *Braine*,
Which doth the *Head*, and *Skull* therein containe;
Then would ſuch *Thoughts*, wich in the *Braine* dwell high,
Deſcend downe low, and in the *Heele* would lye.
In *Sinewes ſmall*, *Braine* ſcatter'd lyes about,
It wants both *roome*, and *quantity* no doubt.
For if a *Sinew* could ſo much *Braine* hold,
Or had a *Skin* ſo large for to infold,
As in the *Skull*, then might the *Toe*, or *Knee*,
Had they an *Opticke Nerve*, both *heare* and *ſee*.
Had *Sinewes roome*, *Fancy* therein to breed,
Copies of *Verſes* might from the *Heele* proceed.

The Motion *of the* Blood.

SOme by *Induſtry* of *Learning* found,
That all the *Blood* like to the *Sea* runs round:
From two great *Arteries* the *Blood* it runs
Through all the *Veines*, to the ſame backe comes.
The *Muſcles* like the *Tides* do ebb, and flow,
According as the ſeverall *Spirits* go.
The *Sinewes*, as ſmall *Pipes*, come from the *Head*,
And all about the *Body* they are ſpread;
Through which the *Animall Spirits* are conveyed,
To every *Member*, as the *Pipes* are laid.

And

And from thoſe *Sinewes Pipes* each *Senſe* doth take
Of thoſe *Pure Spirits*, as they us do make.

THis thought, an *Vnctuous Matter* comes from the *Sun*
In ſtreaming *Beames*, which *Earth* doth feed upon:
And that the *Earth* by thoſe *Beames* backe doth ſend
A *Nouriſhment* to the *Sun*, her good Friend.
So every *Beame* the *Sun* doth make a Chaine,
To ſend to *Earth*, and to draw backe againe.
But every *Beame* is like a *blazing Ship*,
The *Sun* doth trafficke to the *Earth* in it.
Each *Ship* is fraught with *heat*, through *Aire* it ſwims,
As to the *Earth* warme *Nouriſhment* it brings:
And *Vapour* moiſt, *Earth* for that *warmth* returnes,
And ſends it in thoſe *Ships* backe to the *Sun*.
Great danger is, if *Ships* * be over-fraught,
For many times they ſincke with their owne weight;
And thoſe *gilt Ships* ſuch *Fate* they often find,
They ſincke with too much *weight*, or *ſplit* with *Wind*.

* *When the* Sun *draws up more* Moiſture *then it can digeſt, it turns to Raine, or Wind.*

It is hard to beleive, that there are other VVorlds *in this* VVorld.

NOthing ſo hard in *Nature*, as *Faith* is,
For to beleive *Impoſſibilities*:
As doth impoſſible to us appeare,
Not 'cauſe * 'tis not, but to our *Senſe* not cleere;
But that we cannot in our *Reaſon* finde,
As being againſt *Natures Courſe*, and *Kinde*.
For many things our *Senſes dull* may ſcape,
For *Senſe* is *groſſe*, not every thing can *Shape*.
So in this *World* another *World* may bee,
That we do neither *touch*, *taſt*, *ſmell*, *heare*, *ſee*
What *Eye* ſo *cleere* is, yet did ever ſee
Thoſe *little Hookes*, that in the *Load-ſtone* bee,
Which draw *hard Iron*? or give *Reaſons*, why
The *Needles point* ſtill in the *North* will lye.
As for *Example*, *Atomes* in the *Aire*,
We nere perceive, although the *Light* be *faire*.

* *As it ſeems to us.*

And whatſoever can a *Body* claime,
Though nere ſo *ſmall*, *Life* may be in the ſame.
And what has *Life*, may *Underſtanding* have,
Yet be to us as buried in the Grave.
Then probably may *Men*, and *Women* ſmall,
Live in the *World* which *wee* know not at all;
May build them *Houſes*, ſeverall things may make,
Have *Orchards*, *Gardens*, where they pleaſure take:
And *Birds* which ſing, and *Cattell* in the Feild,
May *plow*, and *ſow*, and there ſmall *Corne* may yeild
And *Common-wealths* may have, and *Kings* to Reig
Wars, *Battells* have, and one another ſlaine:
And all without our *hearing*, or our *ſight*,
Nor yet in any of our *Senſes* light.
And other *Stars*, and *Moones*, and *Suns* may be,
Which our *dull Eyes* ſhall never come to ſee.
But we are apt to laugh at *Tales* ſo told,
Thus *Senſes* groſſe do back our *Reaſon* hold.
Things againſt *Nature* we do thinke are true,
That *Spirits change*, and can take *Bodies* new;
That *Life* may be, yet in no *Body* live,
For which no *Senſe*, nor *Reaſon*, we can give.
As *Incorporeall Spirits* this *Fancy* faines,
Yet *Fancy* cannot be without ſome *Braines*.
If *Fancy* without *Subſtance* cannot bee,
Then *Soules* are more, then *Reaſon* well can ſee.

Of many VVorlds *in this* VVorld.

JUST like unto a *Neſt* of *Boxes* round,
Degrees of *ſizes* within each *Boxe* are found.
So in this *World*, may many *Worlds* more be,
Thinner, and leſſe, and leſſe ſtill by degree;
Although they are not ſubject to our *Senſe*,
A *World* may be no bigger then *two-pence*.
Nature is curious, and ſuch *worke* may make,
That our dull *Senſe* can never finde, but ſcape.
For *Creatures*, ſmall as *Atomes*, may be there,
If every *Atome* a *Creatures Figure* beare.

If foure *Atomes* a *World* can make,* then ſee,
What ſeverall *Worlds* might in an *Eare-ring* bee.
For *Millions* of theſe *Atomes* may bee in
The *Head* of one *ſmall*, little, *ſingle Pin.*
And if thus *ſmall*, then *Ladies* well may weare
A *World* of *Worlds*, as *Pendents* in each *Eare.*

* *As I have before ſhewed they do, in my Atomes.*

A VVorld *in an* Eare-Ring.

AN *Eare-ring round* may well a *Zodiacke* bee,
Where in a *Sun* goeth round, and we not ſee.
And *Planets ſeven* about that *Sun* may move,
And *Hee* ſtand ſtill, as *ſome wiſe men* would prove.
And *fixed Stars*, like *twinkling Diamonds*, plac'd
About this *Eare-ring*, which a *World* is vaſt.
That ſame which doth the *Eare-ring* hold, the *hole*,
Is that, which we do call the *Pole.*
There *nipping Froſts* may be, and *VVinter* cold,
Yet never on the *Ladies Eare* take hold.
And *Lightnings*, *Thunder*, and great *VVinds* may blow
Within this *Eare-ring*, yet the *Eare* not know.
There *Seas* may *ebb*, and *flow*, where *Fiſhes* ſwim,
And *Iſlands* be, where *Spices* grow therein.
There *Chriſtall Rocks* hang dangling at each *Eare*
And *Golden Mines* as *Jewels* may they weare.
There *Earth-quakes* be, which *Mountaines* vaſt downe fling,
And yet nere ſtir the *Ladies Eare*, nor *Ring.*
There *Meadowes* bee, and *Paſtures freſh*, and *greene*,
And *Cattell* feed, and yet be never ſeene:
And *Gardens* freſh, and *Birds* which ſweetly ſing
Although we heare them not in an *Eare-ring.*
There *Night*, and *Day*, and *Heat*, and *Cold*, and ſo
May *Life*, and *Death*, and *Young*, and *Old*, ſtill grow.
Thus *Youth* may *ſpring*, and ſeverall *Ages* dye,
Great *Plagues* may be, and no *Infections* nigh.
There *Cityes* bee, and ſtately *Houſes* built,
Their inſide *gaye*, and finely may be gilt.
There *Churches* bee, and *Prieſts* to teach therein,
And *Steeple* too, yet heare the *Bells* not ring.

From thence may pious *Teares* to *Heaven* run,
And yet the *Eare* not know which way they're gone.
There *Markets* bee, and things both bought, and ſold,
Know not the price, nor how the *Markets* hold.
There *Governours* do rule, and *Kings* do Reigne,
And *Battels* fought, where many may be ſlaine.
And all within the *Compaſſe* of this *Ring*,
And yet not tidings to the *Wearer* bring.
Within the *Ring* wiſe *Counſellors* may ſit,
And yet the *Eare* not one wiſe word may get.
There may be *dancing* all Night at a *Ball*,
And yet the *Eare* be not diſturb'd at all.
There *Rivals Duels* fight, where ſome are ſlaine;
There *Lovers mourne*, yet heare them not complaine.
And *Death* may dig a *Lovers Grave*, thus were
A *Lover* dead, in a faire *Ladies Eare*.
But when the *Ring* is broke, the *World* is done,
Then *Lovers* they into *Elyſium* run.

Severall VVorlds *in ſeverall* Circles.

THere may be many *Worlds* like *Circles* round,
In after *Ages* more *Worlds* may be found.
If we into each *Circle* can but ſlip,
By *Art* of *Navigation* in a Ship;
This *World* compar'd to ſome, may be but ſmall:
No doubt but *Nature* made degrees of all.
If ſo, then *Drake* had never gone ſo quick
About the *Largeſt Circle* in one Ship.
For ſome may be ſo big, as none can ſwim,
Had they the life of old *Methuſalem*.
Or had they lives to number with each *day*,
They would want time to compaſſe halfe the way.
But if that *Drake* had liv'd in *Venus* Star,
His Journey ſhorter might have been by farre

THE CLASPE.

WHEN I did write this *Booke*, I took great
(paines,
For I did walke, and thinke, and breake
(my Braines.
My *Thoughts* run out of *Breath*, then
(downe would lye,
And panting with ſhort wind, like thoſe that dye.
When *Time* had given *Eaſe*, and lent them *ſtrength*,
Then up would get, and run another *length*.
Sometimes I kept my *Thoughts* with a *ſtrict dyet*,
And made them *Faſte* with *Eaſe*, and *Reſt*, and *Quiet*:
That *they* might run agen with ſwifter ſpeed,
And by this courſe *new Fancies* they could breed.
But I doe feare *they 're* not ſo *Good* to pleaſe,
But now *they're* out, my *Braine* is more at eaſe.

The Circle *of the* Brain *cannot be* Squar'd.

A *Circle Round* divided in foure Parts,
Hath been a Study amongſt Men of Arts;
Ere ſince *Archimedes*, or *Euclid's* time,
Hath every Brain been ſtretch'd upon a *Line*.
And every *Thought* hath been a *Figure* ſet,
Doubts *Cyphers* are, *Hopes* as *Triangulars* meet.
There is *Diviſion*, and *Subſtraction* made,
And *Lines* drawne out, and *Points* exactly layd.
But yet *None* can demonſtrate it plaine,
Of *Circles round*, a juſt *Foure ſquare* remaine.
Thus while the *Braine* is *round*, no *Squares* will be;
While *Thoughts* are in *Diviſions*, no *Figures* will agree.

Another to the ſame Purpoſe.

AND thus upon the ſame account,
Doubling the *Cube* muſt mount;
And the *Triangular* muſt be cut ſo ſmall,
Till into *Equall Atomes* it muſt fall.
For ſuch is *Mans Curioſity*, and *mind*,
To ſeek for that, which hardeſt is to find.

The Squaring *of the* Circle.

WIthin the *Head* of *Man* 's a *Circle Round*
Of *Honeſty*, no *Ends* in it is found.
To *Square* this *Circle* many think it fit,
But *Sides* to take without *Ends*, hard is it.
Prudence and *Temperance*, as two *Lines* take;
With *Fortitude* and *Juſtice*, foure will make.
If th' *Line* of *Temperance* doth prove too ſhort,
Then add a *Figure* of a *diſcreet Thought*;
Let *Wiſedomes Point* draw up *Diſcretions Figure*,
That make two equall *Lines* joyn'd both together.
Betwixt the Line *Temperance* and *Juſtice*, *Truth* muſt p
Juſtice's Line draw downe to *Fortitude*, that *Corner* joy
Then *Fortitude* muſt draw in equall length,
To *Prudence Line*, *Temperance* muſt give the breadth.
And *Temperance* with *Juſtice Line* muſt run, yet ſtand
Betwixt *Prudence* and *Fortitude*, of either hand.
At every corner muſt a *Point* be layd,
Where every *Line* that meets, an *Angle's* made;
And when the *Points* too high, or low do fall,
Then muſt the *Lines* be ſtretch'd, to mak't even all.
And thus the *Circle Round* you'l find,
Is *Squar'd* with the *foure Virtues* of the *Mind*.

A Circle Squar'd *in Proſe.*

Becauſe my Lines are too long for my Rhimes, therefore I put them in Proſe.

A *Circle* is a *Line* without *Ends*, and a *Square* is *foure equall Sides*, not one longer, or ſhorter then another. To ſquare the *Circle*, is to make the Line of the *Square Figure* to be equall with

with the *Round Figure*. *Honeſty* is the *Circle* without Ends, or By-reſpects, but is honeſt for *Honeſties* ſake. But to ſquare this *Circle*, it is very difficult, and hard it is for *Honeſty* to take part with foure ſides without *Faction*: for where there is ſiding there's *Faction*, and where *Factions* are, there is *Partiality*, and where *Partiality* is, there is *Injuſtice*, and where *Injuſtice* is, *Wrong*, and where *Wrong* is, *Truth* is not, and where *Truth* is not, *Honeſty* cares not to live. But let us ſee how we can ſquare this *Circle* of *Honeſty*. Firſt, draw foure *Lines*, *Prudence*, *Temperance*, *Fortitude*, and *Juſtice*; theſe foure *Lines* let them be *Croſſe Parallels*, that they may be *Longitudes*, and *Latitudes* to each other, and at each end of every *Line* make a Point. As at the *Line* of *Juſtice* a point of *Severity* at one end, and another of *Facility* at the other end. And at either end of *Fortitude*, one of *Raſhneſſe*, and another of *Timoroſity*. And at the end of *Temperance*, *Prodigality*, and *Covetouſneſſe*: At each end of *Prudence*, *Sloth*, and *Stupidity*. Then draw out theſe *Points*, and make them *Angles*: As *Severity*, and *Timoroſity* make one *Angle*; *Raſhneſſe*, and *Stupidity* another. *Sloth*, and *Prodigality* make a third *Angle*; *Facility* and *Covetouſneſſe* make the fourth. Then exactly in the midſt of either *Line*, ſet of either ſide of the *Line*, a *Figure*: As *Diſtributive* on the outſide of the Line of *Juſtice*, and *Communicative* within the *Line*. So on the ſide of *Fortitude*, *Deſpaire* on the outſide, and *Love* within. On *Prudence* Line, *Experience* on the outſide, and *Induſtry* within. On *Temperance* Line, *Obſervation* on the outſide, and *Eaſe* within. Then draw a Line of *Charity* from the point *Diſtribution*, and from the Point of *Obſervation*, a Line of *Diſcretion*, and make an *Angle* with *Hope*. Then from *Community*, a Line of *Clemency*, and from the point of *Eaſe*, a Line of *Comfort*, which make an *Angle* of *Peace*. Then from *Deſpaire*, a Line of *Hope*, and from *Induſtry*, a Line of *Fruition*, which make an *Angle* of *Tranqnillity*. Then from the point of *Love*, a Line of *Faith*, and from the point of *Eaſe*, a Line of *Pleaſure*; this makes an *Angle* of *Joy*. Then ſet a Point at every *Angle*, as *Obedience*, *Humility*, *Reſpect*, and *Reverence*; And thus the *Square* meaſur'd with *Truth*, the *Line* will be equall with the *Circle* of *Honeſty*.

The Traſection

CUT the Line of *Wiſdome* into three parts; *Prudence*, *Experience*, and *Judgment*; Then draw a Line of *Diſcretion*, equall to the Line of *Experience*, and a Line of *Induſtry*, equall to the Line of *Prudence*, and a Line of *Temperance*, equall to the Line of *Judgment*, and to *Temperance*, an equall Line of *Tranquillity*, and to the Line *Induſtry*, a line of *Ingenuity*, and to the line of *Diſcretion*, draw an equall line of *Obedience*. Then all theſe lines meaſur'd with the Rule of *Reaſon*, and you'l finde it equall to the line of *Wiſedome*; joyne theſe lines together, *Truth* makes the *Angle*. This is the *Traſection*.

The Arithmetick of Paſſions.

WIth *Numeration* Moraliſts begin
Upon the *Paſſions*, putting *Quotients* in,
Numbers divide with *Figures*, and Subſtract,
And in their *Diſinitions* are exact:
And there *Subſtract*, as taking *One*, from *Three*
That add to *Foure*, 'twill make Five to be.
Thus the *Odd Numbers* to the *Even* joyn'd,
Will make the *Paſſions* riſe within the *Mind*.

TO

TO MORALL PHILOSOPHERS.

MOrall *Philoſophy* is a *ſevere Schoole*, for there is no *Arithmetitian* ſo exact in his Accounts, or doth *Divide* and *Subſtract* his *Numbers* more ſubtlely, then they the *Paſſions*; & as *Arithmetick* can multiply *Numbers* above all uſe; ſo *Paſſions* may be divided beyond all *Practice*. But *Moraliſts* live the happieſt lives of Man-kind, becauſe moſt contented, for they do not onely ſubdue the *Paſſions*, but can make the beſt uſe of them, to the Tranquility of the mind: As *Feare* to make them *Circumſpect*, *Hate* to *Evill*, *Deſire* to *Good*, *Love* to *Vertue*, *Hope* makes *Induſtry* *Jealous* of *Indiſcretions*, *Angry* at *Follies*, and ſo the like of all the reſt. For they do not only ſubdue the feirceſt of them, making them Slaves to execute ſeveral works, in ſeveral places. But thoſe *Paſſions* that are *mild*, & of *gentle Nature*, they make perfect *Friend-ſhip* with: for the *Paſſions* are like Privie *Counſellors*, where ſome Counſell for *Peace*, others for *Warre*, and ſome being brib'd with the *World*, and *Appetite*, perſwade to mutiny, which ties a *Rebellion*. But *Moraliſts* are like powerfull *Monarchs*, which can make their *Paſſions* obedient at their pleaſure, condemning them at the Bar of *Juſtice*, cutting of their heads with the ſword of *Reaſon*; or, like skilfull *Muſitians*, making the *Paſſions* *Muſicall Inſtruments*, which they can tune ſo exactly, and play ſo well, and ſweetly, as every ſeverall *Note* ſhall ſtrike the *Eares* of the Soule with delight: and when they play Concords, the Mind dances in *Meaſure*, the *Sarabrand* of *Tranquillity*. Whereas when they are out of Tune, they do not only ſound *harſh* and *unpleaſant*, but when the *Notes diſagreeing*, the *Mind* takes *wrong Steps*, and keeps *falſe time*, and the *Soule* is diſquieted with the noiſe. But there is no *Humour*, or *Paſſion* ſo troubleſome as *Deſire*, becauſe it yeilds no *ſound ſatisfaction*; for all it is mixt moſt commonly with *pleaſing hopes*: but *hope* is a greater pleaſure then *Injoyment*, juſt as *Eating* is a greater pleaſure to the *Hungry*, then when the *Stomacke* is fully ſatisfied. Yet *Deſire*, and *Curioſity* make a *Man* to be above other *Creatures*: for by deſiring Knowledge, *Man* is as much above

a *Beaſt*, as *want of perfect Knowledge* makes him leſſe then *God*; and *Man*, as he hath a *tranſcending Soule* to out-live the *World* to all Eternity; ſo he hath a *tranſcending deſire* to live in the Worlds *Memory*; as long as the *World* laſts; that he might not dye like a *Beaſt*, and be forgotten; but that his *Works* may beget another *Soule*, though of ſhorter life, which is *Fame*; and *Fame* is like a *Soule*, an *Incorporeall Thing*.

DIA-

DIALOGUES.

Of Fame.

A Dialogue between two Supernaturall Opinions.

HO knows, but that *Mans Soule* in *Fame* delights 1. *Op.*
After the *Body* and *It* disunites?
If we allow the *Soule* shall live, not dye;
Although the *Body* in the Grave doth lie;
And that some *knowledge* still *It* doth re-taine,
Why may not then some love of *Fame* remaine?
There doth no *Vanity* in *Soules* then dwell, 2. *Op.*
When separate, they goe to *Heaven*, or *Hell*.
Fame's Vertues Child, or ought to be; 1. *Op.*
What comes not from *her*, is an *Infamy*.
Soules of the *World* remember nought at all, 2. *Op.*
All that is past into *Oblivion* fall.
Why may not *Soules*, as well as *Angels*, know, 1. *Op.*
And *heare* and *see*, what's done i'th' *World* below?
Soules neither have *Ambition*, nor *desire*, 2. *Op.*
When once in *Heaven*, nor after *Fame* inquire.
Who can tell that? since *Heaven* loves good *Deeds*, 1. *Op.*
And *Fame* of *Piety* from *Grace* proceeds.

Of Fame.

A Dialogue between two Naturall Opinions:

TO desire *Fame*, it is a *Noble* thought, 1. *Op.*
Which *Nature* in the best of *Minds* hath wrought.
Alas, when Men do dye, all *Motion's* gone, 2. *Op.*
If no *Motion*, no thought of *Fame* hath *one*.
What if the *Motion* of the *Body* dye? 1. *Op.*
The *Motion* of the *Mind* may live on high;
And in the *Aiery Elements* may lye,

Although

Although we know it not, about may flye,
And thus by *Nature* may the *Mind* delight
To heare its *Fame*, and ſee its *Pyramid*;
Or *grieve*, and *mourne*, when it doth ſee, and know,
Her *Acts* and *Fame* do to *Oblivion* go.

A ſimple naturall Opinion of the Mind.

Nature a *Talent* gives to every one,
As *Heaven* gives *grace* to work *Salvation* from.
The *Talent Nature* gives a *Noble Mind*,
Where *Actions* good are minted currant *Coyne*.
Where every *Virtue* ſtamps their *Image* ſo,
That all the *World* each ſeverall *Peice* may know.
If *Men* be lazy, let this *Talent* lye,
Seek no occaſion to improve it by:
Who knowes, but *Natures* puniſhment may be,
To make the *Mind* to *grieve* eternally?
That when his *Spirit's* fled, and *Body* rot,
To know himſelfe of *Friend's*, and *World's* forgot.
If men have uſed their beſt Induſtry,
Yet cannot get a *Fame* to live thereby:
Then may the *Minds* of *Men* reſt ſatisfied,
That they had left no Meanes, or waies untri'd.

The Purchaſe *of* Poets, *or a* Dialogue *betwixt the* Poets, *and* Fame, *and* Homers *Marriage.*

A *Company* of *Poets* ſtrove to buy
Parnaſſus Hill, where *Fame* thereon doth lye:
And *Helicon*, a *Well* that runs below,
Which thoſe that drink thereof, ſtrait *Poets* grow.
But *Money* they had none, (for *Poets* all are poore,)
And *Fancy*, which is *Wit*, is all their ſtore.

Thinking

Thinking which way this *Purchaſe* they ſhould get,
They did agree in *Councell* all to ſit:
Knowing that *Fame* was *Honour* to the *Well*,
And that *She* alwaies on the *Hill* did dwell:
They did conclude to tell *her* their deſire,
And for to know what *price* ſhe did require.
Then up the *Hill* they got, the Journey long,
Some nimbler feet * had, and their breath * more ſtrong:
Which made them get before, by going faſt,
But all did meet upon the *Hill* at laſt.
And when *ſhee* heard them all, what they could ſay,
She askt them where their Money was to pay.
They told her, Money they had none to give,
But they had *Wit*, by which they All did live;
And though they knew, ſometimes *She Bribes* would take,
Yet *Wit*, in *Honours Court*, doth greatneſſe make.
Said ſhee, this *Hill* I'le neither ſell, nor give,
But they that have moſt *Wit* ſhall with Mee live.
Then go you downe, and get what *Friends* you can,
That will be bound, or plead for every man.
Strait every *Poet* was twixt *hope*, and *Doubt*,
And *Envy ſtrong* to put each other out.
Homer, the firſt of *Poets*, did begin;
Brought *Greece*, and *Troy* for to be bound for him.
Virgill brought *Æneas*, *hee* all *Rome*,
For *Horace* all the *Country-men* came ſoon.
Juvenall, *Catullus*, all *Satyrs* joyn'd,
And in firme Bonds they all themſelves did bind.
And for *Tibullus*, *Venus*, and her *Sonne*
Would needs be bound, 'cauſe wanton verſe he ſung.
Pythagoras his *Tranſmigration* brings
Ovid, who ſeales the Bond with ſeverall things.
Lucan brought *Pompey*, *Senate* all in armes,
And *Cæſars Army* with their hot *Alarmes*:
Muſtring them all in the *Emathian* Feilds,
To *Fames* Bond to ſet their *hands*, and *Seales*.
Poets, which *Epitaphes* on the *Dead* had made,
Their *Ghoſts* did riſe, *faire Fame* for to perſwade
To take their Bonds, that they might live, though dead,
To after *Ages* when, their *Names* were read.

* *Numbers.*
* *Fame*

The

The *Muſes nine* came all at Barre to plead,
Which partiall were, according as th' were fee'd.
At laſt all *Poets* were caſt out, but *three*,
Where *Fame* diſputed long, which ſhould her Husband bee.
Pythagoras for *Ovid* firſt did ſpeake,
And ſaid, his *numbers* ſmooth, and *words* were ſweet.
Variety, ſaid he, doth *Ladies* pleaſe,
They change as oft, as he makes *Beaſts*, *Birds*, *Trees*:
As many ſeverall *Shapes*, and *Formes* they take,
Some *Goddeſſes*, and ſome do *Devils* make.
Then let *faire Fame* ſweet *Ovids Lady* be,
Since *Change* doth pleaſe that *Sex*, none's fit but he.
Then ſpoke *Æneas* on brave *Virgils* ſide,
Declar'd, he was the glory, and the pride
Of all the *Romanes*, who from him did ſprin-
And in his Verſe his praiſes high did ſing.
Then let him ſpeed, even for faire *Venus* ſake,
And for your Husband no other may you take.
Wiſe Vliſſes in an *Orators Stile*
Began his Speech, whoſe Tongue was ſmooth as Oyle;
Bowing his head downe low, to *Fame* did ſpeake,
I come to plead, although my *Wit* is weake:
But ſince my *Cauſe* is juſt, and *Truth* my Guide,
The way is plaine, I ſhall not erre aſide.
Homers lofty Verſe doth reach the *Heavens* high,
And brings the *Gods* downe from the *Aiery Skie*:
And makes them ſide in *Factions*, for Man-kind,
As now for *Troy*, then *Greece*, as pleas'd his mind
So walkes he downe into *Infernals* deep,
And wakes the *Furies* out of their dead ſleep:
With *Fancy's Candles* ſeeks above all *Hell*,
Where every *Place*, and *Corner* he knowes well.
Opening the Gates where *ſleepy Dreames* do lye
Walking into the *Elyſium* fields hard by:
There tells you, how *Lovers* their time implo
And that *pure Soules* in one another joy.
As *Painters ſhadowes* make, mixing *Colours*,
So *Soules* do mixe of *Platonick Lovers*:
Shewes how *Heroick Spirits* there do play
At the *Olympick Games*, to paſſe the time away.

As *Wreſtling*, *Running*, *Leaping*, *Swimming*, *Ride*,
And many other *Exerciſes* beſide.
What *Poet*, before him, did ever tell
The *Names* of all the *Gods*, and *Devils* in *Hell?*
Their *Manſions*, and their *Pleaſures He* deſcribes,
Their *Powers*, and *Authorities* divides.
Their *Chronologies*, which were before all time,
And their *Adulteries* he puts in *Rhime*:
Beſides, great *Fame*, thy *Court* he hath fill'd full
Of *Brave Reports*; which elſe an *Empty Skull*
It would appeare, and not like *Heavens Throne*,
Nor like the *Firmament*, with *Stars* thick ſtrowne:
Makes *Hell* appeare with a *Majeſtick Face*,
Becauſe there are ſo many in that *Place*.
Fame never could ſo great a *Queen* have bin,
If *Wits Invention* had not brought *Arts* in.
Your *Court* by *Poets fire* is made light:
Quencht out, you dwell as in perpetuall Night.
It heats the *Spirits* of *Men*, inflames their blood,
And makes them ſeek for *Actions great*, and *good*.
Then be *you* juſt, ſince you the ballance hold,
Let not the *Leaden weights* weigh downe the *Gold*.
It were *Injuſtice*, *Fame*, for you to make
A * *Servant* low, his *Maſters* place to take.
Or *Theeves*, that pick the *Purſe*, you ſhould preferre
Before the *Owner*, ſince condemn'd they were.
His are not *Servants* Lines; but what *He* leaves,
Theeves * ſteale, and with the ſame the *World* deceives.
If ſo, great *Fame*, the *World* will never care
To *worſhip* you, unleſſe you *right* preferre.
Then let the *beſt* of *Poets* find ſuch grace
In your faire *Eyes*, to chooſe him firſt in place.
Let all the reſt come offer at thy *Shrine*,
And ſhew thy ſelfe a *Goddeſſe* that's divine.
I, at your word, will *Homer* take, ſaid *Fame*,
And if he proves not good, be you to blame.
Ulyſſes bowed, and *Homer* kis'd her hands,
Then were they joyn'd in *Matrimoniall Bands*:
And *Mercury* from all the *Gods* was ſent,
To give her joy, and wiſh her much content.

* *Poets imitate Homer.*

* *The Theft of Poets.*

And all the *Poets* were invited round,
All that were knowne, or in the World were found.
Then did they dance with measure, and in time,
Each in their turne took out the *Muses nine.*
In *Numbers* smooth their *Feet* did run,
Whilst *Musick* plaid, and *Songs* were sung.
The *Bride*, and *Bridegroome* went to bed,
There *Homer* got *Fames Maiden-head.*

A Dialogue *betwixt* Man, *and* Nature.

Man. TIs strange,
How we do change.
First to live, and then to dye,
Is a great misery.

To give us sense, great paines to feele,
To make our lives to be *Deaths wheele*;
To give us *Sense*, and *Reason* too,
Yet know not what we're made to do.
Whether to *Atomes* turne, or *Heaven* up flye,
Or into new *Formes* change, and never dye.
Or else to *Matter Prime* to fall againe,
From thence to take new *Formes*, and so remaine.
Nature gives no such *Knowledge* to *Man-kind*,
But *strong Desires* to torment the *Mind*:
And *Senses*, which like *Hounds* do run about,
Yet never can the *perfect Truth* find out.
O *Nature! Nature!* cruell to *Man-kind*,
Gives *Knowledge* none, but *Misery* to find.
Why doth *Man-kind* complaine, and make such Moane?
May not *I* work my *will* with what's my owne?
But *Men* among themselves contract, and make
A *Bargaine* for my *Tree*; that *Tree* will take:
Most cruelly do chop in peeces small,
And formes it as he please, then builds withall.
Although that *Tree* by me was made to stand,
Just as it growes, not to be cut by *Man.*

Man. *O Nature, Trees* are dull, and have no *Sense*,
And therefore feel not paine, nor take offence.

But

But *Beaſts* have *life* and *Senſe*, and *paſſion* ſtrong,
Yet *cruell man* doth kill, and doth them wrong.
To take that *life*, I *gave*, before the time
I did ordaine, the *injury is mine*.
What *Ill* man doth, *Nature* did make him do,
For he by *Nature* is prompt thereunto.
For it was in great *Natures power*, and *Will*,
To make him as *ſhe* pleas'd, either *good*, or *ill*.
Though *Beaſt* hath *Senſe*, feels paine, yet whilſt they live,
They *Reaſon* want, for to diſpute, or grieve.
Beaſt hath no paine, but what in *Senſe* doth lye,
Nor troubled *Thoughts*, to think how they ſhall dye.
Reaſon doth ſtretch *Mans mind* upon the Rack,
With *Hopes*, with *Joyes*, pull'd up, with *Feare* pull'd back.
Deſire whips him forward, makes him run,
Deſpaire doth wound, and pulls him back agen.
For *Nature*, thou mad'ſt *Man* betwixt *Extreames*,
Wants *perfect Knowledge*, yet thereof he dreames.
For had he bin like to a *Stock*, or *Stone*,
Or like a *Beaſt*, to live with *Senſe* alone.
Then might he eate, or drink, or lye *ſtone-ſtill*,
Nere troubled be, either for *Heaven*, or *Hell*.
Man knowledge hath enough for to inquire,
Ambition great enough for to aſpire:
And *Knowledge* hath, that yet he knowes not all,
And that himſelfe he knoweth leaſt of all:
Which makes him wonder, and thinks there is mixt
Two ſeverall *Qualities* in *Nature* fixt.
The one like *Love*, the other like to *Hate*,
By ſtriving both hinders *Predeſtinate*.
And then ſometimes, *Man* thinks, as *one* they be,
Which makes *Contrariety* ſo well agree;
That though the *World* were made by *Love and hate*,
Yet all is rul'd, and governed by *Fate*.
Theſe are *Mans feares*; mans *hopes* run ſmooth, and high:
Which thinks his *Mind* is ſome *great Deity*.
For though the body is of *low* degree,
In *Senſe* like *Beaſts*, their *Soules* like *Gods* ſhall be.
Saies *Nature*, why doth *Man* complaine, and crye,
If he beleives his *Soule* ſhall never dye?

A Dialogue betwixt the Body, and the Mind:

Body. WHat *Bodies* elſe but *Mans*, did *Nature* make,
To joyne with ſuch a *Mind*, no reſt can take;
That *Ebbs*, and *flowes*, with *full*, and falling *Tide*,
As *Minds* dejected *fall*, or *ſwell* with *Pride*:
In *Waves* of *Paſſion* roule to *Billowes* high,
Alwaies in *Motion*, never quiet lye.
Where *Thoughts* like *Fiſhes* ſwim the *Mind* about,
Where the great *Thoughts* the ſmaller *Thoughts* eate out.
My *Body* the *Barque* rowes in *Minds Ocean* wide,
Whoſe *Waves* of *Paſſions* beat on every ſide.
When that *dark Cloud* of *Ignorance* hangs low,
And *Winds* of *vaine Opinions* ſtrong do blow:
Then *Showers* of *doubts* into the *Mind* raine downe,
In deepe vaſt *Studies* my *Barque* of *fleſh* is drown'd.

Mind. Why doth the *Body* thus complaine, when *I*
Do helpe it forth of every *Miſery*?
For in the *World* your *Barque* is bound to ſwim,
Nature hath *rigg'd* it out to *trafficke* in.
Againſt hard *Rocks* you breake in peeces ſmall,
If my *Invention* helpe you not in all.
The *Load-ſtone* of *Attraction* I find out,
The *Card* of *Obſervation* guides about.
The *Needle* of *Diſcretion* points the way,
Which makes your *Barque* get ſafe into each *Bay*.

Body. If I 'ſcape drowning in the *Watry Maine*,
Yet in great mighty *Battels* I am ſlaine.
By your *Ambition* I am forc'd to fight,
When many *Wounds* upon my *Body* light.
For you care not, ſo you a *Fame* may have,
To live, if *I* be buried in a *Grave*.

Mind. If *Bodies* fight, and *Kingdomes* win, then you
Take all the pleaſure that belongs thereto.
You have a *Crowne*, your *Head* for to adorne,
Upon your *Body Jewels* are hung on.
All things are ſought, to pleaſe your *Senſes Five*,
No *Drugge* unpractis'd, to keepe you alive.

And

And *I*, to ſet you up in high *Degree*,
Invent all *Engines* us'd in *Warre* to be.
Tis *I* that make you in great triumph ſit,
Above all other *Creatures* high to get:
By the *Induſtrious Arts*, which *I* do find,
You other *Creatures* in *Subjection* bind:
You eate their *Fleſh*, and after with their *Skinne*,
When *Winter* comes, you *lap* your *Bodies* in.
And ſo of every thing that *Nature* makes,
By my direction you great pleaſure takes.
What though my *Senſes* all do take delight,
Yet you upon my *Entrals* alwaies bite.
My *fleſh* eate up, that all my bones are bare,
With the *ſharpe Teeth* of *Sorrow*, *Griefe*, and *Care*.
Drawes out my *Blood* from *Veines*, with *envious ſpight*,
Decaies my *Strength* with *ſhame*, or *extreame fright*.
With *Love* extreamly ſicke *I* lye,
With *cruell hate* you make me dye.
Care keeps you from all *hurt*, or falling low, *Mind.*
Sorrow, and *Griefe* are *Debts* to *Friends* we owe.
Feare makes man *juſt*, to give each *one* his *owne*,
Shame makes *Civility*, without there's none.
Hate makes good *Lawes*, that all may live in *Peace*,
Love brings *Society*, and gets *Increaſe*.
Beſides, with *Joy* *I* make the *Eyes* looke *gay*,
With pleaſing *Smiles* they dart forth every way.
With *Mirth* the *Cheeks* are *fat*, *ſmooth*, *Roſie-red*,
Your *Speech* flowes *Wit*, when *Fancies* fill the *Hea*
If *I* were gone, *you'ld* miſſe my *Company*,
Wiſh we were *joyn'd* againe, or you might dye.

A Complaint *of* VVater, Earth, *and* Aire, *againſt the* Sun, *by way of* Dialogue.

THere's none hath ſuch an *Enemy* as *I*, *Moiſture to Earth.*
The *Sun* doth drinke me up, when he's a dry,
He ſucks me out of every hole *I* lye:

Drawes me up high, from whence *I* downe do fall,
In *Showers* of *Raine*, am broke in peeces ſmall,
Where *I* am forc'd to *Earth* for helpe to call. Strait

Strait *Earth* her *Porous doors* ſets open wide,
And takes me in with haſt on every ſide;
Then joynes my *Limbs* faſt in a *flowing Tide.*

Earth to Moiſture.

Alas, *Deare Friend*, the *Sun*, my greateſt *Foe*,
My tender *Buds* he *blaſts* as they do grow:
He *burnes* my *Face*, and makes it *parcht*, and *dry*,
He ſucks my *Breaſt*, which *ſtarves* my *Young* thereby.
Thus *I*, and all my *Young*, for *thirſt* were ſlaine,
But that with *Wet* you fill my *Breaſt* againe.

Aire to Earth and Moiſture.

The *Sun* doth uſe me *ill*, as all the reſt,
For his *hot Soultry heats* do me moleſt:
Melts me into a *thin* and *flowing Flame*,
To make him *light*, when men it *Day* do name.
Corrupts me, makes me full of *Plaguy ſoares*,
Which *Putrefaction* on *mens Bodies* poures:
Or elſe the *ſubtle Flame* into *mens Spirits* run,
Which makes them *raging*, or ſtarke mad become.
Drawes me into a *length*, and *breadth*, till *I*
Become ſo *thin*, with *windy wings* do flye:
Never can leave, till all my *Spirits* ſpent,
And then *I* dye, and leave no *Monument.*

The Sun to Earth.

O *moſt unkind*, and moſt *ungrateſull Earth*,
I am thy *Mid-wife*, brings your *Young* to *Birth*:
I with my *heat* do cauſe your *Young* to grow,
And with my *light I* teach them how to go.
My *Sun-Beames* are *Strings*, whereon to hold,
For feare they fall, and breake their *Limbs* on *Cold.*
All to *Maturity I* do bring, and give
Youth, *Beauty*, *Strength*, and make *Old Age* to live.

The Sun to Water.

Sluggiſh Moiſture I active, and *light* make,
All *groſſe* and *corrupt Humours* away take.
All *Superfluity I* dry up cleane,
That nothing but pure *Chriſtall water's* ſeen.
The *hard-bound Cold I* looſen, and unty,
When you in *Icy Chaines* a *Priſoner* lye:
With *Froſt* your *Limbs* are *nipt*, and bit with *Cold*,
Your *ſmooth*, and *glaſſie Face* makes *wrinkled*, *Old.*

I mak

I make you *nimble*, *ſoft*, and *faire*,
And *Liquid*, *Nouriſhing*, and *Debonaire*.

Aire I purge, and make it *cleere*, and *bright*,
Black Clouds diſſolve, which make the *Day* ſeem *Night*. *The Sun to Aire.*
The *crude*, *raw Vapours*, *I* digeſt and ſt raine,
The *thicker part* all into *Showers* of *Raine*.
The *thinneſt part I* turne all into *Winds*,
Which, like a *Broome*, ſweeps out all *Dirt* it findes.
The *cleereſt part* turne into *Azure Skie*,
Hang'd all with *Stars*, and next the *Gods* you lye.

A Dialogue *between* Earth, *and* Cold

O *Cruell Cold*, to *life* an *Enemy*,
A *Miſery* to *Man*, and *Poſterity*!
Moſt *envious Cold*, to *Stupifie Mens Braine*,
Deſtroies that *Monarchy*, where *Wit* ſhould reign
Tyrant thou art, to bind the *Waters* clear
In *Chaines* of *Ice*, lye fetter'd halfe the yeare.
Impriſons every thing that dwels in me,
Shutting my *Porous doors*, no *Light* can ſee:
And ſmothered am almoſt up to death,
Each hole is ſtopt ſo cloſe, can take no breath.
Congeales the *Aire* to *maſſie Clouds* of *Snow*,
Like *Mountaines* great, they on my *Body* throw.
And all my *Plants*, and *ſtrong great fruitfull Trees*,
You nip to *death*, or cloath them in courſe *Freeze*.
My *freſh green Robes*, which make me *fine*, and *gay*,
You ſtrip me of, or change to *black*, or *gray*.
For feare of *Cold*, my *Moiſture* ſhrinks ſo low,
My *Head* weares *bald*, no *haire* thereon will grow:
And breakes the *Suns bright Beames*, their heat deſtroy
Which takes away my comfort, and my joy:
And makes my *Body ſtiff*, ſo deadly numb'd,
That in my *Veines* nothing will *fluent* run.
Why do you thus complaine, *poore Earth*, and grieve? *Cold.*
I give you *ſtrength*, and make you long to live.
I do refreſh you from the *Scorching Sun*,
I give you breath, which makes you ſtrong become.

I cloath

I cloath you from the *Cold* with *Milke-white Snow*,
Send downe your *Sap* to *nouriſh* you below.
For if that *heat* ſhould dwell, and long time ſtay,
His *Thirſt* would drinke your *Moiſture* all away.
I take *nought* from you, nor do make you *poore*,
But, like a *Husband good*, do keepe your Store.
My *Ice* are *Locks*, and *Barrs*, all ſafe to keepe;
From *Buſie Motion* gives you quiet ſleepe.
For *heat* is *active*, and doth you moleſt,
Doth make you worke, and never let you reſt.
Heat ſpends your *Spirits*, makes you *crackt*, and *dry*,
Drinkes all him ſelfe; with *Thirſt* you almoſt dye.
With ſweating Labour you grow weake, and faint,
I wonder why you make ſuch great complaint.

Earth. Both *Heat*, and *Cold*, in each *extreame Degree*,
Two *Hells* they are, though contrary they be.
Two *Devils* are, torment me with great paines,
One ſhoots hot *Arrowes*, th' *other* ties in *Chaines*.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Earth, *and* Darkneſſe.

Earth. O *Horrid Darkneſſe*, and you powers of *Night*,
* *There may be more* Earths *then one, for all we know, and but one* Sun. *Melancholy Shades*, made by *obſtructed Light*;
Why ſo *Cruell*? what *Evil* have *I* done?
To part me from my * *Husband*, the bright *Sun*?

Darkneſſe. *I* do not part you, he me hither ſends,
Whilſt *Hee* rides about, to viſit all his *Friends*.
Beſides, *he* hath more *Wives* to love, then you;
He never conſtant is to one, nor true.

Earth. You do him wrong, for though he Journies make
For *Exerciſe*, *he* care for me doth take.
He leaves his *Stars*, and's *Siſter* in his place,
To comfort me, whilſt *he* doth run his *Race*.
But you do come, moſt wicked *Theeviſh Night*,
And rob me of that *faire*, and *Silver Light*.

Darkneſſe. The *Moon*, and *Stars*, they are but *ſhadowes thin*,
Small *Cob-web Lawne* they from his *Light* do ſpin:
Which they in ſcorne do make, you to diſgrace,
As a thin *Vaile*, to cover your *Ill Face*.

For

For *Moon*, or *Stars* have no ſtrong *Lights* to ſhew
A *Colour* true, nor how you *bud*, or *grow*.
Onely ſome *Ghoſts* do riſe, and take delight,
To walke about, when that the *Moon* ſhines bright.
Your are deceiv'd, they caſt no ſuch *Diſguiſe*, *Earth.*
Strive me to pleaſe, by *twinkling* in the *Skies*.
And for the *Ghoſts* my *Children* are, being weake,
And *tender Ey'd*, helpe of the *Moon* they ſeeke.
For why, *her Light* is *gentle*, *moiſt*, and *Cold*,
Doth eaſe their *Eyes*, when they do it behold.
But you with *Shadowes fright*, delude the *Sight*
Like *Ghoſt* appeare, with *gloomy ſhades of Night*,
And you with *Clouds* do caſt upon my *Back*
A *Mourning Mantle* of the deepeſt *black*:
That covers me with *darke Obſcuritie*,
That none of my *deare Children* I can ſee.
Their *Lovely Faces mask'st* thou from my *Sight*,
Which ſhew moſt *beautifull* in the *day Light*.
They take delight to *View*, and to *adorne*,
And fall in love with one anothers *Forme*.
By which kind *Sympathy* they bring me ſtore
Of *Children* young: thoſe, when growne up, brings more.
But you are ſpightfull to thoſe *Lovers kind*,
Muffling their *Faces*, makes their *Eyes* quite blind.
Is this my thanks for all my *Love*, and *Care*, *Darkneſſe.*
And for the *great reſpect* to you I beare?
I am thy *kind*, *true*, and *conſtant Lover*,
I all your *Faults*, and *Imperfections* cover.
I take you in my *gentle Armes* of reſt,
With *coole freſh Dewes* I bath your *dry*, *hot Breaſt*.
The *Children* which you by the *Sun* did beare,
I lay to *ſleepe*, and reſt them from their *Care*.
In *Beds* of *ſilence ſoft* I lay them in,
And cover them, though *black*, with *Blankets* cleane.
Then ſhut them cloſe from the *Diſturbing Light*,
And yet you raile againſt your *Lover*, *Night*.
Beſides if you had *Light* through all the yeare,
Though *Beauty great*, 'twould not ſo well appeare.
For, what is *Common*, hath not ſuch *reſpect*,
Nor ſuch *regard*: for *Uſe* doth bring *neglect*.

Nought is admired, but what is *ſeldome* ſeen,
And *black*, for change, delights as well as *green*.
Yet *I* ſhould conſtant bee, if *I* might ſtay,
But the *bright Sun* doth beat me quite away.
For he is *active*, and runs all about,
Nere dwels with *one*, but ſeeks new *Lovers* out.
He ſpightfull is to other *Lovers*, ſince
He by his *Light* doth give *intelligence*.
But *I Loves confident* am made, *I* bring
Them in my *Shade*, to *meet* and *whiſper* in.
Thus am *I faithfull*, *kind* to *Lovers* true,
And all is for the *ſake*, and *Love* to you.
What though *I* am *Melancholy*, my *Love's* as ſtrong,
As the *great Light* which you ſo *dote* upon.
Then ſlight me not, nor do my *Suit* diſdaine,
But when the *Sun* is gone, *me* entertaine.
Take me *ſweet Love* with *Joy* into your *Bed*,
And on your *freſh green Breaſt* lay my *black Head*.

A Dialogue *between an* Oake, *and a* Man *cutting him downe.*

Oake. WHY cut you off my *Bowes*, both large, and long,
That keepe you from the *heat*, and *ſcorching Sun*;
And did refreſh your *fainting Limbs* from ſweat?
From *thundring Raines I* keepe you free, from *Wet*;
When on my *Barke* your weary head would lay,
Where *quiet ſleepe* did take all *Cares* away.
The whilſt my *Leaves* a gentle noiſe did make,
And blew *coole Winds*, that you *freſh Aire* might take.
Beſides, *I* did invite the *Birds* to ſing,
That their ſweet voice might you ſome pleaſure bring.
Where every one did ſtrive to do their beſt,
Oft chang'd their *Notes*, and ſtrain'd their tender *Breaſt*.
In *Winter time*, my *Shoulders* broad did hold
Off *bluſtring Stormes*, that wounded with *ſharpe Cold*.
And on my *Head* the *Flakes* of *Snow* did fall,
Whilſt you under my *Bowes* ſate free from all.
And will you thus requite my *Love*, *Good Will*,
To take away my *Life*, and *Body* kill?

For

For all my *Care*, and *Service I* have paſt,
Muſt *I* be cut, and laid on *Fire* at laſt?
And thus true *Love* you cruelly have *ſlaine*,
Invent alwaies to torture me with *paine*.
Firſt you do peele my *Barke*, and flay my *Skinne*;
Hew downe my *Boughes*, ſo chops off every *Limb*.
With *Wedges* you do peirce my *Sides* to wound,
And with your *Hatchet* knock me to the ground.
I minc'd ſhall be in *Chips*, and *peeces* ſmall,
And thus doth *Man* reward *good Deeds* withall.
Why grumbleſt thou, *old Oake*, when thou haſt ſtood *Man.*
This hundred yeares, as *King* of all the *Wood*.
Would you for ever live, and not reſigne
Your *Place* to one that is of your owne Line?
Your *Acornes young*, when they grow big, and tall
Long for your *Crowne*, and wiſh to ſee your fall;
Thinke every minute loſt, whilſt you do *live*,
And grumble at each *Office* you do give.
Ambition flieth high, and is above
All ſorts of *Friend-ſhip* ſtrong, or *Naturall Love*.
Beſides, all *Subjects* they in *Change* delight,
When *Kings* grow *Old*, their *Government* they ſlight
Although in *eaſe*, and *peace*, and *wealth* do live,
Yet all thoſe *happy times* for *Change* will give.
Growes *diſcontent*, and *Factions* ſtill do make;
What *Good* ſo ere *he* doth, as *Evill* take.
Were *he* as *wiſe*, as ever *Nature* made,
As *pious*, *good*, as ever *Heaven* ſav'd:
Yet when *they* dye, ſuch *Joy* is in their *Face*,
As if the *Devill* had gone from that place.
With *Shouts* of *Joy* they run a new to *Crowne*,
Although *next day* they ſtrive to pull *him* downe.
Why, ſaid the *Oake*, becauſe that *they* are mad, *Oake*
Shall *I* rejoyce, for my owne *Death* be glad?
Becauſe my *Subjects* all ingratefull are,
Shall *I* therefore my *health*, and *life* impaire.
Good Kings governe juſtly, as they ought,
Examines not their Humours, but their Fault.
For when their *Crimes* appeare, t'is *time to ſtri*
Not to examine Thoughts how they do like.

If *Kings* are never *lov'd*, till they do dye,
Nor *wiſht* to *live*, till in the *Grave* they lye:
Yet he that loves *himſelfe* the leſſe, becauſe
He cannot get every mans *high applauſe*:
Shall by my *Judgment* be condemn'd to weare,
The *Aſſes Eares*, and *Burdens* for to beare.
But let me live the *Life* that *Nature* gave,
And not to pleaſe my *Subjects*, dig my *Grave*.

Man. But here, *Poore Oake*, thou liv'ſt in *Ignorance*,
And never ſeek'ſt thy *Knowledge* to advance.
I'le cut the downe, 'cauſe *Knowledge* thou maiſt gaine,
Shalt be a *Ship*, to traffick on the *Maine*:
There ſhalt thou *ſwim*, and cut the *Seas* in two,
And trample downe each *Wave*, as thou doſt go.
Though they riſe high, and big are ſweld with *pride*,
Thou on their *Shoulders broad*, and *Back*, ſhalt ride:
Their *lofty Heads* ſhalt *bowe*, and make them *ſtoop*,
And on their *Necks* ſhalt ſet thy *ſteddy Foot*:
And on their *Breaſt* thy *ſtately Ship* ſhalt beare,
Till thy *Sharpe Keele* the *watry Wombe* doth teare.
Thus ſhalt thou round the *World*, new *Land* to find,
That from the reſt is of *another kind*.

Oake. O, ſaid the *Oake*, *I* am contented well,
Without that *Knowledge*, in my *Wood* to dwell.
For *I* had rather live, and ſimple be,
Then dangers run, ſome new ſtrange *Sight* to ſee.
Perchance my *Ship* againſt a *Rock* may hit;
Then were *I* ſtrait in ſundry peeces ſplit.
Beſides, no reſt, nor quiet *I* ſhould have,
The *Winds* would toſſe me on each *troubled Wave*.
The *Billowes rough* will beat on every ſide,
My *Breaſt* will *ake* to ſwim againſt the *Tide*.
And *greedy Merchants* may me over-fraight,
So ſhould *I* drowned be with my owne weight.
Beſides with *Sailes*, and *Ropes* my *Body* tye,
Juſt like a *Priſoner*, have no *Liberty*.
And being alwaies *wet*, ſhall take ſuch *Colds*,
My *Ship* may get a *Poſe*, and leake through holes.
Which they to mend, will put me to great paine,
Beſides, all *patch'd*, and *peec'd*, *I* ſhall remaine.

care

I care not for that *Wealth*, wherein the *paines*,
And *trouble*, is farre greater then the *Gaines*.
I am contented with what *Nature* gave,
I not Repine, but one *poore wiſh* would have,
Which is, that you my *aged Life* would ſave.

To build a *Stately Houſe I'le* cut thee downe, *Man.*
Wherein ſhall *Princes* live of great renowne.
There ſhalt *thou* live with the beſt Companie,
All their delight, and paſtime *thou* ſhalt ſee.
Where *Playes*, and *Maſques*, and *Beauties* bright will ſhine,
Thy *Wood* all oyl'd with Smoake of *Meat*, and *Wine*.
There thou ſhalt heare both *Men*, and *Women* ſing,
Farre pleaſanter then *Nightingals* in Spring.
Like to a *Ball*, their *Ecchoes* ſhall rebound
Againſt the *Wall*, yet can no *Voice* be found.
Alas, what *Muſick* ſhall *I* care to heare, *Oake.*
When on my *Shoulders I* ſuch burthens beare?
Both *Brick*, and *Tiles*, upon my *Head* are laid,
Of this *Preferment I* am ſore afraid.
And many times with *Nailes*, and *Hammers* ſtrong,
They peirce my *Sides*, to hang their *Pictures* on.
My *Face* is ſmucht with Smoake of *Candle Lights*,
In danger to be burnt in *Winter Nights*.
No, let me here a poore *Old Oake* ſtill grow;
I care not for theſe vaine *Delights* to know.
For *fruitleſſe Promiſes I* do not care,
More *Honour* tis, my owne *green Leaves* to beare.
More *Honour* tis, to be in *Natures* dreſſe,
Then any *Shape*, that *Men* by *Art* expreſſe.
I am not like to *Man*, would Praiſes have,
And for *Opinion* make my ſelfe a *Slave*.

Why do you wiſh to live, and not to dye, *Man.*
Since you no *Pleaſure* have, but *Miſery*?
For here you ſtand againſt the *ſcorching Sun*:
By's *Fiery Beames*, your *freſh green Leaves* become
Wither'd; with *Winter's* cold you quake, and ſhake:
Thus in no *time*, or *ſeaſon*, reſt can take.

Yet *I* am happier, ſaid the *Oake*, then *Man*; *Oake.*
With my condition *I* contented am.

He

He nothing loves, but what he cannot get,
And ſoon doth ſurfet of one diſh of meat:
Diſlikes all Company, diſpleas'd alone;
Makes *Griefe* himſelfe, if *Fortune* gives him none.
And as his *Mind* is reſtleſſe, never pleas'd;
So is his *Body* ſick, and oft diſeas'd.
His *Coutes*, and *Paines*, do make him ſigh, and cry,
Yet in the midſt of *Paines* would live, not dye.
Alas, *poore Oake*, thou underſtandſt, nor can
Imagine halfe the miſery of *Man*.
All other *Creatures* onely in *Senſe* joyne,
But *Man* hath ſomething more, which is *divine*.
He hath a *Mind*, doth to the *Heavens* aſpire,
A *Curioſity* for to inquire:
A *Wit* that nimble is, which runs about
In every *Corner*, to ſeeke *Nature* out.
For *She* doth hide her ſelfe, as fear'd to ſhew
Man all *her workes*, leaſt *he* too powerfull grow.
Like to a *King*, his *Favourite* makes ſo great,
That at the laſt, *he* feares his *Power* hee'll get.
And what creates *deſire* in *Mans Breaſt*,
A *Nature* is *divine*, which ſeekes the beſt:
And never can be ſatisfied, untill
He, like a *God*, doth in *Perfection* dwell.
If you, as *Man*, deſire like *Gods* to bee,
I'le ſpare your *Life*, and not cut downe your *Tree*.

A Dialogue *of* Birds.

AS *I* abroad in *Feilds*, and *Woods* did walke,
I heard the *Birds* of ſeverall things did talke:
And on the *Boughes* would *Goſſip*, *prate*, and *chat*,
And every one diſcourſe of *this*, and *that*.
I, ſaid the *Larke*, before the *Sun* do riſe,
And take my flight up to the *higheſt Skies*
There ſing ſome *Notes*, to raiſe *Appollo's heat*
For feare that *hee* might lye too long a *Bed*.
And as *I* mount, or if deſcend downe low,
Still do *I* ſing, which way ſo ere *I* go.

Winding

Winding my *Body* up, juſt like a *Scrue*,
So doth my *Voice* wind up a *Trillo* too.
What *Bird*, beſides my ſelfe, both flyes and ſings,
Juſt tune my *Trilloes* keeps to my *flutt'ring Wings*.
I, ſaid the *Nightingale*, all night do watch,
For feare a *Serpent* ſhould my *young Ones catch*:
To keep back ſleep, *I* ſeverall *Tunes* do ſing;
Which Tunes ſo pleaſant are, they *Lovers* bring
Into the *Woods*; who liſtning ſit, and mark:
When *I* begin to ſing, they cry, *hark, hark*.
Stretching my *Throat*, to raiſe my *Trilloes* high,
To gaine their praiſes, makes me almoſt dye.
Then comes the *Owle*, which ſaies, here's ſuch a doe
With your ſweet *Voices*; through ſpight cries *Wit-a-woo*.
In *Winter*, ſaid the *Robin*, *I* ſhould dye,
But that *I* in a good warm houſe do flye:
And there do pick up *Crummes*, which make me fat,
But oft am ſcar'd away with the *Puſſe-cat*.
If they moleſt me not, then *I* grow bold,
And ſtay ſo long, whilſt *VVinter Tales* are told.
Man ſuperſtitiouſly dares not hurt me,
For if *I* am kill'd, or hurt, *ill Luck* ſhall be.
The *Sparrow* ſaid, were our *Condition* ſuch,
But *Men* do ſtrive with *Nets* us for to catch:
With *Guns*, and *Bowes* they ſhoot us from the *Trees*
And by ſmall *ſhot*, we oft our *Lifes* do leeſe,
Becauſe we pick a *Cherry* here, and there,
When, *God* he knowes, we eate them in great feare.
But *Men* will eat, untill their *Belly* burſt,
And *ſurfets* take: if we eat, we are *curſt*.
Yet we by *Nature* are revenged ſtill,
For eating over-much themſelves they kill.
And if a *Child* do chance to *cry*, or *brawle*,
They ſtrive to catch us, to pleaſe that *Child* withal
With *Threads* they tye our *legs* almoſt to crack,
That when we *hop* away, they pull us back:
And when they cry *Fip*, *Fip*, ſtrait we muſt come,
And for our paines they'l give us one *ſmall Crum*.
I wonder, ſaid *Mag-pye*, you grumble ſo,
Dame Sparrow, we are us'd much worſe *I* trow.

For they our *Tongues* do ſlit, their *words* to learne,
And with the *paine*, our food we dearely earne.
Why, ſay the *Finches*, and the *Linnets* all,
Do you ſo prate *Mag-pie*, and ſo much baule?
As if no *Birds* beſides were wrong'd but you,
When we by *cruell Man* are injur'd to.
For we, to learn their *Tunes*, are kept awake,
That, with their *whiſtling* we no reſt can take.
In *darkneſſe* we are kept, no *Light* muſt ſee,
Till we have learnt their *Tunes* moſt perfectlie.
But *Jack-dawes*, they may dwell their houſes nigh,
And build their *Neſts* in *Elmes* that do grow high:
And there may *prate*, and flye from place to place;
For why, they think they give their *Houſe a grace*.
Lord! ſaid the *Partridge*, *Cock*, *Puet*, *Snite*, and *Quaile*,
Pigeons, *Larkes*, my *Maſters*, why d'yee raile?
You're kept from *VVinters Cold*, and *Summers heat*,
Are taught new *Tunes*, and have good ſtore of meat.
Having a *Servant* you to wait upon,
To make your *Cages* cleane from *filth*, and *Dung*:
When we *poore Birds* are by the dozens kill'd,
And luxurioufly us eate, till they be fill'd:
And of our *Fleſh* they make ſuch cruell waſt,
That but ſome of our *Limbes* will pleaſe their taſt.
In *VVood-cockes thighes* they onely take delight,
And *Partridge wings*, which ſwift were in their flight.
The ſmaller *Lark* they eate all at one bite,
But every part is good of *Quaile*, and *Snite*.
The *Murtherous Hawk* they keep, us for to catch,
And learn their *Dogs*, to *crouch*, and *creep*, and *watch*:
Untill they have *ſprung* us to *Nets*, and *Toiles*,
And thus *poore Creatures* we are made *Mans* ſpoiles.
Cruell Nature! to make us *Gentle*, *Mild*:
They *happy* are, which are more *feirce*, and *wild*.
O would our *fleſh* had been like *Carrion*, *courſe*,
To eate us onely *Famine* might inforce.
But when they eate us, may they ſurfets take,
May they be *poore*, when they a *Feaſt* us make.
The more they eate, the *leaner* may they grow,
Or elſe ſo *fat*, they cannot ſtir, nor go.

O ſaid

O, ſaid the *Swallow*, let me mourne in *black*,
For, of *Mans cruelty I* do not lack:
I am the *Meſſenger* of *Summer warme*,
Do neither pick their *Fruit*, nor eate their *Corne*;
Yet they will take us, when alive we be,
I ſhake to tell, *O horrid Cruelty!*
Beate us alive, till we an *Oile* become.
Can there to *Birdes* be a worſe *Martyrdome*?
O Man, *O Man*, if we ſhould ſerve you ſo,
You would againſt us your *great Curſes* throw
But *Nature*, *ſhee* is good, do not her blame:
We ought to give her thankes, and not exclaime.
For *Love* is *Natures* chiefeſt *Law* in *Mind*,
Hate but an *Accident* from *Love* we find.
Tis true, *Selfe-Preſervation* is the chiefe,
But *Luxury* to *Nature* is a *Theefe*.
Corrupted manners alwaies do breede *Vice*,
Which by *Perſwaſion* doth the *Mind* intice.
No *Creature* doth uſurp ſo much as *Man*,
Who thinkes himſelfe like *God*, becauſe he can
Rule other *Creatures*, makes them to obey:
We *Soules* have, *Nature* never made, ſay they.
What ever comes from *Natures Stock*, and *Treaſure*,
Created is onely to ſerve their pleaſure.
Although the *Life* of *Bodies* comes from *Nature*,
Yet ſtill the *Soules* come from the great *Creator*.
And they ſhall live, though *wee* to *duſt* do turne,
Either in *Bliſſe*, or in *hot flames* to burne.
Then came the *Parrot* with her *painted wing*;
Spake like an *Orator* in every thing.
Siſter Jay, *Neighbour Daw*, *Goſſip Pie*,
We taken are, not like the reſt, to dye:
Onely to talk, and prate, the beſt we can,
To Imitate to th' *Life*, the *Speech* of *Man*.
And juſt like *men*, we paſſe our time away,
With many *words*, not one wiſe *Speech* can ſay:
And ſpeak as *gravely Non-ſenſe* as the beſt,
As full of *empty words* as all the reſt.
Then *Nature* we will praiſe, becauſe *ſhe* have
Given us ſuch *Tongues*, as *Men* our *Lives* to ſave.

Mourne

Mourne not my *Friends*, but ſing in Sun-ſhine gay,
And while you 'ave time, joy in your ſelves you may.
What though your lives be ſhort, yet merry be,
And not complaine, but in delights agree.
Strait came the *Titmouſe* with a *frowning face*,
And hopt about, as in an *angry pace*.
My *Maſters* all, what are you mad,
Is no regard unto the *publick* had?
Are private *Home-Affaires* caſt all aſide?
Your *young Ones* cry for meat, tis time to chide.
For ſhame diſperſe your ſelves, and ſome paines take,
Both for the *Common good*, and *young Chickes* ſake:
And not ſit murmuring here againſt great *Man*,
Unleſſe for to revenge our ſelves we can.
Alas, alas, we want their *Shape*, which they
By it have power to make all obey.
For they can *Lift*, *beare*, *ſtrike*, *turne*, and *wind*,
What waies they will, which makes them new *Arts* find.
Tis not their *Wit*, which new *Inventions* make,
But tis their *Shapes*, which *heighth*, *breadth*, *depth*, can take.
Thus they can meaſure the *great worldly Ball*,
And *Numbers* ſet, to prove the *Truth* of all.
What *Creature* elſe hath *Armes*, or goeth upright,
Or have all ſorts of *Motions* ſo unite?
Man by his *Shape* can *Nature* imitate,
Can *governe*, *rule*, and new *Arts* can create.
Then come away, ſince *talk* no good can do,
And what we cannot help, ſubmit unto.
Then ſome their *Wives*, others their *Husbands* call,
To gather *Sticks*, to build their *Neſts* withall.
Some that were *Shrewes*, did chide, and ſcold, and fret,
The *Wind* blew downe their *Neſt* where they ſhould ſit
For all they *gathered*, with *paines*, and *care*,
Thoſe *Sticks*, and *Strawes* were blowne they knew not where.
But none did labour like the *little Wren*,
To build her *Neſt*, to hatch her *young Ones* in.
Shee laies more *Eggs* then all the reſt,
And with much *Art* doth build her *Neſt*.
The *younger ſort* made love, and kis'd each others *Bill*,
The *Cock* would catch ſome *Flies* to give his *Miſtreſſe* ſtill.

The

The *Yellow hammer* cried, tis *wet*, tis *wet*,
For it will raine before the *Sun* doth ſet.
Taking their *Flight*, as each *Mind* thought it beſt,
Some flew *abroad*, and ſome home to their *Neſt*.
Some went to gather *Corne* from *Sheaves* out ſtrew'd,
And ſome to *pick* up *Seed* thats newly ſowed.
Some had *Courage* a *Cherry ripe* to take,
Others catcht *Flies*, when they a *Feaſt* did make.
And ſome did pick up *Ants*, and *Eggs*, though ſmall,
To carry home, to feed their *young* withall.
When every *Crap* was fil'd, and *Night* came on,
Then did they ſtretch their *Wings* to flye faſt home.
And as like *Men*, from *Market* home they come,
Set out alone, but every *Mile* addes ſome:
Untill a *Troop* of *Neighbours* get together,
So do a *flight* of *Birds* in *Sun-ſhine weather*.
When to their *Neſts* they get, *Lord* how they baule,
And every *one* doth to his *Neighbour* call:
Asking each other if they weary were,
Rejoycing at *paſt dangers*, and *great feare*.
When they their *wings* had *prun'd*, and *young ones* fed,
Sate *goſſipping*, before they went to *Bed*.
Let us a *Carroll*, ſaid the *Black-bird*, ſing,
Before we go to *Bed* this *fine Evening*.
The *Thruſhes*, *Linnets*, *Finches*, all took parts,
A *Harmony* by *Nature*, not by *Arts*.
But all their *Songs* were *Hymnes* to *God* on *high*,
Praiſing his *Name*, bleſſing his *Majeſty*.
And when they askt for *Gifts*, to *God* did pray,
He would be pleas'd to give them a *faire day*.
At laſt they *drouſie* grew, and heavie were to *ſlee*,
And then inſtead of ſinging, cried, *Peep*, *Peep*.
Juſt as the *Eye*, when *Senſe* is locking up,
Is neither open wide, nor yet quite ſhut:
So doth a *Voice* ſtill by degrees fall downe,
And as a *Shadow*, waſt ſo doth a *Sound*.
Thus went to reſt each *Head*, under each *wing*,
For *Sleep* brings *Peace* to every *living thing*.

A Dialogue *between* Melancholy, *and* Mirth.

AS I ſate *Muſing*, by my ſelfe alone,
My *Thoughts* on ſeverall things did work upon.
Some did large *Houſes* build, and *Stately Towers*,
Making *Orchards*, *Gardens*, and fine *Bowers*:
And *ſome* in *Arts*, and *Sciences* delight,
Some wars in Contradiction, *Reaſons* fight.
And ſome, as *Kings*, do governe, rule a *State*;
Some as *Republickes*, which all *Monarches* hate.
Others, as *Lawyers*, pleading at the *Bar*,
Some privie Counſellors, and *Judges* are.
Some Prieſts, which do preach *Peace*, and *Godly life*,
Others *Tumultuous* are, and full of *ſtrife*.
Some are *debauch'd*, do *wench*, *ſwagger*, and *ſweare*,
And ſome poore *Thoughts* do tremble out of feare.
Some jealous are, and all things do ſuſpect,
Others ſo *Careleſſe*, every thing neglect.
Some Nymphes, *Shepheards*, and *Shepheardeſſes*,
Some ſo *kind*, as one another kiſſes.
All *ſorts* of *Lovers*, and their *Paſſions*,
Severall waies of *Court-ſhip*, and fine *Faſhions*.
Some take *ſtrong Townes*, and *Battels* win,
Few do looſe, but all muſt yeild to him.
Some are *Heroick*, *Generous*, and *Free*,
And ſome ſo baſe, do crouch with *Flattery*.
Some dying are, and in the *Grave* halfe lye,
And ſome *Repenting*, which for *ſorrow* cry.
The *Mind* oppreſ'd with *Griefe*, *Thoughts Mourners* be
All cloath'd in *Black*, no light of *Joy* can ſee.
Some with *Deſpaire* do rage, are almoſt mad,
And ſome ſo merry, nothing makes them ſad.
And many more, which were too long to tell
Thoughts ſeverall bee, in ſeverall places dwell.
At laſt came two, which were in various dreſſe,
One *Melancholy*, th' other did *Mirth* expreſſe.
Melancholy was all in *black Array*,
And *Mirth* was all in *Colours freſh*, and *gay*.

Mirth

Mirth laughing came, running unto me, flung *Mirth*
Her fat white Armes, about my *Neck* ſhe hung:
Imbrac'd, and kis'd me oft, and ſtrok't my *Cheek*,
Telling me, *ſhee* would no other *Lover* ſeek.
Ile ſing you *Songs*, and pleaſe you every day,
Invent new *Sports*, to paſſe the time away.
I'le keep your *Heart*, and guard it from that *Theefe*,
Dull Melancholy Care, or *ſadder Griefe*.
And make your *Eyes* with *Mirth* to over-flow,
With *ſpringing blood*, your *cheekes* they *fat* ſhall grow,
Your *Legs* ſhall nimble be, your *Body* light,
And all your *Spirits*, like to *Birds* in flight.
Mirth ſhall digeſt your *Meat*, and make you ſtrong,
Shall give you *Health*, and your ſhort daies prolong.
Refuſe me not, but take me to your *Wife*,
For *I* ſhall make you happy all your *Life*.
If you take *Melancholy*, ſhee'l make you *leane*,
Your *Cheekes* ſhall hollow grow, your *Jawes* all ſeen:
Your *Eyes* ſhall buried be within your *Head*;
And look as *Pale*, as if you were quite dead.
Shee'l make you ſtart at every noiſe you heare,
And *Viſions ſtrange* ſhall in your *Eyes* appeare.
Your *Stomack* cold, and raw, digeſting nought,
Your *Liver* dry, your *Heart* with ſorrow fraught
Your *ſhriveled Skin*, and *Cloudy Browes*, *blood thick*,
Your long *lank Sides*, and *back* to *Belly* ſtick.
Thus would it be, if you to her were wed,
But better far it were, that you were dead.
Her Voice is low, and gives a *hollow ſound*,
Shee hates the *Light*, in *darkneſſe* onely found:
Or ſet with *blinking Lampes*, or *Tapers* ſmall,
Which *various Shadowes* make againſt a *Wall*.
She loves nought elſe but *Noiſe*, which *diſcords* mak
As *croaking Frogs* which do dwell in the *Lake*.
The *Ravens hoarſe*, and ſo the *Mandrakes* groane,
And *ſhreeking Owles*, which in *Night* flye alone.
The *Tolling Bell*, which for the *dead* rings out,
A *Mill*, where *ruſhing waters* run about.
The *roaring windes*, which ſhake the *Cedars* tall,
Plow up the *Seas*, and beat the *Rocks* withall.

Shee

Shee loves to walk in the *Still Moon-ſhine Night*,
Where in a *thick dark Grove* ſhe takes delight.
In *hollow Caves*, *Houſes thatcht*, or lowly *Cell*,
Shee loves to live, and there alone to dwell.
Her *Eares* are ſtopt with *Thoughts*, her *Eyes purblind*,
For all *ſhee heares*, or *ſees*, is in the *Mind*.
But in her *Mind*, *luxurioufly ſhee* lives,
Imagination ſeverall pleaſures gives.
Then leave *her* to *her ſelfe*, alone to dwell,
Let you and *I* in *Mirth* and pleaſure ſwell:
And drink long luſty *Draughts* from *Bacchus Boule*,
Untill our *Braines* on *vaporous Waves* do roule.
Lets joy our ſelves in *Amorous Delights*.
There's none ſo happy, as the *Carpet Knights*.

Melancholy.

Melancholy with *ſad*, and *ſober Face*,
Complexion pale, but of a *comely grace*:
With *modeſt Countenance*, *ſoft ſpeech* thus ſpake
May *I* ſo happy be, your *Love* to take?
True, *I* am dull, yet by me you ſhall know
More of your ſelfe, ſo wiſer you ſhall grow.
I ſearch the *depth*, and *bottome* of *Man-kind*,
Open the *Eye* of *Ignorance* that's blind.
I travell far, and view the *World* about,
I walk with *Reaſons Staff* to find *Truth* out,
I watchfull am, all *dangers* for to ſhun,
And do prepare 'gainſt *Evils* that may come.
I hange not on *inconſtant Fortunes wheele*,
Nor yet with *unreſolving doubts* do reele.
I ſhake not with the *Terrours* of vaine feares,
Nor is my *Mind* fill'd with *unuſefull Cares*.
I do not ſpend my time like *idle Mirth*,
Which onely *happy* is juſt at her *Birth*.
Which ſeldome lives for to be *old*,
But, if ſhe doth, can no *affections* hold.
For in ſhort time *ſhee* troubleſome will grow,
Though at the firſt *ſhee* makes a *pretty ſhew*.
But yet *ſhee* makes a *noiſe*, and keepes a *rout*,
And with *diſlike* moſt commonly goes out.
Mirth good for nothing is, like *Weeds* do grow,
Such *Plants* cauſe *madneſſe*, *Reaſon* doth not know.

Her

Her face with *Laughter* crumples on a heap,
Which plowes deep *Furroughes*, making *wrinckles* great.
Her Eyes do water, and her *Skin* turnes red,
Her mouth doth gape, *Teeth* bare, like one that's *dead*.
Her ſides do ſtretch, as ſet upon the *Laſt*,
Her Stomack heaving up, as if *ſhee'd* caſt.
Her Veines do ſwell, *Joynts* ſeem to be unſet;
Her Pores are open, ſtreaming out a *ſweat*.
She fulſome is, and gluts the *Senſes* all;
Offers her ſelfe, and comes before a *Call*:
Seekes *Company* out, hates to be alone.
Unſent-for Gueſts Affronts are throwne upon.
Her houſe is built upon the *golden Sandes*;
Yet no *Foundation* hath, whereon it ſtands.
A Palace tis, where comes a great Reſort,
It makes a noiſe, and gives a loud report.
Yet underneath the *Roofe*, *Diſaſters* lye,
Beates downe the *houſe*, and many kills thereby.
I dwell in *Groves* that gilt are with the *Sun*,
Sit on the *Bankes*, by which cleare waters run.
In *Summers* hot, downe in a *Shade I* lye;
My *Muſick* is the *buzzing* of a *Fly*:
Which in the *Sunny Beames* do dance all day,
And harmleſly do paſſe their time away.
I walk in *Meadowes*, where growes freſh green *Graſſe*.
Or *Feilds*, where *Corne* is high, in which *I* paſſe:
Walk up the *Hills*, where round *I Proſpects* ſee;
Some *Bruſhy Woods*, and ſome all *Champians* bee.
Returning back, in the *freſh Paſture* go,
To heare the *bleating Sheep*, and *lowes* to *lowe*.
They gently feed, no *Evill* think upon,
Have no deſignes to do another *wrong*.
In *Winter Cold*, when *nipping Froſts* come on,
Then do *I* live in a ſmall *Houſe* alone.
The *littleneſſe* doth make it warm, being cloſe,
No *Wind*, nor *Weather cold*, can there have force.
Although tis plaine, yet cleanly tis within,
Like to a *Soule* that's pure, and cleare from *Sin*.
And there *I* dwell in quiet, and ſtill *Peace*,
Not fill'd with *Cares*, for *Riches* to increaſe.

I wiſh,

I wiſh, nor ſeek for vaine, and fruitleſſe *Pleaſures*,
No *Riches* are, but what the *Mind* intreaſures.
Thus am *I ſolitary*, and live alone,
Yet better lov'd, the more that *I* am knowne.
And though my *Face* b'ill favoured at firſt ſight,
After Acquaintance it ſhall give delight.
For *I* am like a *Shade*, who ſits in me,
Shall not come *wet*, nor yet *Sun-burned* be.
I keep off *bluſtring Stormes*, from doing hurt,
When *Mirth* is often ſmutch'd with *duſt*, and *durt*.
Refuſe me not, for *I* ſhall conſtant be,
Maintaine your *Credit*, keep up *Dignity*.

A Dialogue *betwixt Joy, and* Diſcretion.

GIve me ſome *Muſick*, that my *Spirits* may
Dance a free *Galliard*, whilſt *Delight* doth play.
Let every *Voice* ſing out, both loud, and ſhrill,
And every *Tongue* too run what way it will.
For *Feare* is gone away with her *Pale Face*,
And *Paine* is baniſht out from every place.

Diſcretion. O *Joy*, take *Moderation* by the hand,
Or elſe you'l fall ſo *drunk*, you cannot ſtand.
Your *Tongue* doth run ſo faſt, no time can keep,
High as a *Mountaine*, many words you heap.
Your *Thoughts* in multitudes the *Braine* do throng,
That *Reaſon* is caſt downe, and trod upon.

Joy. O wiſe *Diſcretion*, do not angry grow,
Great *dangers*, *feares*, alas, you do not know.
But *Feare* being paſt, they ſuddenly are ſlackt,
Feare, being a *ſtring*, bindes hard; when once tis crackt:
Spirits find *Liberty*, ſtrait run about:
Hard being ſtopt, they ſuddenly burſt out,
And to recover what they had before,
When once untied, their *liberty* is more.
Like *Water*, which was pen't, then *paſſage* findes,
Goeth in a *Fury* like the *Northerne windes*.

What

What gathers on a *heap*, ſo ſtrong doth grow,
That when they're looſe, far ſwifter do they go.
But deare *Diſcretion* with me do not ſcold,
Whilſt you do feele great *Feares*, your *Tongue* pray hold
For *Joy* cannot containe it ſelfe in reſt:
It never leaves till ſome way is expreſt.

A Dialogue *betwixt* VVit, *and* Beauty.

MIxt *Roſe*, and *Lilly*, why are you ſo proud, *Wit.*
Since *Faire* is not in all *Minds* beſt allow'd?
Some like the *Black*, the *Browne*, as well as *White*,
In all *Complexions* ſome *Eyes* take delight:
Nor doth one *Beauty* in the *World* ſtill reigne.
For *Beauty* is created in the *Braine*.
But ſay there were a *Body* perfect made,
Complexion pure, by *Natures* penſill laid:
A *Countenance* where all ſweet *Spirits* meet,
A *Haire* that's *thick*, or *long curl'd* to the *Feet*:
Yet were it like a *Statue* made of ſtone,
The *Eye* would weary grow to look thereon.
Had it not *Wit*, the *Mind* ſtill to delight,
It ſoon wonld weary be, as well as *Sight*.
For *Wit* is *freſh*, and *new*, doth ſport, and play,
And runs about the *Humour* every way.
Withall the *Paſſions Wit* can well agree;
Wit tempers them, and makes them pleas'd to be
Wit's ingenious, doth new *Inventions* find,
To eaſe the *Body*, recreate the *Mind*.

When *I* appeare, *I* ſtrike the *Optick Nerve*, *Beauty.*
I wound the *Heart*, *I* make the *Paſſions* ſerve.
Soules are my *Priſoners*, yet love me ſo well,
My *Company* is *Heaven*, my *abſence Hell*.
Each *Knee* doth bow to me, as to a *Shrine*,
And all the *World* accounts me as *Divine*.

Beauty, you cannot long *Devotion* keep: *Wit.*
The *Mind* growes weary, *Senſes* fall a ſleep.
As thoſe which in the *Houſe* of *God* do go,
Are very *zealous* in a *Prayer*, or two:

But if they kneele an houre-long to pray,
Their *Zeale* growes cold, nor know they what they ſay.
So *Admirations* laſt not very long,
After *nine daies* the greateſt *wonders* gone.
The *Mind*, as *Senſes* all, delights in *Change*;
They nothing love, but what is *new*, and *ſtrange*.
But *ſubtle Wit* can both pleaſe long, and well;
For, to the *Eare* a new *Tale Wit* can tell.
And, for the *Taſt*, meat dreſſes ſeverall waies,
To pleaſe the *Eye*, new *Formes*, and *Faſhions* raiſe.
And for the *Touch*, *Wit* ſpins both *Silk*, and *Wooll*,
Invents new waies to keep *Touch* warm, and coole.
For *Sent*, *Wit* mixtures, and Compounds doth make,
That ſtill the *Noſe* a freſh new *ſmell* may take.
I by diſcourſe can repreſent the *Mind*,
With ſeverall *Objects*, though the *Eyes* be blind.
I can create *Ideas* in the *Braine*,
Which to the *Mind* ſeem reall, though but fain'd.
The *Mind* like to a *Shop* of *Toies* *I* fill,
With fine *Conceits*, all ſorts of *Humours* ſell.
I can the work of *Nature* imitate;
And change my ſelfe into each ſeverall *Shape*.
I conquer all, am *Maſter* of the *Feild*,
I make *faire Beauty* in *Loves Wars* to yeild.

A Dialogue *between* Love, *and* Hate.

BOth *Love*, and *Hate* fell in a *great diſpute*;
And hard it was each other to *confute*:
Which did moſt *Good*, or *Evill* moſt did ſhun.
Then *Hate* with frowning Browes this *Speech* begun.

Hate. *I* flye, ſaid *ſhee*, from wicked, and baſe *Acts*,
And teare the *Bonds* unjuſt, or ill *Contracts*.
I do abhor all *Murther*, *VVar*, and *ſtrife*,
Inhumane Actions, and *diſorder'd life*.
Ungratefull, and unthankfull *Mindes*, that ſhun
All thoſe, from whom they have receiv'd a *Boon*.
From *Diſcords* harſh, and rude, my *Eares* *I* ſtop,
And what is *Bad*, *I* from the *Good* do lop.

I Perjur'd

I Perjur'd Lovers brand with foule diſgrace,
And from *ill Objects* do *I* hide my *Face*.
Things, that are *Bad*, *I* hate; or what ſeemes ſo:
But *Love* is contrary to this, *I* know.
Love loves *Ambition*, the *Mind's hot Fire*,
And *Worlds* would ruine, for to riſe up higher.
You love to pleaſe your *Appetite*, and your *Will*,
To glut your *Guſto you* delight in ſtill.
You love to *Flatter*, and be flattered too;
And, for your *Luſt*, *poore Virgins* would undo.
You love the ruine of your *Foes* to ſee,
And of your *Friends*, if they but *Proſperous* bee.
You nothing love beſides your ſelfe, though *ill*,
And with *vaine-glorious* wind your *Braine* do fil
You love no waies, but where your *Bias* tends,
And love the *Gods* onely for your owne Ends.

But *Love*, in words as ſweet, as *Nature* is, *Love.*
Said, *Hate* was falſe, and alwaies did amiſſe.
For *ſhe* did *Canker-fret*, the *Soule* deſtroy,
Diſturbe the *pleaſure*, wherein *Life* takes joy;
The *VVorld* diſorder, which in *Peace* would keep,
Torment the *Head*, the *Heart* revenge to ſeek:
And never reſts, till *ſhe* deſcends to *Hell*;
And therefore ever amongſt *Devils* dwell.
For *I*, ſaid *Love*, unite, aud *Concords* make,
All *Muſick* was invented for my ſake.
I *Men* by *Lawes* in *Common-wealthes* do joyne;
Againſt a common *Foe*, as one combine.
I am a *Guard*, to watch, defend, and keep,
The *Sick*, the *Lame*, the *Helpleſſe*, *Aged*, *weak*:
I for *Honours* ſake high Courage raiſe;
And bring to *Beautie Shrine*, Offerings of praiſe.
I Pity, and *Compaſſion* the *VVorld* throughout
Do carry, and diſtribute all about.
I to the *Gods* do reverence, bow, and pray,
And in their *Heavenly Manſions* beare great ſway.
Thus *Love*, and *Hate*, in ſomethings equall bee;
Yet in *Diſputes* will alwaies diſagree.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Learning, *and* Ignorance.

Learning. THou *Buſie Forreſter*, that ſearcheſt 'bout
The *VVor'd*, to find the *Heart* of *Learning* out.
Or, *Perſeus* like, foule *Monſters* thou doſt kill;
Rude Ignorance, which alwaies doeth ill,

Ignorance. 'O thou *Proud Learning*, that ſtandſt on *Tip-toes* high,
Can never reach to know the *Deity*:
Nor where the *Cauſe* of any one thing lies,
But fill man full of *Care*, and *Miſeries*.
Learning inflames the *Thoughts* to take great paines,
Doth nought but make an *Almeſ-tub* of the *Braines*.

Learning. *Learning* doth ſeek about, new *things* to find;
In that *Purſuit*, doth recreate the *Mind*.
It is a *Perſpective*, *Nature* to eſpie,
Can all her *Curioſity* deſcry.

Ignorance. *Learning's*. an uſeleſſe paine, unleſſe it have
Some waies, or meanes to keep us from the *Grave*.
For, what is all the *World*, if underſtood,
If we do uſe it not, nor taſt the *Good*?
Learning may come to know the uſe of things,
Yet not receive the *Good* which from them ſprings.
For *Life* is ſhort, and *Learning tedious, long*:
Before we come to uſe what's *Learned*, *Life's* gone.

Learning. O *Ignorance*, thou *Beaſt*, which dull and lazy lieſt,
And onely eat'ſt, and ſleepeſt, till thou dieſt.

Ignorance. The *Leſſon Nature taught*, is, moſt delight,
To pleaſe the *Senſe*, and eke the *Appetite*.
I Ignorance am ſtill the *Heaven* of *Bliſſe*:
For in me lies the trueſt *happineſſe*.
Give me ſtill *Ignorance*, that *Innocent Eſtate*,
That *Paradiſe*, that's free from *Envious Hate*.
Learning a *Tree* was, whereon *Knowledge* grew,
Taſting that *Fruit*, *Man* onely *Miſery* knew.

Had

Had *Man* but *Knowledge*, *Ignorance* to love,
Hee happy would have been, as *Gods* above.

O *Ignorance*, how fooliſh thou doſt talk! *Learning.*
I'ſt *happineſſe* in *Ignorance* to walk?
Can there be *Joy* in *Darkneſſe*, more then *Light*?
Or *Pleaſure* more in *Blindneſſe*, then in *Sight*?

A Dialogue *betwixt* Riches, *and* Poverty.

I, *Wealth*, can make all *Men* of each degree, *Riches.*
To crouch, and flatter, and to follow me.
I many *Cities* build, high, thick, and large,
And *Armies* raiſe, againſt each other charge:
I make them looſe their *Lives*, for my deare ſake,
Though when they're dead, they no Rewards can take.
I trample *Truth* under my *Golden Feet*,
And tread downe *Innocence*, that *Flower* ſweet.
I gather *Beauty*, when tis newly blowne,
Reape *Chaſtity*, before tis over-growne.
I root out *Vertue* with a *Golden Spade*,
I cut of *Juſtice* with a *Golden Blade*.
Pride, and *Ambition* are my Vaſſals low,
And on their *Heads I* tread, as *I* do go:
And by *Man-kind* much more adorn'd am *I*,
Although but *Earth*, then the *Bright Sun* ſo high.

Riches, thou art a *Slave*, and runn'ſt about, *Poverty.*
On every *Errant* thou com'ſt in, go'ſt out:
And *Men* of *Honour* ſet on thee no price,
Nor *Honeſty*, nor *Vertue* can intice.
Some *fooliſh Gameſters*, which do love to play
At *Cardes*, and *Dice*, corrupt perchance you may:
A *Silly Virgin* gather here, and there,
That doth *gay Cloathes*, and *Jewels* love to weare.
Some *Poore*, which hate their *Neighbour Brave* to ſee,
Perchance may ſeek, and love your *Company*.
And thoſe that ſtrive to pleaſe their *Senſes* all,
If they want *Help*, if you paſſe by, will call.
On *Age*, tis true, you have a great, ſtrong power;
For they imbrace you, though they dye next Houre.

You

Riches. You ſpeake, *poore Poverty*, meere out of ſpight,
Becauſe there's none with you doth take delight:
If you into *Mans Company* will thruſt,
They call that *Fortune* ill, and moſt accurſt.
Men are aſham'd with them you ſhould be ſeen,
You are ſo ragged, torne, and ſo uncleane.
When *I* come in, much *Welcome* do *I* find,
Great *Joy* there is, and *Mirth* in every *Mind*.
And every doore is open ſet, and wide,
And all within is buſily imploy'd.
There *Neighbours* all invited are to ſee,
And proud they are in my deare *Company*.

Poverty. Tis *Prodigality* you brag ſo on,
Which never lets you reſt, till you are gone;
Calls in for help to beat you out of doores,
His deare *Companions*, *Drunkards*, *Gameſters*, *Whores*.
What though you're *Brave*, and *Gay* in outward *Shew*?
Within you are *foule*, and *beaſtly*, as you know.
Beſides, *Debauchery* is like a *Sink*,
And you are *Father* to that filthy *ſtink*.
True, *I* am *thread-bare*, and am very *leane*;
Yet *I* am *Decent*, *ſweet*, and very *cleane*.
I healthfull am, my *Diet* being ſpare:
You're full of *Gouts*, and *Paines*, and *Surfets* feare.
I am *Induſtrious* new *Arts* to find,
To eaſe the *Body*, and to pleaſe the *Mind*.
The *World* like to a *Wilderneſſe* would be,
If it were not for the *Poores Induſtry*.
For *Poverty* doth ſet awork the *Braines*,
And all the *Thoughts* to labour, and take paines.
The *Mind* nere idle ſits, but is imploy'd:
Riches breed *Sloth*, and fill it full of *Pride*.
Riches, like a *Sow*, in its owne *Mire* lies;
But *Poverty*'s light, and like a *Bird* ſtill flyes.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Anger, *and* Patience.

ANger, why are you ſo *hot*, and *fiery* red? *Patience.*
Or elſe ſo *pale*, as if you were quite dead?
Joynts ſeem unſet, *Fleſh* ſhakes, the *Nerves* grow Slack,
Your *Spirits* all diſturb'd, your *Senſes* lack.
Your *Tongue* doth move, but not a plaine word ſpeak,
Or elſe words flow ſo thick, like *Torrents* great.

Lord, what a *Beadroule* of diſlike you tell! *Anger.*
If you were ſtung with *wrong*, your *Mind* would ſwell:
Your *Spirits* would be ſet on flame with *Fire*,
Or elſe grow chill with *Cold*, and back retire.

Alas, it is for ſome *ſuppoſed wrong*: *Patience.*
Sometimes *you* have no ground to build upon.
Suſpition is deceitfull, runs about,
And, for a *Truth*, it oft takes *wrong*, no doubt.
If *you* take *Falſe-hood*, up, nere ſearch them through,
You do a *wrong* to *Truth*, and your ſelfe too.
Beſides, you're blind, and undiſcerning flye
On every *Object*, though *Innocence* is by.

O *Patience*, you are *ſtrict*, and ſeem *preciſe*,
And *Counſels* give, as if you were ſo wiſe.
But *you* are cruell, and fit *times* will take
For your *Revenge*, and yet no *ſhow* do make.
Your *Browes unknit*, your *Heart* ſeemes not to burne,
Yet on *Suſpition* will do a *ſhrewd turne*.
But *I* am *ſudden*, and do all in *haſt*,
Yet in ſhort time my *fury* all is paſt.
Though *Anger* be not right, but ſometimes wrong,
The greateſt *Miſchiefe* lies but in the *Tongue*.
But *you* do *miſchiefe*, and your time you'l find
To work *Revenge*, though quiet in your *Mind*.

If *I* take time, I clearly then can ſee, *Patience.*
To view the *Cauſe*, and ſeek for *remedy*.
If *I* have *wrong*, my ſelfe *I* well may *right*,
But *I* do *wrong*, if *Innocence I* ſtrike.

The.

The *Knot* of *Anger* by degrees unties;
Take of that *Muffler* from *Diſcretions Eyes.*
My *Thoughts* run cleare, and ſmooth, as *Chriſtall Brookes,*
That every *Face* may ſee, that therein lookes.
Though *I* run low, yet wiſely do *I* wind,
And many times through *Mountaines* paſſage find:
When *you* ſwell high, like to a flowing *Sea,*
For *windy Paſſions* cannot in reſt be.
Where you are rould in *VVaves,* and toſt about,
Tormented is, no paſſage can find out.

Angry. *Patience,* your mouth with good words you do fill,
And preach *Morality,* but you act ill.
Beſides, you ſeem a *Coward* full of feare,
Or like an *Aſſe,* which doth great Burthens beare.
Lets every *Poultron* at his will give blowes,
And every *foole* in ſcorne to wring your Noſe.
Moſt of the *VVorld* do think you have no *Senſe,*
Becauſe not angry, nor take no *Offence.*
When *I* am thought right *wiſe,* and of great *Merit*
Heroick, Valorous, and of great *Spirit*;
And every one doth feare me to offend,
And for to pleaſe me, all their Forces bend:
I flatter'd am, make *Feare* away to run:
Thus *I* am *Maſter* whereſoere *I* come.
Away you *fooliſh Patience,* give me rage,
That *I* in *Wars* may this *great World* ingage.

Patience. O *Anger* thou art *mad,* there's none will care
For your great *brags,* but *Fooles* and cowardly *Feare.*
Which in weak *Women,* and ſmall *Children* dwell;
VViſedome knowes you talk, more then fight, right well.
Beſides, *great Courage* takes me by the hand,
That whilſt he fights, *I* cloſe by him may ſtand
I Patience want, not *Senſe, Misfortunes* t'eſpie,
Although *I* ſilent am, and do not cry.
Ill Accidents, and *Griefe, I* ſtrive to cure,
What cannot help, with *Courage, I* indure.
Whilſt you do vex your ſelfe with *grievous Paines,*
And nothing but *Diſturbance* is your *Gaines.*

Let me give counſell, *Anger*, take't not ill,
That *I* do offer you my *Patience* ſtill.
For you in danger live ſtill all your life,
And *Miſchiefe* do, when you are hot in *Strife*.

A Dialogue *between a* Bountifull Knight, *and a* Caſtle *ruin'd in* VVar.

Knight.

ALas, *poore Caſtle*, how thou now art chang'd
From thy *firſt Form*! to me thou doſt ſeem ſtrange.
I left thee *Comely*, and in perfect health;
Now thou art wither'd, and decayed in *VVealth*.

Caſtle.

O *Noble Sir*, *I* from your *Stock* was rais'd,
Flouriſhed in plenty, and by all *Men* prais'd:
For your *Moſt Valiant Father* did me build,
Your *Brother* furniſh'd me, my *Neck* did gild:
And *Towers* on my *Head* like *Crownes* * were plac'd,
Like to a *Girdle*, *Walls* went round my *Waſte*.
And on this *pleaſant Hill* he ſet me high,
Viewing the *Vales* below, as they did lye.
Where every *Feild*, like *Gardens*, is inclos'd,
Where freſh green *Graſſe*, and *yellow Cowſlips* grow'd.
There did *I* ſee *fat Sheep* in *Paſtures* go,
Hearing the *Cowes*, whoſe *bags* were full, to low.
By *Wars* am now deſtroy'd, all *Right's* o'repowr'd,
Beauty, and *Innocency* are devoured.
Before theſe *Wars I* was in my full *Prime*,
And thought the greateſt *Beauty* in my time.
But *Noble Sir*, ſince *I* did ſee you laſt,
Within me hath a *Garriſon* been plac'd.
Their *Gunnes*, and *Piſtols* all about me hung,
And in deſpight their *Bullets* at me flung:
Which through my *Sides* they paſſages made out,
Flung downe my *Walls*, that circl'd me about.
And let my *Rubbiſh* on huge heapes to lye,
With *Duſt* am choackt, for want of *VVater*, dry.
For thoſe ſmall *Leaden Pipes*, which winding lay,
Under the ground, the *water* to convey:
Were all cut off, the *water* murmuring,
Run back with *Griefe* to tell it to the *Spring*.

* the *Wainſcot* gilt.

My *Windowes* all are broke, the *wind* blowes in,
With *Cold I* ſhake, with *Agues ſhivering*.
O pity me, *deare Sir*, releaſe my *Band*,
Or let me dye by your moſt *Noble hand*.

Knight. Alas, *poore Caſtle*, *I* ſmall help can bring,
Yet ſhall my *Heart* ſupply the former *Spring*:
From whence the *water* of *freſh teares* ſhall riſe,
To quench thy *Drought*, will ſpout them from mine *Eyes*.
That *Wealth I* have for to releaſe thy *woe*,
Will offer for a *Ranſome* to thy *Foe*.
Thy *Health* recover, and to build thy *Wall*,
I have not *Meanes* enough to do't withall.
Had *I* the *Art*, no paines that *I* would ſpare,
For what is broken downe, *I* would repaire.

Caſtle. Moſt *Noble Sir*, you that me *Freedome* give,
May your great *Name* in after *Ages* live.
For this your *Bounty* may the *Gods* requite,
And keep you from ſuch *Enemies* of *Spight*.
And may *great Fame* your *Praiſes* ſound alo ud:
Gods give me life to ſhew my *Gratitude*.

A Dialogue *betwixt* Peace, *and* VVar.

Peace. WAR makes the *Vulgar Multitude* to drink
In at the *Eare* the foule, and muddy *Sinck*
Of *Factious Tales*, by which they *dizzy* grow,
That the cleare ſight of *Truth* they do not know.
And reeling ſtand, know not what way to take,
But when they chuſe, 'tis wrong, ſo a *War* make.

War. Thou *Flattering Peace*, and moſt unjuſt, which drawes
The *Vulgar* by thy *Rhet'rick* to *hard Lawes*:
Which makes them *ſilly Ones*, content to be,
To take up *Voluntary Slavery*.
And mak'ſt great *Inequalities* beſide,
Some like to *Aſſes* beare, others on *Horsback* ride.

O *VVar*, thou cruell *Enemy* to *Life*, *Peace.*
Unquieted Neighbour, breeding alwaies *Strife*.
Tyrant thou art, to *Reſt* will give no time,
And *Bleſſed Peace* thou puniſheſt as a *Crime*.
Factions thou mak'ſt in every *Publick-weale*,
From *Bonds* of *Friendſhip* tak'ſt off *Wax*, and *Seale*.
On *Naturall Affections* thou doſt make
A *Maſſacre*, that hardly one can 'ſcape.
The *Root* of all *Religion* thou pull'ſt up,
And every *Branch* of *Ceremony* cut.
Civill Society is turn'd to *Manners baſe*,
No *Lawes*, or *Cuſtomes* can by thee get place.
Each *Mind* within it ſelfe cannot agree,
But all do ſtrive for *Superiority*:
In the whole *World* doſt ſuch *diſturbance* make,
To ſave themſelves *none* knowes what waies to take.

O *Peace*, thou *idle Drone*, which lov'ſt to dwell, *War.*
If it but keep the ſafe, in a *poore Cell*.
Thy *Life* thou ſleep'ſt away, *Thoughts* lazy lye.
Sloath buries *Fame*, makes all great *Actions* dye.

I am the *Bed* of *Reſt*, and *Couch* of *Eaſe*, *Peace.*
My *Converſation* doth all *Creatures* pleaſe.
I the *Parent* of *Learning* am, and *Arts*,
Nurſe to *Religion*, and *Comfort* to all *Hearts*.
I am the *Guardian*, which keepes *Vertue* ſafe,
Under my *Roofe ſecurity ſhee* hath.
I am adorn'd with *Paſtimes*, and with *Sports*,
Each ſeverall *Creature* ſtill to me reſorts.

I a great *Schoole* am, where all may grow wiſe: *War.*
For *Prudent Wiſdome* in *Experience* lyes.
And am a *Theater* to all *Noble Minds*,
A *Mint* of true *Honour*, that *Valour* ſtill coines.
I am a high *Throne* for *Valour* to ſit,
And a great *Court* where all *Fame* may get.
I am a *large Feild*, where doth *Ambition* run,
Courage ſtill ſeekes me, though *Cowards* me ſhun.

MORAL DISCOURSES.

A Diſcourſe of Love, the Parent of Paſsions.

NO *Mind* can think, or *Underſtanding* know,
To what a *Height*, and *Vaſtneſſe Love* can grow.
Love, as a *God*, all *Paſſions* doth create,
Beſides it ſelfe, and *thoſe* determinate.
Bowing downe low, devoutly prayeth *Feare*,
Sadneſſe, and *Griefe*, *Loves* heavie burthens beare.
Anger Rage makes, *Envie*, *Spleene*, and *Spight*,
Like *Thunder* roares, and in *Loves* quarrels fight.
Jealouſie, *Loves Informer* is t' eſpie,
And *Doubt* its *Guide*, to ſearch where 'ts *Foe* doth lye.
Pity, *Loves Child*, whoſe *Eyes Teares* overflow,
On every *Object Miſery* can ſhew.
Hate is *Loves Champion*, which oppoſeth all
Loves Enemies, their *Ruine*, and their *Fall*.

A Diſcourſe of Love neglected, burnt up with Griefe.

Love is the Cauſe, and *Hate* is the Effect,
Which is produc'd, when *Love* doth find *Neglect*.
For *Love*, as Fire, doth on *Fuell* burne,
And *Griefe*, as *Coles*, when quench'd, to *Blackneſſe* turne.
Thence *pale*, and *Melancholy Aſhes* grow,
Which every *Wind* though weak diſperſing blow.
For *Life*, and *Strength* from it is gone, and paſt,
With th' *Species*, which caus'd the *Forme* to laſt.
Which nere regaine the *Form* it had at
So *Love* is loſt in *Melancholy* duſt.

A Diſcourſe of Pride.

WHat *Creature* in the *VVorld*, beſides *Man-kind*,
That can ſuch *Arts*, and new *Inventions* find?
Or hath ſuch *Fancy*, as to *Similize*,
Or that can rule, or governe as the *VViſe*?
And by his *VVit* he can his *Mind* indite,
As *Numbers* ſet, and *ſubtle Letters* write.
What *Creature* elſe, but *Man*, can ſpeak true ſenſe?
At diſtance give, and take *Intelligence*?
What *Creature* elſe, by *Reaſon* can abate
All *Paſſions*, raiſe *Doubts*, *Hopes*, *Love*, and *Hate*?
And can ſo many *Countenances* ſhew?
They are the ground by which *Affections* grow.
There ſeverall *Dreſſes*, which the *Mind* puts on.
Some ſerve as *Veiles*, which over it is throwne.
What *Creature* is there hath ſuch peircing *Eyes*,
That mingles *Soules*, and a faſt *Friend-ſhip* tyes?
What *Creature* elſe, but *Man*, hath ſuch *Delights*,
So various, and ſuch ſtrong *odd Appetites*?
Man can diſtill, and is a *Chymiſt* rare,
Divides, and ſeparates, *VVater*, *Fire*, and *Aire*.
Thus can *Hee* divide, and ſeparate
All *Natures* work, what ere *ſhe* made:
Can take the *Breadth*, and *Heighth* of things,
Or know the *Vertue* of all *Plants* that ſprings:
Makes *Creatures* all ſubmit unto his *will*,
Makes *Fame* to live, though *Death* his *Body* kill.
What elſe, but *Man*, can *Nature* imitate,
With *Pen*, and *Pencill* can new Worlds create?
There's none like *Man*, for like to *Gods* is he:
Then let the *World* his *Slave*, and *Vaſſall* be.

Of Ambition.

TEN *Thouſand Pounds* a *yeare* will make me live:
A *Kingdome*, *Fortune* then to me muſt give.
I'le conquer all, like *Alexander Great*,
And, like to *Cæſar*, my *Oppoſers* beat.

Give

Give me a *Fame*, that with the *World* may laſt,
Let all *Tongues* tell of my great *Actions* paſt.
Let every *Child*, when firſt tis taught to ſpeak,
Repeat my *Name*, my *Memory* for to keep.
And then great *Fortune* give to me thy power,
To ruine *Man*, and raiſe him in an *Houre*.
Let me command the *Fates*, and ſpin their *thread*;
And *Death* to ſtay his *Sithe*, when *I* forbid.
And, *Deſtiny*, give me your *Chaines* to tye,
Effects from *Cauſes* to produce thereby.
And let me like the *Gods* on high become,
That nothing can but by my *will* be done.

Of Humility.

WHen with *returning Thoughts* my ſelfe behold
I find all *Creatures* elſe made of that *Mould*.
And for the *Mind*, which ſome ſay is like *Gods*,
I do not find, 'twixt *Man*, and *Beaſt* ſuch oddes:
Onely the *Shape* of *Men* is fit for uſe,
Which makes him *ſeem* much wiſer then a *Gooſe*.
For had a *Gooſe* (which ſeemes of ſimple *Kind*)
A *Shape* to *form*, and *fit* things to his *Mind*:
To make ſuch *Creatures* as himſelfe obey,
Could *hunt* and *ſhoot thoſe* that would 'ſcape away;
As *wiſe* would ſeem as *Man*, be as much fear'd,
As when the *Gooſe* comes neere, the *Man* be ſcar'd.
Who knowes but *Beaſts* may *wiſer* then *Men* bee?
We no ſuch *Errours*, or *Miſtakes* can ſee.
Like quiet *Men* beſides they joy in reſt,
To *eat*, and *drink*, in *Peace*, they think it beſt.
Their *Food* is all they ſeek, the reſt think vaine,
If not unto *Eternity* remaine.
Deſpiſe not *Beaſt*, nor yet be proud of *Art*,
But *Nature* thank, for *forming* ſo each *Part*.
And ſince your *Knowledge* is begot by form,
Let not your *Pride* that *Reaſon* overcome.
For if that *Motion* in your *Braine* workes beſt,
Deſpiſe not *Beaſt*, cauſe *Motion* is depreſt.
Nor proud of *Speech*, 'cauſe *Reaſon* you can ſhew,
For *Beaſt* hath *Reaſon* too, for all we know.

But

But *Shape* the *Mind* informes with what doth find,
Which being *taught*, is *wiſer* then *Beaſt-kind*.

Of Riches, *or* Covetouſneſſe.

WHat will not *Riches* in abundance do,
Or make the *Mind* of *Man* ſubmit unto?
It bribes out *Vertue* from her ſtrongeſt hold,
It makes the *Coward valorous*, and *bold*:
It corrupts *Chaſtity*, meltes *Thoughts* of *Ice*,
And *baſhfull Modeſty* it doth intice.
It makes the *humble*, *proud*, and *Meek* to ſwell,
Deſtroies all *Loyalty*, makes *Hearts* rebell.
It doth unty the *Knots* of *Friend-ſhip* faſt,
Naturall Affections away to caſt.
It cuts th' *Innocents Throat*, and *Hearts divide*;
It buyes out *Conſcience*, doth each *Cauſe* decide.
It makes *Man* venture *Life*, and *Limb*,
So much is *Wealth* deſir'd by him.
It buies out *Heaven*, and caſts *Soules* to *Hell*,
For *Man* to get this *Muck* his *God* will ſell.

Of Poverty.

I live in *low Thatcht Houſe*, *Roomes ſmall*, my *Cell*
Not big enough for *Prides* great *Heart* to dwell
My *Roomes* are not with *Stately Cedars* built,
No *Marble Chimney-peece*, nor *Wainſcot* gilt.
No *Statues* cut, or carv'd, nor caſt in *Braſſe*,
Which, had they *Life*, would *Natures Art* ſurpaſſe.
Nor *painted Pictures* which *Appelles* drew,
There's nought but *Lime*, and *Haire* homely to view;
No *Agget Table*, with a *Tortoiſe Frame*,
Nor *Stooles* ſtuft with *Birds feathers*, *wild*, or *tame*.
But a *Stump* of an old decayed *Tree*,
And *Stooles* with three *legs*, which halfe lame they bee,
Cut with a *Hatchet* from ſome broken *Boughes*.
And this is all which *Poverty* allowes;
Yet it is free from *Cares*, no *Theeves* do feare,
The *Doore* ſtands open, all is welcome there.

Not

Not like the *Rich*, who *Gueſts* doth entertaine,
With cruelty to *Birds*, *Beaſts* that are ſlaine.
Who *oile* their *Bodies* with their melted *Greaſe*,
And by their *Fleſh* their *Bodies* fat increaſe.
We need no *Cook*, nor *Skill* to dreſſe our *Meat*;
For *Nature* dreſſes moſt of what we eate:
As *Roots*, and *Herbes*, not ſuch as *Art* doth ſow,
But ſuch in *Feilds* which naturally grow.
Our *wooden Cups* we from the *Spring* do fill,
Which is the *Wine-preſſe* of great *Nature* ſtill.
When rich *Men* they, for to delight their taſt,
Suck out the *Juice* from *Earth*, her ſtrength do waſt:
For, *Bearing* often, *ſhee* will grow ſo *leane*,
A *Sceleton*, for *Bones* bare *Earth* is ſeen.
And for their *Drink*, the ſubtle *Spirits* take
Both from the *Barley*, and the *full-ripe Grape*.
Thus by their *Luxury*, their *life* they waſt,
All the ir delight is ſtill to pleaſe their taſt.
This heates the *Mind* with an *ambitious fire*,
None happy is; but in a low deſire.
Their deſires run, they fix themſelves no where,
What they have, or can have, they do not care.
What they injoy not, long for, and admire,
Sick for that want; ſo reſtleſſ is deſire.
When we from *Labours* come, bleſt with a quiet ſleep,
No reſtleſſe *Thoughts* our *Senſe* awake doth keep.
All's ſtill and ſilent, in our *Houſe*, and *Mind*,
Our *Thoughts* are chearfull, and our *Hearts* are kind.
And though that *life* in *Motion* ſtill doth dwell,
Yet reſt in *life* a poore *Man* loveth well.

Of Tranquillity.

THat *Mind* which would in *Peace*, and *quiet* be,
Muſt caſt off *Cares*, and *fooliſh Vanity*.
With *honeſt deſires* a houſe muſt build,
Upon the ground of *Honour*, and be ſeild
With conſtant *Reſolutions*, to laſt long,
Rais'd on the *Pillars* of *Juſtice* ſtrong.
Let nothing dwell there, but *Thoughts* right *holy*,
Turne out *Ignorance*, and *rude raſh folly*.

There

There will the *Mind* injoy it ſelfe in *Pleaſure*,
For, to *it ſelfe*, it is the greateſt *Treaſure*.
For, *they* are *poore*, whoſe *Mind* is diſcontent,
What *Joy* they have, it is but to them lent.
The *World* is like unto a *troubled Sea*,
Life as a *Barque*, made of a *rotten Tree*.
Where every *Wave* indangers it to ſplit,
And drown'd it is, if 'gainſt a *Rock* it hit.
But if this *Barque* be made with *Temperance* ſtrong
It mounts the *Waves*, and *Voyages* takes long.
If *Diſcretion* doth, as the *Pilot* guide,
It ſcapes all *Rocks*, ſtill goes with *Wind*, and *Tide*.
Where *Love*, as *Merchant*, *trafficks* up to *Heaven*,
And, for his *Prayers*, he hath *Mercies* given.
Conſcience, as *Factor*, ſets the price of things,
Tranquillity, as *Buyers*, in the *Money* brings.

Of the Shortneſſe *of* Mans Life, *and his fooliſh* Ambition.

IN *Gardens* ſweet, each *Flower* mark did I,
How they did *ſpring*, *bud*, *blow*, *wither*, and *dye*.
With that, contemplating of *Mans* ſhort ſtay,
Saw *Man* like to thoſe *Flowers* paſſe away.
Yet build they *Houſes*, thick, and ſtrong, and high,
As if they ſhould live to *Eternity*.
Hoard up a *Maſſe* of *Wealth*, yet cannot fill
His *Empty Mind*, but covet *he* will ſtill.
To gaine, or keep ſuch *Falſhhood Men* do uſe,
Wrong *Right*, and *Truth*, no baſe waies will refuſe.
I would not blame them, could they *Death* out keep,
Or eaſe their *Paines*, or cauſe a quiet *Sleep*.
Or buy *Heavens Manſions*, ſo like *Gods* become,
And by *it*, rule the *Stars*, the *Moon*, and *Sun*.
Command the *Windes* to blow, *Seas* to obey,
To levell all their *Waves*, to cauſe the *Windes* to ſtay.
Bnt they no power have, unleſſe to dye,
And *Care* in *Life* is a great *Miſery*.

This

This *Care* is for a *word*, an *empty ſound*,
Which neither *Soule* nor *Subſtance* in is found.
Yet as their *Heire*, they make it to *inherit*,
And all they have, they leave unto this *Spirit*.
To get this *Child* of *Fame*, and this *Eare word*,
They feare no *Dangers*, neither *Fire*, nor *Sword*.
All horrid *Paines*, and *Death* they will indure,
Or any thing that can but *Fame* procure.
O *Man*, O *Man*, what high *Ambition* growes,
Within your *Braine*, and yet how low he goes!
To be contented onely in a *Sound*,
Where neither *Life*, nor *Body* can be found.

A Morall Diſcourſe *betwixt* Man, *and* Beaſt.

MAN is a *Creature* like himſelfe alone,
In him all *qualities* do joyne as one.
When *Man* is injur'd, and his *Honour* ſtung,
He ſeemes a *Lion*, furious, feirce, and ſtrong.
With greedy *Covetouſneſſe*, like to *Wolves*, and *Beares*,
Devoures *Right*, and *Truth* in peeces teares.
Or like as crafty *Foxes* lye in wait,
To catch young *Novice-Kids* by their deceit;
So *ſubtill Knaves* do watch, who *Errours* make,
That they thereby *Advantages* might take.
Not for *Examples* them to rectifie,
But that much *Miſchiefe* they can make thereby.
Others, like *Crouching Spaniels*, cloſe will ſet,
Creeping about the *Partridge* too in *Net*.
Some humble ſeem, and *lowly* bend the *Knee*,
To thoſe which have *Power*, and *Authority*:
Not out of *Love* to *Honour*, or *Renoune*,
But to inſnare, and ſo to pull them downe.
Or as a *Maſtiff* flyes at every *Throat*,
So *Spight* will flye at all, that is of note.
With *Slanderous words*, as *Teeth*, good *Deeds* out teare,
Which neither *Power*, nor *Strength*, nor *Greatneſſe* ſpa
And are ſo *miſchievous*, love not to ſee
Any to live without an *Infamy*.

Moſt

Moſt like to ravenous *Beaſts* in *blood* delight,
And onely to do *miſchiefe*, love to fight.
But ſome are like to *Horſes*, *ſtrong*, and *free*,
Will gallop over *Wrong*, and *Injury*.
Who feare no *Foe*, nor *Enemies* do dread,
Will fight in *Battells* till they fall downe dead.
Their *Heart* with noble rage ſo hot will grow,
As from their *Noſtrils Cloudes* of *Smoake* do blow.
And with their *Hooſes* the *firm hard ground* will ſtrike,
In *anger*, that they cannot go to fight.
Their *Eyes* (like *Flints*) will beat out *Sparkes* of *Fire*,
Will *neigh* out loud, when *Combates* they deſire.
So *valiant Men* their *Foe* aloud will call,
To try their *Strength*, and grapple *Armes* withall.
And in their *Eyes* ſuch *Courage* doth appeare,
As if that *Mars* did rule that *Hemiſpheare*.
Some like to *ſlow*, *dull Aſſes*, full of *Feare*,
Contented are great *Burthens* for to beare.
And every *Clowne* doth beat his *Back*, and *Side*,
Becauſe hee's *ſlow*, when *faſt* that he would ride.
Then will he *bray* out loud, but dare not bite;
For why, he hath not *Courage* for to fight.
Baſe Mindes will yeild their *Heads* under the *Yoake*,
Offer their *Backs* to every *Tyrants* ſtroke.
Like *Fooles* will grumble, but they dare not ſpeak,
Nor ſtrive for *Liberty*, their *Bonds* to break.
Thoſe that in *Slavery* live, ſo dull will grow,
Dejected Spirits make the *Body* ſlow.
Others as *Swine* lye *groveling* in the *Mire*,
Have no *Heroick Thoughts* to riſe up higher:
They from their *Birth*, do never *ſport*, nor *play*,
But *eat*, and *drink*, and *grunting*, run away:
Of *grumbling Natures*, never doing good,
And cruell are, as of a *Booriſh Brood*.
So *Gluttons*, *Sluggards* care for nought but eaſe,
In *Converſations* will not any pleaſe:
Ambition none, to make their *Name* to live;
Nor have they *Generoſity* to give:
And are ſo *Churliſh*, that if any pray
To help their *Wants*, will curſing go away.

So cruell are, ſo far ſom *death* to ſave,
That they will take away the *Life* they have.
Some like to *fearefull Hart*, or *frighted Hare*,
Shun every noiſe, and their owne *Shadowes* feare.
So *Cowards*, that are ſent in *Wars* to fight,
Think not to beat, but how to make their flight.
When *Trumpet* ſounds to charge the *Foe*, it calls,
And with that noiſe, the *Heart* o'th *Coward* falls.
Others as harmleſſe *Sheep* in peace do live,
Contented are, do *Injury* will give:
But on the tender *Graſſe* they gently feed,
Which do no *Spight*, nor *ranckled Malice* breed.
They never in the waies of *miſchiefe* ſtood,
To ſet their *Teeth* in *fleſh*, or drink up *blood*.
They grieve to walk alone, will pine away,
Grow fat in *Flockes*, will with each other play.
The naked they do cloath with their ſoft *Wool*,
The *Ewes* do feed the hungry Stomack full.
So gentle *Nature's Diſpoſition* ſweet
Shuns fooliſh *Quarrels*, loves the *Peace* to keep.
Full of *Compaſſion*, pitying the diſtreſt,
And with their *Bounty* help they the oppreſt.
They ſwell not with the *Pride* of *ſelf-conceit*,
Nor for their *Neighbours life* do lye in wait.
Nor *Innocence* by their *Extortions* teare,
Nor fill the *Widowes Heart* with *Griefe*, or *Care*:
Nor *Bribes* will take with covetous hands,
Nor ſet they back the *Mark* of th' Owners *Lands*.
But with a gratefull *Heart* do ſtill returne
The *Curteſies* that have for them been done.
And in their *Converſation*, meek, and mild,
Without *Laſcivious words*, or *Actions* wild.
Thoſe *Men* are *Fathers* to a *Common-wealth*,
Where *Juſtice* lives, and *Truth* may ſhew her ſelfe.
Others as *Apes* do imitate the reſt,
And when they *miſchiefe* do, ſeem but to jeſt.
So are *Buffoones*, that ſeem for *Mirth* to ſport,
Whoſe liberty fills *Factions* in a *Court*.
Thoſe that delight in *Fooles*, muſt in good part
Take what they ſay, although the words are *ſmart*.

But many times ſuch *ranckled Thoughts* beget
In *Hearts* of *Princes*, and much *Envie* ſet,
By praiſing *Rivalls*; or elſe do reveale
Thoſe *Faults*, moſt fit for privacy to conceale.
For though a *Foole*, if he an ill truth tells,
Or be it falſe, if like a *Truth* it ſmels;
It gets ſuch hold, though in a wiſe mans *Braine*,
That hardly it will ever out againe.
And ſo like *Wormes*, ſome will be troad to *Earth*,
Others as *venemous Vipers* ſtung to *death*.
Some like to ſubtle *Serpents* wind about,
To compaſſe their *deſignes* craulein, and out:
And never leave untill ſome *Neſt* they find,
Sucke out the *Eggs*, and leave the *Shels* behind.
So *Flatterers* with *Praiſes* wind about
A *Noble Mind*, to get a Secret out.
For *Flattery* through every *Eare* will glide,
Downe to the *Heart*, and there ſome time abide;
And in the *Breſt* with feigned *Friend-ſhip* lye,
Till to the *Death* he ſtings him cruelly.
Thus ſome as *Birds*, and *Beaſts*, and *Flies*, are ſuch:
To every *Creature* men reſemble much.
Some, like to ſoaring *Eagle*, mount up high:
Wings of *Ambition* beare them to the *Skie*.
Or, like to *Hawkes*, flye round to catch their *Prey*,
Or like to *Puttocks*, beare the *Chick* away.
Some like to *Ravens*, which on *Carrion* feed,
And ſome their ſpight feed on, what ſlanders breed.
Some like to *Peacock* proud, his taile to ſhew:
So men, that *Followers* have, will haughty grow.
Some *Melancholy Owles*, that hate the *Light*,
And as the *Bat* flyes in the *Shades* of *Night*:
So *Envious Men* their *Neighbour* hate to ſee,
When that he *Shines* in great *Proſperity*:
Keep home in diſcontent, repine at all,
Untill ſome *Miſchiefe* on the *Good* do fall.
Others, as chearfull *Larkes*, ſing as they flye.
So men are merry, wich have no *Envie*.
And ſome as *Nightingales* do ſweetly ſing,
As *Meſſengers*, when they good *Newes* do bring.

Thus *Men*, *Birds*, *Beaſts*, in *Humours* much agree,
But ſeverall *Properties* in theſe there bee.
Tis proper for a lively *Horſe* to *neigh*,
And for a ſlow, dull fooliſh *Aſſe* to *bray*.
For *Dogs* to bark, *Bulls* roare, *Wolves* houle, *Pigs* ſqueak;
For *Men* to *frowne*, to *weep*, to *laugh*, to *ſpeake*.
Proper for *Flyes* to buzze, *Birds* ſing, and chatter,
Onely for *Men* to *promiſe*, *ſweare*, and *flatter*:
So *Men* theſe *Properties* can imitate,
But not their *Faculties* that *Nature* made.
Men have no *Wings* to flye up to the *Skie*,
Nor can they like to *Fiſh* in *waters* lye.
What *Man* like *Roes* can run ſo ſwift, and long?
Nor are they like to *Horſe*, or *Lions* ſtrong.
Nor have they *Sent*, like *Dogs*, a *Hare* to find,
Or *Sight* like *Swine* to ſee the ſubtle *wind*.
Thus ſeverall *Creatures*, by ſeverall *Senſe*,
Have better far (then *Man*) *Intelligence*.

Theſe ſeverall *Creatures*, ſeverall *Arts* do well,
But *Man* in generall, doth them far excell.
For *Arts* in *Men* as well did *Nature* give,
As other *qualities* in *Beaſt* to live.
And from *Mens Braines* ſuch fine *Inventions* flow,
As in his *Head* all other *heads* do grow.
What *Creature* builds like *Man* ſuch *Stately Towers*,
And make ſuch things, as *Time* cannot devoure?
What *Creature* makes ſuch *Engines* as *Man* can?
To traffick, and to uſe at *Sea*, and *Land*.
To *kill*, to *ſpoile*, or elſe alive to *take*,
Deſtroying all that other *Creatures* make.
This makes *Man* ſeem of all the *World* a *King*,
Becauſe *hee* power hath of every *thing*.
He'l teach *Birds* words, in meaſure *Beaſt* to go,
Makes *Paſſions* in the *Mind*, to *ebb*, and *flow*.
And though he cannot flye as *Birds*, with *wings*,
Yet he can take the height, and breadth of things
He knowes the courſe and number of the *Stars*,
But *Birds*, and *Beaſts* are no *Aſtrologers*.
And though he cannot like to *Fiſhes* ſwim,
Yet *Nets He* makes, to catch thoſe *Fiſhes* in.

And with his *Ships* hee'l circle the *World* round.
What *Beaſt*, or *Bird* that can do ſo, is found?
Hee'l fell downe *Woods*, with *Axes* ſharp will ſtrike
Whole *Heards* of *Beaſts* can never do the like.
What *Beaſt* can plead, to ſave anothers *Life*,
Or by his *Eloquence* can end a *Strife*?
Or *Counſels* give, great *Dangers* for to ſhun,
Or tell the *Cauſe*, or how *Eclipſes* come?
Hee'l turne the *Current* of the *Water* cleare,
And make them like new *Seas* for to appeare.
Where *Fiſhes* onely in old *waters* glide.
Can cut new *Rivers* out on any ſide.
Hee Mountaines makes ſo high, the *Cloudes* will touch,
Mountaines of *Moles*, or *Ants*, ſcarce do ſo much.
What *Creature* like to *Man* can *Reaſons* ſhew,
Which makes him know, that he thereby doth know
And who, but *Man*, makes uſe of every thing,
As *Goodneſſe* out of *Poyſon Hee* can bring?
Thus *Man* is filled with ſtrong Deſire,
And by his *Rhet'rick* ſets the *Soule* on *Fire*.
Beaſts no *Ambition* have to get a *Fame*,
Nor build they *Tombes*, thereon to write their *Name*.
They never war, *high Honour* for to get,
But to ſecure themſelves, or *Meat* to eat.
But *Men* are like to *Gods*, they live for ever ſhall;
And *Beaſts* are like themſelves, to *Duſt* ſhall fall.

Of the Ant.

MArk but the little *Ant*, how ſhe doth run,
In what a buſie *motion ſhee* goeth on:
As if ſhe ordered all the *Worlds Affaires*;
When tis but onely one ſmall *Straw ſhee* beares.
But when they find a *Flye*, which on the ground lyes dead,
Lord, how they ſtir; ſo full is every *Head*.
Some with their *Feet*, and *Mouths*, draw it along,
Others their *Tailes*, and *Shoulders* thruſt it on.
And if a *Stranger Ant* comes on that way,
Shee helpes them ſtrait, nere asketh if *ſhee* may.
Nor ſtaies to ask *Rewardes*, but is well pleas'd:
Thus paies her ſelfe with her owne *Paines*, their *Eaſe*.

They

They live as the *Lacedemonians* did,
All is in *Common*, *nothing* is forbid.
No *Private Feaſt*, but altogether meet,
Wholeſome, though *Plaine*, in *Publick* do they eat
They have no *Envie*, all *Ambition's* downe,
There is no *Superiority*, or *Clowne*.
No *Stately Palaces* for *Pride* to dwell,
Their *Houſe* is *Common*, called the *Ants Hill*.
All help to *build*, and keep it in *repaire*,
No 'ſpeciall *work-men*, all *Labourers* they are.
No *Markets* keep, no *Meat* they have to ſell,
For what each one doth eat, all *welcome* is, and well.
No *Jealouſie*, each takes his *Neighbours Wife*,
Without *Offence*, which never breedeth *Strife*.
Nor fight they *Duels*, nor do give the *Lye*,
Their greateſt *Honour* is to live, not dye.
For they, to keep in *life*, through *Dangers* run,
To get *Proviſions* in 'gainſt *Winter* comes.
But many looſe their *Life*, as *Chance* doth fall,
None is perpetuall, *Death* devoures all.

A Morall Deſcription *of* Corne.

THE *yellow Bearded Corne* bowes downe each *Head*,
Like *Gluttons*, when their *Stomacks* over-fed.
Or like to *thoſe* whoſe *Wealth* make *heavie Cares*,
So doth the *full-ripe Corne* bow downe their *Eares*.
Thus *Plenty*, makes *Oppreſſion*, gives ſmall eaſe;
And *Superfluity* is a *Diſeaſe*.
Yet all that *Nature* makes, aſpiring runs
Still forward for to get, nere backward turnes;
Untill the *Sight* of *Death* doth lay them low,
Upon the *Earth*, from whence at firſt they grow.
Then who would hoard up *Wealth*, and take ſuch paines,
Since nothing but the *Earth* hath all the *Gaines*?
No *Riches* are, but what the *Mind* doth keep:
And they are *poore*, who from the *Earth* do ſeek.
For *Time*, that feeds on *Life*, makes all things fall,
Is never ſatisfied, yet eates up all.
Then let the *Mindes* of *Men* in peace to reſt,
And count a *Moderation* ſtill the beſt:

Nor

Nor grumble not, nor covet *Natures Store*,
For thoſe that are content, can nere be *poore*.
And bleſſe the *Gods*, ſubmit to their *Decree*,
Think all things beſt, what they are pleas'd ſhall bee
For he that murmures at what cannot mend,
Is one that takes a thing at the wrong End.

A Diſcourſe *of* Beaſts.

WHO knowes; but *Beaſts*, as they do lye,
In *Meadowes* low, or elſe on *Mountaines* high?
But that they do contemplate on the *Sun*,
And how his *daily*, *yearely Circles* run.
Whether the *Sun* about the *Earth* doth rove,
Or elſe the *Earth* upon its owne *Poles* move.
And in the *Night*, when *twinkling Stars* we ſee,
Like *Man*, imagines them all *Suns* to bee.
And may like *Man*, *Stars*, *Planets* number well,
And could they ſpeak, they might their *Motions* tell.
And how the *Planets* in each *Orbe* do move:
'Gainſt their *Aſtrology* no *Man* can prove.
For they may know the *Stars*, and their *Aſpects*;
What *Influence* they caſt, and their *Effects*.

Of Fiſhes.

WHO knowes, but *Fiſhes* which ſwim in the *Sea*,
Can give a Reaſon, why ſo *Salt* it be?
And how it *Ebbs* and *Flowes*, perchance they can
Give *Reaſons*, for which never yet could *Man*.

Of Birds.

WHO knowes; but *Birds* which in the *Aire* flyes,
Do know from whence the *Bluſtring Winds* do riſe?
May know what *Thunder* is, which no *Man* knowes,
And what's a *blazing Star*, or where it goes.
Whether it be a *Chip*, fallen from the *Sun*,
And ſo goes out, when *Aliment* is done.
Whether a *Sulphurous Vapour* drawne up high,
And when the *Sulphure's* ſpent, the *Flame* doth dye.

Or whether it be a *Gelly* ſet on *Fire*,
And waſting like a *Candle* doth expire.
Or whether it be a *Star* wholly intire,
Perchance might know of *Birds*, could we inquire.

Earths Complaint.

O *Nature*, *Nature*, hearken to my *Cry*,
Each *Minute* wounded am, but cannot dye.
My *Children* which *I* from my *Womb* did beare,
Do dig my *Sides*, and all my *Bowels* teare:
Do plow deep *Furroughs* in my very *Face*,
From *Torment*, *I* have neither time, nor place.
No other *Element* is ſo abus'd,
Nor by *Man-kind* ſo cruelly is us'd.
Man cannot reach the *Skies* to plow, and ſow,
Nor can they ſet, or mark the *Stars* to grow.
But they are ſtill as *Nature* firſt did plant,
Neither *Maturity*, nor *Growth* they want.
They never dye, nor do they yeild their place
To *younger Stars*, but ſtill run their owne *Race*.
The *Sun* doth never groane *young Suns* to beare,
For he himſelfe is his owne *Son*, and *Heire*.
The *Sun* juſt in the *Center* ſits, as *King*,
The *Planets* round about incircle him.
The ſloweſt *Orbes* over his *Head* turne ſlow,
And underneath, the *ſwifteſt Planets* go.
Each ſeverall *Planet*, ſeverall meaſures take,
And with their *Motions* they ſweet *Muſick* make.
Thus all the *Planets* round about him move,
And he returnes them *Light* for their kind *Love*.

A Diſcourſe *of a* Knave.

A *Proſperous Knave*, that *Miſchiefes* ſtill doth plot,
Swels big with *Pride*, ſince he hath power got.
Whoſe *Conſcience*, like a *Purſe*, drawne open wide,
Falſe hands do caſt in *Bribes* on every ſide.
And as the *Guts* are ſtuft with *Excrement*,
So is his *Head* with *Thoughts* of ill intent.

Compaſſions

Compaſſions none, for them who're pres'd with *Grief*.
But yet is apt to pity much a *Thiefe*.
Hee thinkes them *Fooles*, that *wickednesſe* do ſhun,
Eſteemes them *wiſe*, which *Evill* waies do run.
He ſcornes the *Noble*, if that they be poore,
The *Rich*, though nere ſo *baſe*, he doth adore.
He alwaies *ſmiles*, as if he *Peace* ſtill meant,
When all the while his *Heart* is evill bent.
A *Seeming friend-ſhip*, *large Profeſſions* make,
Where *he* doth think *Advantages* to take.
Thus doth a *Gloſſing Knave* the *World* abuſe,
To work his *End*, the *Devill* a *Friend* will chuſe.

Of a Foole.

I hate your *Fooles*, for they my *Braines* do crack,
And when they ſpeak, my *Patience's* on the *Rack*
Their *Actions* all from *Reaſon* quite do run,
Their *Ends* prove *bad*, 'cauſe ill they firſt begun.
They flye from *Wiſedome*, do her *Counſels* feare,
As if ſome *Ruine* neere their *heads* there were.
They ſeek the *Shadow*, let the *Subſtance* go,
And what is *good*, or *beſt*, they do not know.
Yet ſtiff in their *Opinions*, *Stubborne*, *ſtrong*,
Although you bray them, ſayeth *Salomon*.
As *Spiders Webs* intangle little *Flies*,
So *Fooles* wrapt up in *Webs* of *Errours* lyes.
Then comes the *Spider*, *Flies* with *Poyſon* fills,
So *Miſchiefe*, after *Errours*, *Fooles* oft kills.

A Diſcourſe *of* Melancholy.

A *Sad*, and *ſolemne Verſe* doth pleaſe the *Mind*,
With *Chaines* of *Paſſions* doth the *Spirits* bind.
As *Penſil'd Pictures* drawne preſents the *Night*,
Whoſe *Darker Shadowes* give the *Eye* delight;
Melancholy Aſpects invite the *Eye*,
And alwaies have a *ſeeming Majeſty*.
By its *Converting Qualities*, there growes
A *Perfect Likeneſſe*, when it ſelfe it ſhewes.

Then let the *World* in mourning ſit, and *weep*,
Since onely *Sadneſſe* we are apt to keep.
In *light* and *Toyiſh things* we ſeek for *Change*,
The *Mind* growes weary, and about doth range.
What *Serious* is, there *Conſtancies* will dwell;
Which ſhewes, that *Sadneſſe Mirth* doth far excell.
Why ſhould *Men* grieve, when they do think of *Death*,
Since they no ſettlement can have in *Mirth*?
The *Grave*, though ſad, in quiet ſtill they keep,
Without diſturbing *Dreames* they lye a ſleep.
No rambling *Thoughts* to vex their reſtleſſe *Braines*,
Nor *Labour* hard, to ſcortch, and dry their *Veines*.
No care to ſearch for that, they cannot find,
Which is an *Appetite* to every *Mind*.
Then wiſh, *good Man*, to dye in quiet *Peace*,
Since *Death* in *Miſery* is a *Releaſe*.

A Diſcourſe *of the* Power *of* Devils.

Women, and *Fooles*, feare in the *Dark* to be;
They think the *Devill* in ſome *Shape* ſhould ſee:
As if like *ſilly Owles*, he takes delight,
To ſleep all *Day*, then goes abroad at *Night*.
To beat the *Pots*, and *Pans*, *Candles* blow out,
And all the *Night* to keep a *Revell-rout*.
To make the *Sow* to grunt, the *Pigs* to ſqueek,
The *Dogs* to bark, *Cats* mew, as if they ſpeak.
Alas, *poore Devill*, whoſe *Power* is ſmall,
Onely to make a *Cat*, or *Dog* to baule:
And with the *Pewter*, *Braſſe* to make a noiſe,
To ſtew with fearfull *ſweat* poore *Girles*, and *Boies*.
Why ſhould we feare him, ſince *he* doth no harm?
For we may bind him faſt within a *Charm*.
Then what a *Devill* ailes a *Woman Old*,
To play ſuch *Tricks*, to give away her *Soule*?
Can *he* deſtroy *Man-kind*, or new *Worldes* make,
Or alter *States* for an *Old Womans* ſake?
Or put *Day-light* out, or ſtop the *Sun*,
Or change the *Planets* from their courſe to run?
And yet methinkes tis odd, and very ſtrange,
That ſince the *Devils* cannot *Bodies* change,

Should

Should have ſuch power over *Soules*, to draw
Them from their *God*, and from his *holy Law*.
Perſwading *Conſcience* to do more ill,
Then the *ſweet Grace* of *God* to rule the *Will*:
To cut of *Faith*, by which our *Soules* ſhould climl
To make us leave our *Folly*, and our *Crime*:
Deſtroying *Honeſty*, diſgracing *Truth*;
Yet can *He* neither make *Old Age*, nor *Youth*.
Nor can he add, or take a *Minute* ſhort;
Yet many *Soules* he keepes from *Heavens Court*.
It ſeemes, his *Power* ſhall for ever laſt,
Becauſe tis on the *Soule*, which never waſt.
And thus hath *God* the *Devill Power* lent,
To puniſh *Man*, unleſſe he doth repent.

THE

THE CLASPE:

GIVE *Mee* the *Free*, and *Noble Stile*,
Which ſeems *uncurb'd*, though it be *wild*:
Though *It* runs wild about, *It* cares not where;
It ſhewes more *Courage*, then *It* doth of *Feare*.
Give me a *Stile* that *Nature* frames, not *Art*:
For *Art* doth ſeem to take the *Pedants* part.
And that ſeemes *Noble*, which is *Eaſie*, *Free*,
Not to be bound with ore-nice *Pedantry*.

The Hunting *of the* Hare.

BEtwixt two *Ridges* of *Plowd-land*, lay *Wat*,
Preſſing his *Body* cloſe to *Earth* lay ſquat.
His *Noſe* upon his two *Fore-feet* cloſe lies,
Glaring obliquely with his *great gray Eyes*.
His *Head* he alwaies ſets againſt the *Wind*;
If turne his *Taile*, his *Haires* blow up behind:
Which *he* too cold will grow, but *he* is wiſe,
And keepes his *Coat* ſtill downe, ſo warm *he* lies
Thus reſting all the *day*, till *Sun* doth ſet,
Then riſeth up, his *Reliefe* for to get.
Walking about untill the *Sun* doth riſe,
Then back returnes, downe in his *Forme he* lyes.
At laſt, *Poore Wat* was found, as *he* there lay,
By *Huntſ-men*, with their *Dogs* which came that way.
Seeing, gets up, and faſt begins to run,
Hoping ſome waies the *Cruell Dogs* to ſhun.
But they by *Nature* have ſo quick a *Sent*,
That by their *Noſe* they trace what way *he* went.
And with their deep, wide *Mouths* ſet forth a *Cry*,
Which anſwer'd was by *Ecchoes* in the *Skie*.
Then *Wat* was ſtruck with *Terrour*, and with *Feare*,
Thinkes every *Shadow* ſtill the *Dogs* they were.
And running out ſome diſtance from the *noiſe*,
To hide himſelfe, his *Thoughts* he now imploies.

Under

Under a *Clod* of *Earth* in *Sand-pit* wide,
Poore *Wat* ſat cloſe, hoping himſelfe to hide.
There long he had not ſat, but ſtrait his *Eares*
The *Winding Hornes*, and crying *Dogs* he heares:
Starting with *Feare*, up leapes, then doth he run,
And with ſuch ſpeed, the *Ground* ſcarce treades upon.
Into a great thick *Wood he* ſtrait way gets,
Where underneath a *broken Bough he* ſits.
At every *Leafe* that with the *wind* did ſhake,
Did bring ſuch *Terrour*, made his *Heart* to ake.
That *Place he* left, to *Champian Plaines he* went,
Winding about, for to deceive their *Sent*.
And while they *ſnuffling* were, to find his *Track*,
Poore Wat, being weary, his ſwift pace did ſlack.
On his two *hinder legs* for eaſe did ſit,
His *Fore-feet* rub'd his *Face* from *Duſt*, and *Sweat*.
Licking his *Feet*, *he* wip'd his *Eares* ſo cleane,
That none could tell that *Wat* had hunted been.
But caſting round about his *faire great Eyes*,
The *Hounds* in full *Careere he* neere him ſpies:
To *Wat* it was ſo terrible a *Sight*,
Feare gave him *Wings*, and made his *Body* light.
Though weary was before, by running long,
Yet now his *Breath* he never felt more ſtrong.
Like thoſe that *dying* are, think *Health* returnes,
When tis but a *faint Blaſt*, which *Life* out burnes.
For *Spirits* ſeek to guard the *Heart* about,
Striving with *Death*, but *Death* doth quench them out.
Thus they ſo faſt came on, with ſuch loud *Cries*,
That *he* no hopes hath left, nor *help* eſpies.
With that the *Winds* did pity *poore Wats* caſe,
And with their *Breath* the *Sent* blew from the *Place*.
Then every *Noſe* is buſily imployed,
And every *Noſtrill* is ſet open, wide:
And every *Head* doth ſeek a ſeverall way,
To find what *Graſſe*, or *Track*, the *Sent* on lay.
Thus quick Induſtry, that is not ſlack,
Is like to Witchery, brings loſt things back.
For though the *Wind* had tied the *Sent* up cloſe,
A *Buſie Dog* thruſt in his *Snuffling Noſe*:

And

And drew it out, with it did foremoſt run,
Then *Hornes* blew loud, for th' *reſt* to follow on.
The *great ſlow-Hounds*, their throats did ſet a *Baſe*,
The *Fleet ſwift Hounds*, as *Tenours* next in place;
The little *Beagles* they a *Trebble* ſing,
And through the *Aire* their *Voice* a round did ring?
Which made a *Conſort*, as they ran along;
If they but *words* could ſpeak, might ſing a *Song*,
The *Hornes* kept time, the *Hunters* ſhout for *Joy*,
And valiant ſeeme, *poore Wat* for to deſtroy:
Spurring their *Horſes* to a full *Careere*,
Swim Rivers deep, leap Ditches without feare;
Indanger *Life*, and *Limbes*, ſo faſt will ride,
Onely to ſee how patiently *Wat* died.
For why, the *Dogs* ſo neere his *Heeles* did get,
That they their ſharp *Teeth* in his *Breech* did ſet.
Then tumbling downe, did fall with *weeping Eyes*,
Gives up his *Ghoſt*, and thus poore *Wat he* dies.
Men hooping loud, ſuch *Acclamations* make,
As if the *Devill* they did *Priſoner* take.
When they do but a *ſhiftleſſe Creature* kill;
To hunt, there needs no *Valiant Souldiers* skill.
But *Man* doth think that *Exerciſe*, and *Toile*,
To keep their *Health*, is beſt, which makes moſt ſpoile.
Thinking that *Food*, and *Nouriſhment* ſo good,
And *Appetite*, that feeds on *Fleſh*, and *Blood*.
When they do *Lions*, *Wolves*, *Beares*, *Tigers* ſee,
To kill poore *Sheep*, ſtrait ſay, they cruell be.
But for themſelves all *Creatures* think too few,
For *Luxury*, wiſh *God* would make them new.
As if that *God* made *Creatures* for *Mans meat*,
To give them *Life*, and *Senſe*, for *Man* to eat;
Or elſe for *Sport*, or *Recreations* ſake,
Deſtroy thoſe *Lifes* that *God* ſaw good to make:
Making their *Stomacks*, *Graves*, which full they fill
With *Murther'd Bodies*, that in ſport they kill.
Yet *Man* doth think himſelfe ſo gentle, mild,
When *he* of *Creatures* is moſt cruell wild.
And is ſo *Proud*, thinks onely he ſhall live,
That *God* a *God*-like *Nature* did him give.

And that all *Creatures* for his ſake alone,
Was made for him, to *Tyrannize* upon.

The hunting *of the* Stag.

THere was a *Stag* did in the *Forreſt* lye,
Whoſe *Neck* was long, and *Hornes* branch'd up high.
His *Haunch* was broad, *Sides* large, and *Back* was long,
His *Legs* were *Nervous*, and his *Joynts* were ſtrong.
His *Haire* lay ſleek, and ſmooth upon his *Skin*,
None in the *Forreſt* might compare with him.
In *Summers heat he* in coole *Brakes him* laies,
Which grew ſo high, kept of the *Suns* hot *Raies*.
In *Evenings coole*, or dewy *Mornings* new,
Would he riſe up, and all the *Forreſt* view.
Then walking to ſome *cleare*, and *Chriſtall Brook*,
Not for to *Drink*, but on his *Hornes* to look:
Taking ſuch *Pleaſure* in his *Stately Crowne*,
His *Pride* forgets that *Dogs* might pull him downe.
From thence unto a *Shady Wood* did go,
Where *Streighteſt Pines*, and *talleſt Cedars* grow;
And upright *Olives*, which th' *loving Vine* oft twines,
And *ſlender Birch* bowes head * to *golden Mines*.
Small *Aſpen Stalkt* which ſhakes like *Agues* cold,
That from perpetuall *Motion* never hold.
The *ſturdy Oake* on *Foamy Seas* doth ride,
Firre, which tall *Maſts* doth make, where Sailes are tied.
The weeping *Maple*, and the *Poplar* green,
Whoſe *Cooling Buds* in *Salves* have healing been.
The *Fatting Cheſtnut*, and the *Haſle* ſmall,
The *Smooth-rind Beech*, which groweth large, and tall.
The *Loving Myrtle* is for *Amorous kind*,
The *yeilding Willow*, as *inconſtant Mind*.
The *Cypres* ſad, which makes the *Funerall Hearſe*,
And *Sicomors*, where *Lovers* write their *Verſe*:
And *Juniper*, which gives a pleaſant ſmell,
And many more, which were too long to tell.
Round from their *Sappy Roots ſprout Branches* ſmall,
Some call it *Under-wood*, that's never tall.
There walking through, the *Stag* was hindred much,
The *bending Twigs* his *Hornes* would often catch.

* *Good* Mines *are found out by the* Birches *bowing.*

While on the *tender Leaves*, and *Buds* did *brouſe*,
His *Eyes* were troubl'd with the broken *Boughs*.
Then ſtrait *He* ſeeks this *Labyrinth* to unwind,
But *hard* it was his firſt way out to find.
Unto this *Wood* a riſing *Hill* did joyne,
Where grew *wild Margerom*, and ſweet *wild Time*:
And *Winter-ſavory* which was never ſet,
On which the *Stag* delighted much to eat.
But looking downe upon the *Vallies* low,
He ſees the *Graſſe*, and *Cowſlips* thick to grow;
And *Springs*, which dig themſelves a *Paſſage* out,
Much like as *Serpents* wind each *Feild* about.
Riſing in *Winter* high, do over-flow,
The *Flowry Banks*, but rich the *Soile* doth grow.
So as he went, thinking therein to feed,
He ſaw a *Feild*, which ſow'd was with *Wheat Seed*.
The *Blades* were growne a hand-full high, and more,
Which *Sight* his *Taſt* did ſoon invite him o're.
In haſt goes on, feeds full, then downe *he* lies,
The *Owner* coming there, *he* ſoon eſpies:
Strait call'd his *Dogs* to hunt him from that place,
At laſt it came to be a *Forreſt Chaſe*.
The *Chaſe* grew hot, the *Stag* apace did run,
Dogs followed cloſe, and *Men* for ſport did come.
At laſt a *Troop* of *Men*, *Horſe*, *Dogs* did meet,
Which made the *Hart* to try his *Nimble Feet*.
Full ſwift *he* was, his *Hornes he* bore up high,
Then *Men* did ſhout, the *Dogs* ran *yelping* by:
And *Bugle Hornes* with ſeverall Notes did blow,
Huntſ-men to croſſe the *Stag* did ſide-waies go.
The *Horſes* beat their *Hooſes* againſt dry ground,
Raiſing ſuch *Clouds* of *duſt*, their waies ſcarce found
Their *Sides* ran downe with *Sweat*, as if they were
New come from *watring*, dropping every *Haire*.
The *Dogs* their *Tongues* out of their *Mouths* hung long,
Their *Sides* did beat like *Feaveriſh Pulſe* ſo ſtrong.
Their *Short Ribbs* heave up high, then fall downe low,
As *Bellowes* draw in *wind*, the ſame to blow.
Men tawny grew, the *Sun* their *Skins* did turne,
Their *Mouths* were dry, their *Bowels* felt to burne.

The *Stag* ſo hot as *Coles*, when kindled through,
Yet *ſwiftly* ran, when *he* the *Dogs* did view.
Coming at length unto a *Rivers* ſide,
Whoſe *Current* flow'd, as with a falling *Tide*:
Where *he* leapes in to quench his *ſcortching heat*,
To waſh his *Sides*, to coole his burning *Feet*.
Hoping the *Dogs* in *water* could not ſwim,
But *hee's* deceiv'd, the *Dogs* do enter in;
Like *Fiſhes*, try'd to ſwim in water low:
But out alas, his *Hornes* too high do ſhew.
When *Dogs* were cover'd over *Head*, and *Eares*
No part is ſeen, onely their *Noſe* appeares.
The *Stag*, and *River*, like a *Race* did ſhew,
He ſtriving ſtill the *ſwift River* to out-go.
Whilſt *Men*, and *Horſes* ran the *Banks* along,
Encouraging the *Dogs* to follow on:
Where he on *waters*, like a *Looking-glaſſe*,
By a *Reflection* ſees their *Shadowes* paſſe.
Feare cuts his *Breath* off ſhort, his *Limbs* do ſhrink,
Like thoſe the *Cramp* doth take, to bottom ſink.
Thus out of *Breath*, no longer could *he* ſtay,
But leapes on *Land*, and ſwiftly runs away.
Change gave him *eaſe*, *eaſe ſtrength*, in *ſtrength hope* lives,
Hope joyes the *Heart*, or *light Heele joy* ſtill gives.
His *Feet* like to a *Feather'd Arrow flies*,
Or like a *winged Bird*, that mounts the *Skies*.
The *Dogs* like *Ships*, that ſaile with *Wind*, and *Tide*,
Which cut the *Aire*, and *waters* deep divide.
Or like a *greedy Merchant*, ſeeks for Gaine,
Will venture *Life*, ſo trafficks on the *Maine*.
The *Hunters*, like to *Boies*, no dangers ſhun,
To ſee a *Sight*, will venture *Life*, and *Limb*.
Which ſad become, when *Miſchiefe* takes not place,
Is out of *Countenance*, as with *diſgrace*.
But when they ſee a *Ruine*, and a *fall*,
Return with *Joy*, as *Conquerors* they were all.
Thus their ſeverall *Paſſions* their waies did meet,
As *Dogs* deſire to catch did make them *Fleet*.
The *Stag* with feare did run, his *life* to ſave,
Whilſt *Men* for love of *Miſchiefe* dig his *Grave*.

The *angry Duſt* in every *Face* up flies,
As with *Revenge*, ſeeks to put out their *Eies*.
Yet they ſo faſt went on with ſuch loud *Cries*,
The *Stag* no *hope* had left, nor *help* eſpies:
His *Heart* ſo heavie grew, with *Griefe*, and *Care*,
That his ſmall *Feet* his *Body* could not beare.
Yet loth to dye, or yeild to *Foes* was he,
But to the *laſt* would ſtrive for *Victory*.
Twas not for want of *Courage* he did run,
But that an *Army* againſt *One* did come.
Had he the *Valour* of bold *Cæſar* ſtout,
Muſt yeild himſelfe to *them*, or dye no doubt.
Turning his *Head*, as if he dar'd their *Spight*,
Prepar'd himſelfe againſt them all to fight.
Single he was, his *Hornes* were all his *helpes*,
To guard him from a *Multitude* of *Whelpes*.
Beſides, a company of *Men* were there,
If *Dogs* ſhould faile, to ſtrike him every where.
But to the *laſt* his *Fortune* hee'll try out:
Then *Men*, and *Dogs* do circle him about.
Some *bite*, ſome *bark*, all ply him at the *Bay*,
Where with his *Hornes* he toſſes ſome away.
But *Fate* his *thread* had ſpun, ſo downe did fall,
Shedding ſome *Teares* at his owne *Funerall*.

Of an Iſland.

THere was an *Iſland* rich by *Natures grace*,
In all the *World* it was the ſweeteſt place:
Surrounded with the *Seas*, whoſe *Waves* don't miſſe
To do her *Homage*, and her *Feet* do kiſſe.
Where every *Wave* by turne do bow downe low,
And proud to touch *her*, as they overflow.
Armies of *Waves* in *Troopes* high *Tides* bring on,
Whoſe *watry Armes* do gliſter like the *Sun*:
And on their *backs* burthens of *Ships* do beare,
And in her *Havens* places them with care;
Not *Mercenary*, They no *pay* will have,
Yet as her *Guard* they watch to keep her ſafe;
And in a *Ring* they circle her about,
Strong as a *Wall*, to keep her *Foes* ſtill out.

So

So *Windes* do ſerve, and on the *Cloudes* do ride,
Blowing their *Trumpets* loud on every ſide;
And ſerve as *Scouts*, do ſearch in every *Lane*,
And gallop in the *Forreſt*, *Feilds*, and *Plaine*.
And while *ſhee* pleaſe the *Gods*, in ſafety lives,
They to delight her, all fine *Pleaſures* gives.
For all this *Place* is *fertile*, *rich*, and *faire*;
Both *Woods*, and *Hills*, and *Dales*, in *Proſpects* are.
Birds pleaſure take, and with delight do ſing,
In *Praiſes* of this *Iſle* the *Woods* do ring;
Trees thrive with joy, this *Iſle* their *Roots* do feed,
Grow tall with *Pride*, their *Tops* they over-ſpread;
Dance with the *Windes*, when they do ſing, and blow,
Play like a *wanton Kid*, or the *ſwift Roe*.
Their ſeverall *Branches* ſeverall *Birds* do beare,
Which *hop*, and *Skip*, and alwaies *merry* are.
Their *Leaves* do wave, and ruſhing make a *noiſe*:
Thus many waies do ſtrive t' expreſſe their *Joyes*.
And *Flowers* there look freſh, and gay with *Mirth*,
Whilſt they are danc'd upon the *lap* of *Earth*:
Their *Mother* the *Iſland*, they her *Children* ſweet,
Born from her *Loines*, got by *Apollo* great.
Who takes great care to *dreſſe*, and *prune* them oft,
And with *cleare Dew* he waſhes their *Leaves* ſoft.
When he hath done, he wipes thoſe *drops* away,
With *Webbs* * of heat, which he weaves every day.
Paints * them with ſeverall *Colours* intermixt,
Veiles them with *Shadowes* every *leaf* betwixt.
Their *Heads* he dreſſes, ſpreads their *hairy leaves*,
And round their *Crownes* his *golden Beames* he *wreaths*.
For *he* this *Iſle* eſteemes above the reſt;
Of all his *Wives*, we find he loves her beſt.
Preſents *her* daily with ſome fine new *Gift*,
Twelve Ells of *Light*, to make her *Smocks* * for ſhift.
Which every time *he* comes, *he* puts on cleane,
And changes oft, that *ſhee* may lovely ſeem.
And when *he* goeth from *her*, the *World* to ſee,
He leaves his *Siſter* * for her company:
Cynthia ſhe is, though *pale*, yet *cleare*,
Which makes *her* alwaies in *Dark Cloudes* appeare.

* *Sun Beames.*

* *There would be no Colours, if no Light.*

Theſe Smocks are the daies.

* *The Moon.*

Beſides,

Beſides, he leaves his *Stars* to wait, for feare
His *Iſle* too ſad ſhould be, when hee's not there.
And from his bounty cloaths them all with *Light*,
Which makes them twinckle in a *Froſty Night*.
He never brings *hot Beames*, to do her harm,
Nor lets her take a *Cold*, but *laps* her warm;
With *Mantles* rich of equall *heat* doth ſpread,
And covers her with *Colour Crimſon red*.
Hē gives another o're her head to lye,
The *Colour* is a pure bright *Azure Skie*:
And with ſoft *Aire* doth line them all within,
As *Furrs* in *Winter*, in *Summer Satten* thin.
With ſilver *Clouds* he fringes them about,
Where *ſpangled Meteors* gliſtring hang without.
Thus gives her *Change*, leaſt *ſhe* ſhould weary grow,
Or think them *Old*, and ſo away them throw.
Nature adornes this *Iſland* all throughout,
With *Land-skips*, *Proſpects*, and *Rills* that run about.
There *Hills* o're top the *Dales*, which levell be,
Covered with *Cattell* feeding *Eagerly*.
Where *Graſſe* growes up even to the *Belly* high,
Where *Beaſts*, that chew their *Cud*, in *Pleaſure* lye.
Whisking their *Tailes* about, the *Flies* to beat,
Or elſe to coole them from the *Soultry heat*.
Nature, willing to th' *Gods* her *Love* to ſhew,
Sent *plenty* in, like *Niles* great overflow;
Gave *temperate Seaſons*, and *equall Lights*,
The *Sun-ſhine daies*, and *Dewy Moon-ſhine Nights*.
And in this pleaſant *Iſland*, *Peace* did dwell,
No *noiſe* of *War*, or *ſad Tale* could it tell.

The Ruine *of the* Iſland

THis *Iſland* liv'd in *Peace* full many a day,
So long as *She* unto the *Gods* did pray.
But *She* grew *proud* with *Plenty*, and with *Eaſe*,
Ador'd *her ſelfe*, ſo did the *Gods* diſpleaſe.
She flung their *Altars* downe, her owne ſet up,
And *She* alone would have *divine Worſhip*.
The *Gods* grew angry, and commanded *Fate*,
To alter, and to ruine quite the *State*.

For

For they had chang'd their *Mind* of late; they ſaid,
And did repent *unthankfull Man* th' had made:
Fates wondred much, to heare what ſaid the *Gods*,
That *Mortall Men*, and *they* were at great odds;
And found them apt to *Change*, they thought it ſhew'd,
As if poore *Man* the *Gods* had not foreknow'd.
For why, ſaid they, if *Men* do evill grow,
The *Gods* foreſeeing all, *Men's Hearts* do know,
Long, long, before they made, or were create;
If ſo, what need they *Change*, or alter *Fate*?
T was in their power to make them *good*, or *ill*:
If ſo, *Men* cannot do juſt what they will.
Then why do *Gods* complaine againſt them ſo,
Since *Men* are made by *them* ſuch waies to go?
If Evill power hath *Gods* to oppoſe,
To *equall Deities* it plainly ſhewes;
Having no *Power* to keep *Obedience* long,
If *Diſobedient* Power be as ſtrong:
As being ignorant how *Men* will prove,
Nor know how ſtrong, or long will laſt their *Love*.
But may not *Gods decree* on this *Line* run,
To love *Obedience* whenſoe're it come?
So from the firſt *Variation* creates,
And for that work made *Deſtiny*, and *Fates*.
Then tis the *Mind* of *Men*, that's apt to range,
And not the *Mindes* of *Gods*, ſubject to *Change*.
Then did the *Fates* unto the *Planets* go,
And told them they *Malignity* muſt throw
Into this *Iſland*, for the *Gods* will take
Even high *Revenge*, ſince *ſhe* their *Lawes* forſak
With that the *Planets* drew up with a *Scrue*
The *Vapour bad* from all the *Earth*, then view
What *Place*, to ſqueeſe that *Poyſon*, in which all
The *Venome* was, that's got from the *Worlds Ball*.
Which through *Mens Veines*, like molten *Lead* it came,
And like to *Oile*, did all their *Spirits* flame.
Where *Malice* boyl'd with rancor, *Spleen*, and *Spight*,
In *War*, and *Fraud*, *Injuſtice* took delight.
Studying which way might one another rob,
In open *fight* do *Raviſh*, boldly *Stab*.

To

To *Parents Children* unnat'rally grow,
And *former Friend-ſhip* now's turn'd cruell *Foe.*
For *Innocency* no *Protection* had,
Religious Men were thought to be *ſtark mad.*
In *Witches Wizzards* did they put their *Truſt,*
Extortions, Bribes, were thought to be moſt juſt.
Like *Titans Race,* all in a *Tumult* roſe,
Blaſphemous words againſt high *Heaven* throwes.
Gods in a *Rage* unbind the *Windes* and blow
In *forraine Nations,* formerly their *Foe.*
Where they did plant themſelves, no *Brittons* live,
For why the *Gods* their *Lives,* and *Land* them give.
Compaſſion wept, and *Virtue* wrung her hands,
To ſee that *Right* was baniſh'd from their *Lands*
Thus *Windes,* and *Seas,* the *Planets, Fates,* and all
Conſpired to work *her Ruine,* and *her* fall.
But *thoſe* that keep the *Lawes* of *God* on high
Shall live in *Peace,* in *Graves* ſhall quiet lye.
And ever after like the *Gods* ſhall be,
Injoy all *Pleaſure,* know no *Miſery.*

TO

TO POETS.

THERE *is no* Spirit *frights me ſo much, as* Poets Satyrs, *and their* Faiery Wits: *which are ſo* ſubtle, aiery, *and* nimble, *as they paſſe through every* ſmall Creviſe, *and* Cranie *of* Errours, *and* Miſtakes, *and dance upon every* Line, *and round every* Fancy; *which when they find to be* dull, *and* ſleepy, *they pinch them* black, *and* blew, *with* Robbin-hoods Jeſts. *But I hope you will ſpare me: for the* Harth *is ſwept cleane, and a* Baſon *of* water *with a* cleane Towell *ſet by, and the* Aſhes *rake'd up; wherefore let my* Book *ſleep quietly, and the* Watch-light *burning clearly, and not* blew, *and* Blinkingly, *nor the* Pots, *and* Pans *be diſturbed; but let it be ſtill from your noiſe, that the* Effemenate Cat *may not* Mew, *nor the* Maſculine Curs bark, *nor* houle *forth Railings to diſturbe my* harmleſſe Bookes reſt. *But if you will judge my* Book *ſeverely, I doubt I ſhall be caſt to the* Bar *of* Folly, *there forc'd to hold up my* Hand *of* Indiſcretion, *and confeſſe* Ignorance *to my* Enemies *diſlike. For I have no* Eloquent Orator *to plead for me, as to perſwade a* Severe Judge, *nor* Flattery *to bribe a* Corrupt One; *which makes me afraid, I ſhall looſe my* Suit *of* Praiſe. *Yet I have* Truth *to ſpeak in my behalfe: for ſome favour; which ſaith firſt, that* Women *writing ſeldome, makes it ſeem* ſtrange, *and what is* unuſuall, *ſeemes* Fantaſticall, *and what is* Fantaſticall, *ſeemes* odd, *and what ſeemes* odd, Ridiculous: *But as* Truth *tells you, all is not* Gold *that* gliſters; *ſo ſhe tells you, all is not* Poore, *that hath not* Golden Cloaths *on, nor* mad, *which is out of* Faſhion; *and if I be out of the* Faſhion, *becauſe* Women *do not generally* write; *yet, before you* laugh *at me, let your* Reaſon *view ſtrictly, whether the* Faſhion *be not* uſefull, gracefull, eaſie, comely, *and* modeſt: *And if it be* any *of* theſe, *ſpare your* Smiles *of* Scorne, *for thoſe that are* wanton, careleſſe, rude, *or* unbecoming: *For though her* Garments *are* plaine, *and* unuſuall, *yet they are* cleane, *and* decent. *Next,* Truth *tells you, that* Women *have ſeldome, or*

never, (or at leaſt in theſe latter Ages) written a Book of Poetry, unleſſe it were in their Dreſſings, which can be no longer read then Beauty laſts. Wherefore it hath ſeemed hitherto, as if Nature had compounded Mens Braines with more of the Sharp Atomes, which make the hot, and dry Element, and Womens with more of the round Atomes, which Figure makes the cold, and moiſt Element: And though Water is a uſefull Element, yet Fire is the Nobler, being of an Aſpiring quality. But it is rather a Diſhonour, not a Fault in Nature, for her Inferiour Workes to move towards Perfection; though the beſt of her Workes can never be ſo Perfect as her ſelfe; yet ſhe is pleaſed when they imitate her; and to imitate her, I hope you will be pleaſed, I Imitate you. Tis true, my Verſes came not out of Jupiters Head, therefore they cannot prove a Pallas: yet they are like Chaſt Penelope's Work, for I wrote them in my Husbands abſence, to delude Melancholy Thoughts, and avoid Idle Time. The laſt thing Truth tells you, is, my Verſes were gathered too ſoon: wherefore they cannot be of a Mature growth; for the Sun of time was onely at that height, as to draw them forth, but not heat enough to ripen them; which makes me feare they will taſt harſh, and unpleaſant; But if they were ſtrew'd with ſome Sugar of Praiſes, and Bak'd in the Oven of Applauſe, they may paſſe at a generall Feaſt, though they do not reliſh with nice, and delicate Palates; yet the Vulgar may digeſt them: for they care not what the Meat is, if the Cruſt bee good, or indeed thick: for they judge according to the quantity, not the quality, or rarity: but they are oft perſwaded by the ſenſes of others, more then their owne. Wherefore if it be not worthy of Commendations, pray be ſilent, and caſt not out ſevere Cenſures; And I ſhall give Thankes for what is Eaten.

I deſire all thoſe which read this part of my Book, to conſider, that it is thick of Fancies, and therefore requires the more Study: But if they underſtand not, I deſire they would do as thoſe, which have a troubled Conſcience, and cannot reſolve themſelves of ſome Doubts; wherefore they are required by the Church to go to a Miniſter thereof, to have them explain'd, and not to Interpret according to their owne Imaginations: So I intreat thoſe that cannot find out the Conceit of my Fancies, to ask a Poet where the Conceit lies, before they Cenſure; and not to accuſe my Book for Non-ſenſe, condemning it with a falſe Conſtruction, through

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an Ignorant zeale *of* Malice; *nor do not miſtake, nor ask a* Rhimer *inſtead of a* Poet, *leaſt I be condemned as a* Traytor *to* Senſe, *through the* blindneſſe *of the* Judges Underſtanding. *But if the* Judge *be learned in the* Lawes *of* Poetry, *and* honeſty *from* Bribes *of* Envie; *I ſhall not need to feare, but that the* Truth *will be found out, and its* Innocence *will be free'd at the* Bar *of* Cenſure, *and be ſent home with the* Acquittance *of* Applauſe. *Yet pray do not think I am ſo* Preſumptuous, *to compare my ſelfe in this* Compariſon *to the* Church: *but I onely here compare* Truth *to the* Church, *and* Truth *may be compared from the loweſt* Subject, *or* Object *to the* Higheſt.

I muſt intreat my Noble Reader, *to read this part of my* Book *very ſlow, and to obſerve very ſtrictly every word they read; becauſe in moſt of theſe* Poems, *every word is a* Fancy. *Wherefore if they looſe, by not marking, or skip by too haſty reading, they will intangle the* Senſe *of the whole* Copy.

Of Poets, *and their* Theft.

AS *Birds*, to hatch their *Young* do ſit in *Spring*,
ſome Ages ſeverall *Broods* of *Poets* bring;
Which to the *World* in *Verſe* do ſweetly ſing.

Their *Notes* great *Nature* ſet, not *Art* ſo taught:
So *Fancies*, in the *Braine* that *Nature* wrought,
Are *beſt*; what *Imitation* makes, are naught.

For though they ſing as well, as well may bee,
And make their *Notes* of what they learne, agree;
Yet he that teaches ſtill, hath *Maſtery*:

And ought to have the *Crowne* of *Praiſe*, and *Fame*,
In the *long Role* of *Time* to write his *Name*:
And thoſe that ſteale it out to blame.

There's *None* ſhould *Places* have in *Fames high Court*,
But thoſe that firſt do win *Inventions Fort*:
Not *Meſſengers*, that onely make *Report*.

To *Meſſengers* Rewards of *Thanks* are due,
For their great *Paines*, telling their *Meſſage* true.
But not the *Honour* to *Invention new*.

Many there are, that *Sutes* will make to weare,
Of ſeverall *Patches* ſtole, both here, and there;
That to the *World* they *Gallants* may appeare.

And the *Poore Vulgar*, which but little know,
Do *Reverence all*, that makes a *Gliſtring ſhew*;
Examines not, the *ſame* how they came to.

Then do they call their *Friends*, and all their *Kin*,
They *Factions* make, the *Ignorant* to bring:
And with their help, into *Fames Court* get in.

Some take a *Line*, or two of *Horace Wit*,
And here, and there they will a *Fancy* pick.
And ſo of *Homer*, *Virgill*, *Ovid* ſweet:
Makes all thoſe *Poets* in their *Book* to meet:
Yet makes them not appeare in their *right ſhapes*,
But like to *Ghoſts* do wander in dark *Shades*.
But *thoſe* that do ſo, are but *Poet-Juglers*,
And like to *Conjurers*, are *Spirit-troublers*.
By *Sorcery* the *Ignorant delude*,
Shewing *falſe Glaſſes* to the *Multitude*.
And with a ſmall, and *undiſcerning Haire*;
They pull *Truth* out the place wherein *ſhe* were.
But by the *Poets Lawes* they ſhould be hang'd,
And in the *Hell* of *Condemnation* damn'd.

MOſt of our *Moderne Writers* now a daies,
Conſider not the *Fancy*, but the *Phraſe*.
As if *fine words* were *Wit*; or, *One* ſhould ſay,
A *Woman's* handſome, if her *Cloaths* be *gay*.
Regarding not what *Beauty's* in the *Face*,
Nor what *Proportion* doth the *Body grace*.
As when *her Shooes* be *high*, to ſay *ſhee's tall*,
And when *ſhee* is *ſtrait-lac'd*, to ſay *ſhee's ſmall*.
When *Painted*, or her *Haire* is curl'd with *Art*,
Though of it ſelfe tis *Plaine*, and *Skin* is *ſwart*.
We cannot ſay, from *her* a *Thanks* is due
To *Nature*, nor thoſe *Arts* in her we view.
Unleſſe *ſhee them* invented, and ſo taught
The *World* to ſet forth that which is ſtark naught.

But

But *Fancy* is the *Eye*, gives *Life* to all;
Words, the *Complexion*, as a *whited Wall.*
Fancy is the *Form*, *Fleſh*, *Blood*, *Bone*, *Skin*;
Words are but *Shadowes*, have no *Subſtance* in.
But *Number* is the *Motion*, gives the *Grace*,
And is the *Countenance* to a well-*form'd Face.*

FANCIES

FANCIES.

The ſeverall Keyes of Nature, which unlock her ſeverall Cabinets.

*The five Senſes are Natures Boxes, Cabinets: The Braine her chiefe Cabinet.

A *Bunch* of *Keyes* which hung by *Natures* Side,
Nature to unlock theſe her * *Boxes* try'd.
The *firſt* was *Wit*, that *Key* unlockt the *Ear*,
Opened the *Brain*, to ſee what things were (there.
The *next* was *Beauties Key*, unlockt the
Opened the *Heart*, to ſee what therein lyes. (*Eyes*,
The *third* was *Appetite*, that *Key* was quick,
Opens the *Stomack*, meat to put in it.
The *Key* of *Sent* opens the *Braine*, though hard,
For of a *Stink* the *Noſe* is much afeard.
The *Key* of *Paine* unlocked *Touch*, but ſlow,
Nature is loath *Diſeaſes* for to ſhew.

Natures Cabinet.

IN *Natures Cabinet*, the *Braine*, you'l find
Many a fine *Knack*, which doth delight the *Mind*.
Which are Love Verſes. Severall *Colour'd Ribbons* of *Fancies* new,
To tye in *Hats*, or *Haire* of *Lovers* true.
Maſques of *Imaginations* onely ſhew
The *Eyes* of *Knowledge*, t'other part none know.
Fans of *Opinion*, which wave the *Wind*,
According as the *Heat* is in the *Mind*.
Gloves of *Remembrance*, which draw off, and on,
Thoughts in the *Braine* ſometimes are there, then gon.
Veiles of *Forgetfulneſſe* the *Thoughts* do hide,
The *Scarfe* turn'd up, then is their *Face* eſpied.
Pendants of *Underſtanding* heavie were,
But *Nature* hangs them not in every *Eare*.
Black Patches of *Ignorance*, to ſtick on
The *Face* of *Fooles*: this *Cabinet* is ſhewn.

Natures

Natures Dreſſe.

THE *Sun* crownes *Natures Head*, *Beames* ſplendent are,
And in her *Haire*, as *Jewels*, hang each *Star*.
Her *Garments* made of pure *Bright watchet Skie*,
The *Zodiack* round her *Waſt* thoſe *Garments* tye.
The *Polar Circles* are *Bracelets* for each *Wriſt*,
The *Planets* round about her *Neck* do twiſt.
The *Gold*, and *Silver Mines*, *Shooes* for her *Feet*,
And for her *Garters*, are ſoft *Flowers* ſweet.
Her *Stockings* are of *Graſſe*, that's freſh, and green,
And *Rainebow Ribbons* many *Colours* in.
The *Powder* for her *Haire* is *Milk-white Snow*,
And when *ſhe* combes her *Locks*, the *Windes* do blow.
Light a thin *Veile* doth hang upon her *Face*,
Through which her *Creatures* ſee in every place.

Natures Cook.

Death is the *Cook* of *Nature*; and we find
Meat dreſt ſeverall waies to pleaſe her *Mind*.
Some *Meates* *ſhee* roſts with *Feavers*, *burning hot*,
And ſome *ſhee* boiles with *Dropſies* in a *Pot*.
Some for *Gelly* conſuming by degrees,
And ſome with *Vlcers*, Gravie out to ſqueeſe.
Some *Fleſh* as *Sage* *ſhe* ſtuffs with *Gouts*, and *Paines*,
Others for tender *Meat* hangs up in *Chaines*.
Some in the *Sea* *ſhe pickles* up to keep,
Others, as *Brawne* is ſous'd, thoſe in *Wine* ſteep.
Some with the *Pox*, chops *Fleſh*, and *Bones* ſo ſmall,
Of which *She* makes a *French Fricaſſe* withall.
Some on *Gridirons* of *Calentures* is broyl'd
And ſome is trodden on, and ſo quite ſpoyl'd.
But thoſe are *bak'd*, when ſmother'd they do dye,
By *Hectick Feavers* ſome *Meat* She doth *fry*.
In *Sweat* ſometimes *ſhe ſtues* with *ſavoury ſmell*,
A *Hodge-Podge* of *Diſeaſes* taſteth well.
Braines dreſt with *Apoplexy* to *Natures* wiſh,
Or ſwimmes with *Sauce* of *Megrimes* in a *Diſh*.

And

And *Tongues* ſhe dries with *Smoak* from *Stomacks* ill,
Which as the ſecond *Courſe* ſhe ſends up ſtill.
Then *Death* cuts *Throats*, for *Blood-puddings* to make,
And puts them in the *Guts*, which *Collicks* rack.
Some hunted are by *Death*, for *Deere* that's red,
Or *Stal-fed Oxen*, knocked on the *Head*.
Some for *Bacon* by *Death* are *Sing'd*, or *ſcal'd*,
Then powdered up with *Flegme*, and *Rhume* that's ſalt.

Natures Oven.

THE *Braine* is like an *Oven*, hot, and dry,
Which bakes all ſorts of *Fancies*, low, and high.
The *Thoughts* are *Wood*, which *Motion* ſets on fire,
The *Tongue* a *Peele*, which drawes forth the *Deſire*.
But thinking much, the *Braine* too hot will grow,
And burnes it up; if *Cold*, the *Thoughts* are *Dough*.

A Poſſet *for* Natures Breakfaſt.

Life ſcummes the *Cream* of *Beauty* with *Times Spoon*,
And draw es the *Claret Wine* of *Bluſhes* ſoon.
There boiles it in a *Skillet* cleane of *Youth*,
Then thicks it well with crumbl'd *Bread* of *Truth*.
And ſets it on the *Fire* of *Life*, which growes
The clearer, if the *Bellowes* of *Health* blowes.
Then takes the *Eggs* of *Faire*, and *Baſhfull Eyes*,
Aud puts them in a *Countenance* that's *wiſe*,
And cuts a *Lemmon* in of *ſharpeſt Wit*,
By *Diſcretions Knife*, as he thinkes fit.
A handfull of *Chaſt Thoughts* double refin'd,
Six *Spoonfuls* of a *Noble*, and *Gentle Mind*.
A *Graine* of *Mirth*, to give't a little *Taſt*,
Then takes it off, for feare the *Subſtance* waſt.
And puts it in a *Baſon* of *Rich Wealth*,
And in this *Meat* doth *Nature* pleaſe her ſelfe.

Meat *dreſt for* Natures Dinner; *an* Ollio *for* Nature.

Life takes a *young*, and *tender Lovers heart*
That hunted was, and wound by *Cupids Dart.*
Then ſets it on the *Fire* of *Love*, and blowes
That *Fire* with *Sighes*, by which the *Flame* high growes.
And boiles it with the *water* of *freſh Teares*,
Flings in a bunch of *Hope*, *Deſires*, and *Feares.*
More *Sprigs* of *Paſſion* throwes into the *Pot*,
Then takes it up, when it is ſeething hot;
And puts it in a cleane *Diſh* of *Delight*,
That ſcoured was from *Envie*, and from *Spight.*
Then doth *ſhe* preſſe, and ſqueeſe in *Juice* of *Youth*,
And caſt therein ſome *Sugar* of ſweet *Truth.*
Sharp Melancholy gives a quickning taſt,
And *Temperance* doth cauſe it long to laſt.
Then doth *ſhe garniſh* it with *Smiles*, and *Dreſs*,
And ſerves it up a *Faire*, and *Beautious Meſs.*
But *Nature's* apt to *ſurfet* of this *Meat*,
Which makes her ſeldome of the ſame to eat.

A Bisk *for* Natures Table.

A *Fore-head* high, broad, ſmooth, and very ſleek,
A *large great Eye*, black, and very quick.
A *Brow* that's *Arch'd*, or like a *Bow* that's bent,
A *Roſie Cheek*, and in the midſt a dent.
Two *Cherry Lips*, whereon the *Dew* lies wet,
A *Noſe* between the *Eyes* that's *even* ſet.
A *Chin* that's neither ſhort, nor very long,
A *ſharp*, and *quick*, and ready, pleaſing *Tongue.*
A *Breath* of *Muſk*, and *Amber* in do ſtrew,
Two ſoft round *Breaſts*, that are as white as Snow.
A *Body plump*, *white*, of an *even* growth,
Quick, *active* limbs, that's void of *Sloth:*
A ſound firm *Heart*, a *Liver* good,
A *Speech* that's plaine, and eaſie underſtood.

A *Hand* that's fat, ſmooth, and very white,
The inſide moiſt, and red, like *Rubies* bright.
A *Brawny Arme*, a *Wriſt* that's round, and ſmall,
And *Fingers* long, and *Joynts* not big withall.
A *Stomack* ſtrong, and eaſie to digeſt,
A *Swan-like Neck*, and an out-bearing *Cheſt:*
Theſe mixing all with *Pleaſure*, and *Delight*,
And ſtrew upon them *Eyes* that's quick of *Sight*;
Putting them in a *Diſh* of *Admiration*,
And ſerves them up with *Praiſes* of a *Nation.*

A Hodge-Podge *for* Natures Table.

A *wanton Eye*, that ſeekes for to allure;
Diſſembling Countenance, that lookes demure.
A *griping hand* that holds what's none of his,
A *jealous Mind*, which thinks all is amiſſe.
A *Purple face*, where *Mattery Pimples* ſtood,
A Slandering Tongue that ſtill diſpraiſes *Good.*
A frowning Brow, with *Rage*, and *Anger* bent:
A Good that comes out from an ill *Intent.*
Then took he *Promiſes* that ne're were perform'd,
And profer'd *Gifts*, that ſlighted were, and ſcorn'd.
Affected words that ſignifi'd noe thing,
Feigning *Laughter*, but no *Mirth* therein.
Thoughts idle, unuſefull, and very vaine,
Which are created from a *Lovers Braine.*
Antick Poſtures, where no *Coherence* is,
Well meaning *Mind*, yet alwaies doth amiſſe.
A Voice that's *hoarſe*, where *Notes* cannot agree,
And *ſquintings Eyes*, that no true *Shape* can ſee.
Wrinckles, that *Time* hath ſet in every *Face*,
Vaine-glory brave, that fall in ~~full~~ *Diſgrace.*
A Selfe-conceited Pride without a *Cauſe*,
A painefull deſperate Act without *Applauſe.*
Verſes no *Senſe*, nor *Fancy* have, but *Rhime.*
Ambitious fall, where higheſt *Hopes* do climbe.
All in the *Pot* of *diſlike* boileth faſt,
Then ſtirs it with a *Ladle* of *Diſtaſt.*

The

The *Fat* of *Gluttons* in the *Pot* did flow,
And *Roots* of ſeverall *Vices* in did throw;
And ſeverall *Hearbs*, as aged *Time* that's dry,
Heart-burning Parſley, Buriall *Roſemary*.
Then powers it out into *Repentant Diſhes*,
And ſends it up by *Shadowes* of *vaine Wiſhes*.

A Heart *dreſt*.

Life takes a *Heart*, and *Paſſions* puts therein
And covers it with a *diſſembling Skin*.
Then take ſome *Anger*, that like *Pepper* bite,
And *Vinegar* that's ſharp, and made of *Spight*.
Hot *Ginger* of *Revenge*, grated in *Flunge*,
To which ſhe addes a lying cloven *Tongue*.
A lazy flake of *Mace*, that lies downe flat,
Some *Salt* of *Slander* put alſo to that.
Then ſerves it up with *Sauce* of *Jealouſie*,
In *Diſhes* of Carefull *Induſtry*.

Head, *and* Braines.

A *Braine* that's waſh'd with *Reaſons* cleare,
From *Groſſe Opinions*, *Dulneſſe* lying there;
And *Judgment* hard, and ſound is grated in,
Whereto is ſqueeſed *Wit*, and *Fancies* thin.
A *Bunch* of *Sent*, *Sounds*, *Colours*, tied up faſt,
With *Threads* of *Motion*, and ſtrong *Nerves* to laſt.
In *Memory* then ſtew them with long *Time*,
So take them up, and put in *Spirits* of *Wine*.
Then poure it forth into a *Diſh* of *Touch*,
The *Meat* is good, although it is not much.

A Tart.

Life took ſome *Floure* made of *Complexions* white,
Churnd *Butter*, by *Nouriſhment*, as cleane as might:
And kneads it well, then on a *Board* it laies,
And roules it oft, and ſo a *Pye* did raiſe.
Then did ſhe take ſome *Cherry Lips* that's red,
And *Sloe-black Eyes* from a *Faire Virgins Head*.

And *Strawbery Teats* from high *Banks* of white *Breaſt*,
And *Juice* from *Raſpes Fingers ends* did preſſe.
Theſe put into a *Pye*, which ſoone did bake,
Within a *Heart*, which ſhe ſtrait hot did make:
Then drew it out with *Reaſons Peele*, and ſends
It up to *Nature*, ſhe it much commends.

A Diſſert.

SWeet *Marmalade* of *Kiſſes* new gathered,
Preſerv'd *Children* that are not *Fathered*:
Sugar of *Beauty* which melts away ſoon,
Marchpane of *Youth*, and *Childiſh Macaroon*.
Sugar Plum-words moſt ſweet on the *Lips*,
And *wafer Promiſes*, which waſt into *Chips*.
Biſket of *Love*, which crumbles all away,
Gelly of *Feare*, that quaking, quivering lay.
Then came in a *freſh Green-ſickneſſe Cheeſe*,
And tempting *Apples*, like thoſe eat by *Eve*;
With *Creame* of *Honour*, thick, and good,
Firm *Nuts* of *Friend-ſhip* by it ſtood.
Grapes of delight, *dull Spirits* to revive,
Whoſe *Juice*, tis ſaid, doth *Nature* keep alive.
Then *Nature* roſe, when eat, and drank her fill,
To reſt her ſelfe in *Eaſe*, ſhe's pleas'd with ſtill.

Natures Officers.

ETernity, as *Uſher*, goeth before,
Deſtiny, as *Porter*, keepes the *Doore*
Of the great *World*, who lets *Life* out, and in;
The *Fates*, her *Maides*, this *Thread* of *Life* do ſpin
Mutability orders with great *Care*,
Motion, *her Foot-boy*, runneth every where.
Time, as her *Page*, doth carry up her *Traine*,
But in his Service little doth he gaine.
The daies are the *Surveyors*, for to view,
All *Natures workes*, which are both old, and new.
The *Seaſons* foure their *Circuites* by turnes take,
Judges to order, and diſtribute, make

The *Months* their *Pen-clerks*, write downe every thing,
Make *Deeds* of *Gifts*, and *Bonds* of all that ſpring.
Lifes Office is to pay, and give out all
To *Death*, which is *Receiver*, when he call.

Natures Houſe.

THE *Ground*, whereon this *Houſe* was built upon,
Was *Honeſty*, that hates to do a *Wrong*.
Foundations deep were laid, and very ſure,
By *Love*, which to all times will firm indure.
The *Walls*, *ſtrong Friend-ſhip*, *Hearts* for *Brick*, lay thick;
And *Conſtancy*, as *Morter*, made them ſtick.
Free-ſtone of *Obligations Pillars* raiſe,
To beare high *Roofed thanks*, ſeil'd with praiſe.
Windowes of *Knowledge* let in *Light* of *Truth*,
Curtaines of *Joy*, wh'are drawne by pleaſant *Youth*.
Chimnies with *Touch-ſtone* of *Affection* made,
Where *Beauty*, the *Fuell* of *Love*, is laid.
The *Harth* is innocent *Marble* white,
Whereon the *Fire* of *Love* burnes cleare, and br
The *Doores* are *Cares*, *Misfortunes* out to ſhut,
That cold *Poverty* might not through them get.
Beſides, theſe *Roomes* of ſeverall *Paſſions* built,
Some on the right *hand*, others on the left.
This *Houſe*, the out-ſide's tyl'd with *Noble Deeds*,
And high *Ambition* covers it with *Leades*.
Turrets of *Fame* are built on every ſide,
And in this *Palace Nature* takes great pride.
This *Houſe* is furniſhed beſt of *Natures Courts*,
For hung it is with *Virtues* of all ſorts.
As *Morall Virtues*, and with thoſe of *Art*,
The laſt from *Acts*, the firſt is from the *Heart*.

Comparing the head *to a* Barrell *of* VVine.

THE *Head* is like a *Barrell*, which will break, *Natures* Cellar.
If *Liquors* be too ſtrong; but if they're weake,
They will the riper grow by lying long:
Cloſe kept from *Vent*, the *Spirits* grow more ſtrong.

So

So *Wit*, which *Nature* in a *Braine* tuns up,
Never leaves *Working*, if it cloſe be ſhut:
Will through *Diſcretions* burſt, and run about,
Unleſſe a *Pen*, and *Inke* do tap it out.
But if the *Wit* be ſmall, then let it lye,
If *Broacht* to ſoon, the *Spirits* quickly dye.

Comparing of VVits *to* VVines.

Nature's wine.

Malaga Wits, when broach'd, which *Pens* do peirce,
If ſtrong, run ſtrait into *Heroick Verſe*.
Sharp *Claret Satyrs* ſearching run about
The *Veines* of *Vice*, before it paſſes out:
And makes the *Blood* of *Virtue* freſh to ſpring
In *Noble Minds*, *Faire Truth's Complexions* bring.

Strong-waters.

But all high *Fancy* is in *Brandy Wits*,
A *Fiery heat* in *Underſtanding* ſits.

Natures VVardrope.

IN *Natures Wardrope* there hangs up great ſtore
Of ſeverall *Garments*, ſome are rich, ſome poore.
Some made on *Beauties Stuff*, with *Smiles* are lac'd,
With lovely *Favour* is the out-ſide fac'd.
Some freſh, and new, by *Sickneſſes* are rent,
Not having care the ſame for to prevent.
Phyſick, and good *Diet* ſowes cloſe againe,
That none could ſee where thoſe ſlits did remaine.
Some worne ſo bare with *Age*, that none could ſee
What *Stuff* it had been, or what it might bee.
Others were ſo *ill-ſhap'd*, and *Stuff* ſo courſe,
That none would weare, leaſt *Nature* did inforce.
And ſeverall *Mantles*, *Nature* made, were there,
To keep her *Creatures* warm from the *Cold Aire*.
As *Sables*, *Martin*, and the *Fox* that's black,
The powder'd *Ermines*, and the feirce wild *Cat*.
Moſt of her *Creatures She* hath clad in *Furre*,
Which needs no *Fire*, if they do but ſtir.
And ſome in *Wool She* clads, as well as *Haire*,
And ſome in *Scales*, others do *Feathers* weare.

But

But *Man She* made his *Skin* ſo ſmooth, and faire,
It needs no *Feathers*, *Scales*, *Wool*, nor *Haire*.
The out-ſide of all things *Nature* keeps here,
Severall *Creatures* that *She* makes to weare.
Death pulls them off, and *Life* doth put them on,
Nature takes care that none puts on the *wrong*.
Nature hath * but two ſorts of *Stuffs*, whereon
All *Garments* which are made, that *Life* puts on.
But yet ſuch ſeverall *Sorts* there is to weare,
That ſeldome any two alike appeare.
But *Nature* ſeverall *Trimmings* for thoſe *Garments* makes,
And ſeverall *Colours* for each *Trimming* takes.

* *Fleſh*, *and Fiſh*.

Soule, *and* Body.

GReat *Nature She* doth cloath the *Soule* within,
A *Fleſhly Garment* which the *Fates* do ſpin.
And when theſe *Garments* are growne old, and bare,
With *Sickneſſe* torne, *Death* takes them off with care.
And folds them up in *Peace*, and quiet *Reſt*,
So laies them ſafe within an *Earthly Cheſt*.
Then ſcoures them, and makes them ſweet, and cleane
Fit for the *Soule* to weare thoſe *Cloaths* agen.

Natures Grange.

GRounds of loſſe was plow'd with *Sorrowes* deep,
Wherein was ſowed *Cares*, a *Fertile Seed*.
Carts of *Induſtry* *Horſes* of *Hopes* drew,
Laden with *Expectations* in *Barnes* of *Braines* they threw.
Cowes of *Content*, which gave the *Milk* of *Eaſe*,
Curds preſt with *Love*, which made a *Friend-ſhip Cheeſe*.
Cream of *Delight* was put in *Pleaſures Churn*,
Wherein ſhort time the *Butter* of *Joyes* come.
Sweet *Whey* of *Teares* from *laughing Eyes* did run:
Thus *Houſwifery Nature* her ſelfe hath done.
Eggs of *Revenge* were laid by ſome deſigne,
Chickens of *Miſchiefe*, hatch'd with *Words divine*:
Nouriſhment the *Poultry* fat doth cram,
And ſo *She* doth all *Creatures* elſe, and *Man*.

And

And *Nature* makes the *Fates* to ſit and ſpin,
And *Deſtiny* laies out, and brings *Flax* in.
For *Nature* in this *Houſewifry* doth take
Great pleaſure, the *Cloath* of *Life* to make:
And every *Garment* ſhe her ſelfe cuts out,
Diſpoſing to her *Creatures* all about.
Where ſome do weare them long, all *thread-bare* torne,
And ſome do caſt them off before halfe worne.
Thus *Nature* buſily doth her ſelfe imploy
On every *Creature* ſmall, till they do dye.
When any dies, that work is done,
And then a new work is begun.

Comparing the Tongue *to a* VVheele.

Natures wheele.

THE *Tongue's* a *Wheele*, to ſpin *words* from the *Mind*,
A Thread of *Senſe*, doth *Underſtanding* twine.
The *Lips* a *Loom*, to weave thoſe words of *Senſe*,
Into a fine *Diſcourſe* each *Eare* preſents.
This *Cloath* i'th *Cheſt* of *Memory's* laid up,
Untill for *Judgments Shirts* it out be cut.

Similizing the Braine *to a* Garden.

Natures Garden.

THE *Braine* a *Garden* ſeemes, full of *Delight*,
Whereon the *Sun* of *Knowledge* ſhineth bright.
Where *Fancy* flowes, and runs in *Bubbling Streames*,
Where *Flowers* growes upon the *Banks* of *Dreames*.
Whereon the *Dew* of ſleepy *Eyes* doth fall,
Bathing each *Leafe*, and every *Flower* ſmall.
There various *Thoughts* as ſeverall *Flowers* grow,
Some *Milk-white Innocence*, as *Lillies*, ſhew.
Fancies, as painted *Tulips* colours fixt,
By *Natures Pencils* they are intermixt.
Some as ſweet *Roſes*, which are newly blowne,
Others as tender *Buds*, not full out growne.
Some, as ſmall *Violets*, yet much ſweetneſſe bring:
Thus many *Fancies* from the *Braine* ſtill ſpring.
Their *Wit*, as *Butter-flies*, hot love do make,
On every *Flower* fine their pleaſure take.

Dancing

Dancing about each *Leafe* in pleaſant ſort,
Paſſing their time away in *Amorous* ſport.
Like *Cupids young*, their painted *Wings* diſplay,
And with *Apolloe's golden Beames* they play.
Induſtry, as *Bees* ſuck out the ſweet,
Wax of *Invention* gather with their *Feet*.
Then on their *Wings* of *Fame* flye to their *Hive*,
From *Winter* of ſad *Death* keeps them alive.
There *Birds* of *Poetry* ſweet *Notes* ſtill ſing,
Which through the *World*, as through the *Aire* ring.
Where on the *Branches* of *Delight* do ſit,
Pruning their *Wings*, which are with *Study* wet.
Then to the *Cedars* of *High Honour* flye,
Yet reſt not there, but mount up to the *Skie*.

Similizing the *Heart* to a *Harp*, the *Head* to an *Organ*, the *Tongue* to a *Lute*, to make a *Conſort* of *Muſick*.

THE *Heart* like to a *Harp* compare I may,
The *Paſſions*, *ſtrings* on which the *Mind* doth play;
A *Harmony*, when they juſt time do keep,
With *Notes* of *Peace* they bring the *Soule* to ſleep.

Natures Muſicall Inſtruments.

The *Head*, unto an *Organ* I compare,
The *Thoughts*, as ſeverall *Pipes* make *Muſick* there.
Imagination's Bag doth draw, then blow
Windy *Opinions*, by which the *Thoughts* go.
The ſmall *Virginall Jacks* which skip about,
Are ſeverall *Fancies* that run in, and out.

The *Tongue*, a *Lute*, the *Breath*, are *Strings* ſtrung ſtrong,
The *Teeth* are *Pegs*, *Words*, *Fingers* play thereon.
Theſe moving all, a ſweet ſoft *Muſick* make,
Wiſe *Sentences*, as grounds of *Muſick* take.
Witty light *Aires* are pleaſant to the *Eare*,
Straines of *Deſcription* all *Delights* to heare.
In *Quavers* of *Similizing* lies great *Art*,
Flouriſhes of *Eloquence* a ſweet part.
Stops of *Reproofe*, wherein there muſt be skill,
Flattering Diviſion delights the *Mind* ſtill.

All *Thoughts*, as ſeverall *Tunes* theſe juſt do play,
And thus the *Mind* doth paſſe its time away.

Similizing the VVindes *to* Muſick.

Natures Muſick.

NO better *Muſick* then the *Windes* can make,
If all their ſeverall *Notes* right places take:
The *Full*, the *Halfe*, the *Quarter-Note* can ſet,
The *Baſe*, the *Tenor*, and the *Treble* fit.
The ſtrong big *Baſe* the *Northern wind* doth ſing,
The *Eaſt* is the ſweet, ſoft ſmall *Treble String*.
The *South*, and *Weſt* as *Tenors* both applied,
By *Eaſt*, by *Weſt*, by *South*, and *North* divide.
All that this *Muſick* meets, it moves to dance,
If *Bodies* yeilding be with a *Compliance*.
The *Clouds* do dance in circle, hand in hand,
Wherein the mids the *Worldly Ball* doth ſtand.
The *Seas* do dance with *Ships* upon their back,
Where Capering high, they many times do Wrack.
As *Men*, which venture on the *Ropes* to dance,
Oft tumble downe, if they too high *Advance*.
But *Duſt*, like *Country-clownes*, no meaſure keep,
But rudely run together on a *Heap*.
Trees grave, and civilly, firſt bow their *Head*
Towards the *Earth*, then every *Leafe* will ſpred;
And every *Twig* each other will ſalute,
Embracing oft, and kiſſe each others *Root*.
And ſo each other *Plant*, and *Flower* gay,
Will ſweetly dance, when that the *Windes* do play.
But when they're out of *Tune*, they *Diſcord* make,
Diſorder all, not one right place can take.
But when *Apollo* with his *Beames* doth play,
He places all againe in the right way.

Of a Picture *hung in* Natures *Houſe*.

A *Painter* was to draw the *Firmament*,
A round plump Face the ſame he did preſent;
His *Pencils* were the *Beames* ſhot from faire *Eyes*,
Where ſome of them he in *red Bluſhes* dies.

Which

Which, as the *Morning*, when the *Clouds* are cleare,
Shewes juſt ſo red before the *Sun* appeare.
An *Azure-blew* from *Veines* he drawes a *Skie*,
And for the *Sun*, a faire, and great gray *Eye*.
A *Raine-bow* like a *Brow* doth pencill out,
Which circles halfe a weeping *Eye* about.
From pure pale *Complexions* takes a *White*,
Mixt with a *Countenance* ſad, he ſhades a *Night*.
Thus *Heaven* as faire that doth a *Face* preſent,
Which is adorn'd with *Beauty* excellent.

Natures Exerciſe, *and* Paſtime.

GReat *Nature* by *Variations* lives,
For ſhe no conſtant courſe to any gives.
We find in *Change* ſhe ſwiftly runs about,
To keep her *Health*, and yet long *Life*, (no doubt.
And weare onely *Food* for *Nature Fine*,
Our *Fleſh her Meat*, our *Blood* is *her ſtrong Wine*.
The *Trees*, and *Hearbes*, *Fruits*, *Roots*, and *Flowers* ſweet,
Are but her *Sallets*, or ſuch cooling *Meat*.
The *Sea's* her *Bath* to waſh, and cleanſe her in,
When *ſhe* is weary, hot, or *Journey* bin.
The *Sun's* her *Fire*, he ſerves her many waies,
His *Lights her Looking-glaſſe*, and *Beauties praiſe*.
The *Wind* her *Horſes*, paces as ſhe pleaſe,
The *Clouds* her *Chariot* ſoft to ſit in eaſe.
The *Earth's* her *Ball*, by which *She* trundles round,
In this ſlow *Exerciſe*, much *Good* hath found.
Night is her *Bed* her reſt therein to take,
Silence watches, leaſt *Noiſe* might her awake.
The *Spheares her Muſick*, and the *Milkie* way
Is, where *ſhe* dances, whilſt thoſe *Spheares* do play.

Natures City.

NAture of *Mountaines*, *Rocks*, a *City* built,
Where many ſeverall *Creatures* therein dwelt.
The *Citizens*, are *Wormes*, which ſeldome ſtir,
But ſit within their *Shops* and ſell their *Ware*.

The *Moles* are *Magiſtrates*, who undermine
Each ones *Eſtate*, that they their *Wealth* may finde
With their *Extortions*, they high *Houſes* builds,
To take their *Pleaſure* in, called *Mole-hills*.
The lazy *Dormouſe* Gentry doth keep
Much in their *Houſes*, eat, and drink, and ſleep.
Unleſſe it be to hunt about for *Nuts*,
Wherein the ſport is ſtill to fill their *Guts*.
The *Peaſant Ants* induſtrious are to get
Proviſions ſtore, hard *Labours* make them ſweet.
They dig, they draw, they plow, and reap with care,
And what they get, they to their *Barnes* do beare.
But after all their *Husbandry*, and *Paines*,
Extortion comes and eates up all their *Gaines*.
And *Merchant Bugs* of all ſorts they
Traffick on all things, travell every way.
But *Vapours* they are *Artiſans* with skill,
And make ſtrong *Windes* to ſend which way they will.
They make them like a *Ball* of *Wild-fire* to run,
Which ſpreads it ſelfe about, when that round *Forme's* undone.
This is the City which great *Nature* makes,
And in this City *Nature* pleaſure takes.

Natures Market.

IN *Natures Market* you may all things finde,
Of ſeverall *Sorts*, and of each ſeverall *Kind*.
Carts of *Sickneſſe* bring *Paines*, and *Weakneſſe* in,
And *Baskets* full of *Surfets* ſome do bring.
Fruits of *Green-ſickneſſe* there are to be ſold,
And Collick *Hearbes*, which are both hot, and cold.
Lemmons of *ſharp Paine*, ſoure *Orange* ſores,
Beſides thoſe things, within this *Market* ſtore.

Of two Hearts.

Natures Arable, *and* Meadow.

THere were two *Hearts* an hundred *Acres* wide,
Which hedg'd were round, and ditcht on every ſide.
The one was very rich, and *fertile Ground*,
The other *Barren*, where ſmall good was found.

In

In *Paſture*, *Graſſe* of *Virtue* grew up high,
Where *Noble Thoughts* did feed continually.
There they grew nimble, ſtrong, and very large,
Fit for the *Manage*, or in *War* to charge.
Or like good *Kine*, that give the *Milk* of *Wit*,
And Cream of *Wiſedome* for graue Counſels fit.
And *Sheep* of *Patience*, whoſe *Wool* is thick, and long,
Upon their *Backs*, and *Sides* to keep out *Wrong*.
Rich *Meadowes*, where the *Hay* of *Faith* doth grow,
Which with the *Sithes* of *Reaſon* downe we mow.
Devotions ſtackt it up on *Hay-cocks* high,
For feare in *Winter Death* the *Soule* ſhould dye.

On *Barren Ground* there nothing well will grow,
Which is the cauſe I no good *Seed* will ſow.
Firſt, ſoure *Rye* of crabbed *Nature* ill,
Which gives the *Collick* of diſpleaſure ſtill.
And cruell *Hempſeed*, hanging *Ropes* to make,
And treacherous *Linſeed*, ſmall *Birds* for to take.
And many ſuch like *Seeds* this *Ground* doth beare,
As cole black *Eranck*, and Melancholy *Tare*.
The other parts ſo ſipid, and ſo dry,
That neither *Furſe*, nor *Ling* will grow, but dye.
Rich Arable good Education plow'd,
Deep *Furroughs* of *Diſcretion* well allowed.
And ſeverall ſorts of *Seeds* about did ſow,
Where *Crops* of *Actions* good in full *Eares* grow.
Firſt *Wheat* of *Charity*, a fruitfull *Seed*,
It makes the *Bread* of *Life* the *Poore* to feed.
Ripe valiant *Barley*, which ſtrong *Courage* make,
Drinking the *Spirits* no *Affront* will take.
And *Hoſpitable Peas* firm *Friend-ſhip* breeds,
And gratefull *Oates*, reſtoring ſtill good *Deeds*.
This *Corne* is reapt by *Fames* ſharp *Sithe*, and cut,
And into large great *Earnes* of *Honour* put.
Where *Truth* doth threſh it out from groſſe abuſe,
Then *Honeſty* doth grind it fit for *Uſe*.

Similizing the Clouds *to* Horſes.

Natures Horſes.

THE *Aiery Clouds* do ſwiftly run a *Race*,
And one another follow in a *Chaſe*.
Like *Horſes*, ſome are ſprightfull, nimble, fleet,
Others ſweld big with watry *Spavind Feet*.
Which lag behind, as tir'd in mid-way,
Or elſe, like *Reſty Jades*, ſtock-ſtill will ſtay.
They of all ſeverall *Shapes*, and *Colours* be,
Of ſeverall *Tempers*, ſeldome well agree.
As when we ſee *Horſes*, which highly fed,
Do proudly ſnort, their *Eyes* look fiery red:
So *Clouds* exhaled, fed by the hot *Sun*,
With *Sulphur*, and *Salt-Peter* feirce become,
Flaſhing out *Fire*, when together ſtrike,
And with their *Flames* do th' *World* with *Terrour* fright;
Meeting each others they *Encounters* make,
With ſtrong *Aſſaults* they one another break;
Falling upon each others *Head*, and *Back*,
Nere parted are, but by a *Thunder* Clap;
Pouring downe *Showres* of *Raine* upon the *Earth*,
Blow out ſtrong *Guſts* of *Wind* with their long *Breath*.
Then *Boreas* whips them up, and makes them run,
Till their *Spirits* are ſpent, and *Breath* is gone;
Apollo breakes, and backs them fit to ride,
Bridling with his hot *Beames* their ſtrengths to guide;
And gives them *Heates*, untill they foam, and ſweat,
Then wipes them dry, leaſt they a Cold ſhould get;
Leades them into the middle *Region Stable*,
Where are all ſorts, dull, quick, weak, and able.
But when they looſe do get, having no feares,
They fall together all out by the *Eares*.

Similizing Birds *to a* Ship.

Natures Ship.

Birds from the Cedars tall, which take a flight,
On ſtretched *Wings*, to beare their *Bodies* light.
As *Ships* do ſaile over the *Ocean* wide,
So *Birds* do ſaile, and through the *Aire* glide.

Their

Their *Bodies* as the *Keele*, Feet *Cable Rope*,
The *Head* the *Steer-man* is, which doth guide the *Poope*.
Their *Wings*, as *Sailes*, with *Wind* are ſtretcht out wide,
But hard it is to flye againſt the *Tide*.
For when the *Clouds* do flow againſt * their *Breaſt*,
Soon weary grow, and on a *Bough* * they reſt.

* *In the* Aire Clouds *move, or wave as* water *in the* Sea, *and* Ebb, and Flow *according to dry, or moiſt* weather.

* *A bough is their* Haven.

THoſe *Verſes* ſtill to me do ſeem the beſt,
Where *Lines* run ſmooth, and *Wit* eas'ly expreſt.
Where *Fancies* flow, as gentle *Waters* glide,
Where *Flowry banks* of *Fancies* grow each ſide.
That when they read, *Delight* may them invite
To read againe, and wiſh they could ſo write.
For *Verſe* muſt be like to a *Beauteous Face*,
Both in the *Eye*, and in the *Heart* take place.
Where *Readers* muſt, like *Lovers*, wiſh to be
Alwaies in their *Deare Miſtris* Company.

Similizing the Mind.

THE *Mind's* a *Merchant*, trafficking about
The *Ocean* of the *Braine*, to finde *Opinions* out.
Remembrance is the *Ware-houſe* to lay in
Goods, which *Imaginations Ships* do bring.
Which ſeverall *Trades-men* of beliefe ſtill buies
They onely gaine in *Truth*, but looſe by *Lies*.
Thoughts as the *Journey-men*, and *Prentice Boies*,
Do help to ſort the *Wares*, and ſell the *Toies*.

A Proſpect *of a* Church *in the* Mind.

STanding at *Imaginations Window* high,
I ſaw a *Proſpect* in the *Mind* to lye:
Shutting the *Ignorant Eye* as cloſe may be,
Becauſe the *Eye* of *Knowledge* cleare might ſee:
Drawing a *Circle* round of fine *Conceits*,
Contracting *Extravagant Speeches* ſtrait.
The more I view'd, my *Eye* the farther went,
Till *Underſtandings Sight* was almoſt ſpent.
An *Iſle* of *Thoughts* ſo long, could ſee no *End*,
Fill'd full of *Fancies Light* * to me there ſeem'd.

* *A* Church.

Pillars

Pillars of *Judgments* thick ſtood on a row,
And in this *Iſle Motion* walk'd to, and fro.
Feare, *Love*, *Humility* kneel'd downe to pray,
Deſires beg'd of all that paſs'd that way.
Poore Doubts did ſeem, as if they quaking ſtood,
Yet were they lapt in *Mantles* of *Hope* good.
Generous *Faith* ſeem'd bountifull, and free,
She gave to all that askt her *Charity*.
All ſorts of *Opinions* in *Pulpits* ſeem'd to Preach,
Falſe *Doctrine* for *Truth* might many teach;
Not that I heard what their *Opinions* were,
For *Proſpects* i'th *Eye* do lye, not i'th *Eare*.

A Land-skip.

STanding upon a *Hill* of *Fancies* high,
Viewing about with *Curioſities Eye*:
Saw ſeverall *Land-skips* under my *Thoughts* to lye.

Some *Champians* of *Delights* where there did feed,
Pleaſures, as *Weathers* fat, and *Ewes* to breed.
And *Paſtures* of green *Hopes*, wherein *Cowes* went,
Of *Probability* give *Milk* of ſweet content.
Some *Feilds* though plow'd with *Care*, unſow'd did lye,
Wanting the fruitfull *Seed*, *Induſtry*.
In other *Feilds* full *Crops* of *Joyes* there grow'd,
Where ſome *Ripe Joyes Fruition* downe had mov'd.
As *ripe* Corne *will do with the* wind. Some blaſted with ill *Accidents* look'd black,
Others blowne downe with *Sorrow* ſtrong * lay flat.

Then did I view *Incloſures* cloſe to lye,
Hearts hedg'd about with *Thoughts* of ſecrecy.
Freſh *Meadow* of green *Youth* did pleaſant ſeem,
Innocency, as *Cowſlips*, grew therein.
Some ready with *Old Age* to cut for *Hay*,
Some *Hay* cock'd high for *Death* to take away.
Cleare *Rivulets* of *Health* ran here, and there,
No *Mind* of *Sickneſſe* in them did appeare.
No *Stones*, or *Gravell* ſtopt their paſſage free,
No *Weeds* of *Paine*, or *Slimy Gouts* could ſee.

Woods did preſent my view on the left ſide,
Where *Trees* of high *Ambition* grew great *Pride*.
There *Shades* of *Envie* were made of *dark Spight*,
Which did *Eclipſe* the *Fame* of *Honours Light*.
Faults ſtood ſo cloſe, not many *Beames* of *Praiſe*
Could enter in, *Spight* ſtopt up all the waies.
But *Leaves* of pratling *Tongues*, which nere lye ſtill,
Sometimes ſpeak *Truth*, although moſt *Lyes* they tell.

Then did I a *Garden* of *Beauty* view,
Where *Complexions* of *Roſes*, and *Lillies* grew.
And *Violets* of blew *Veines* there grow'd,
Upon the *Banks* of *Breaſts* moſt perfect ſhew'd.
Lips of freſh *Gilly-flowers* grew up high,
Which oft the *Sun* did kiſſe as he paſs'd by.
Hands of *Narciſſus*, perfect white were ſet,
The *Palmes* were curious *Tulips*, finely ſtreakt.

And by this *Garden* a lovely *Orchard* ſtood,
Wherein grew *Fruit* of *Pleaſure* rare, and good.
All colour'd *Eyes* grew there, as *Bullice gray*,
And *Dampſons* black, which do taſt beſt, ſome ſay.
Others there were of the pure bleweſt *Grape*,
And *Peare-plum Faces*, of an ovall *Shape*.
Cheeks of *Apricotes* made red with *Heat*,
And *Cherry Lips*, which moſt delight to eat.
When I had view'd this *Land-skip* round abou
I fell from *Fancies Hill*, and ſo *Wits Sight* went out.

Similizing Thoughts.

Thoughts as a *Pen* do write upon the *Braine*;
The *Letters* which wiſe *Thoughts* do write, are plaine.
Fooles Scribble, *Scrabble*, and make many a *Blot*,
Which makes them *Non-ſenſe* ſpeak, they know not what.
Or *Thoughts* like *Pencils* draw ſtill to the *Life*,
And *Fancies* mixt, as *Colours* give delight.
Sad melancholy *Thoughts* are for *Shadowes* plac'd,
By which the lighter *Fancies* are more grac'd.

As through a dark, and watry *Cloud*, more bright,
The *Sun* breakes forth with his *Reſplendent Light*.
Or like to *Nights black Mantle*, where each *Star*
Doth clearer ſeem, ſo lighter *Fancies* are.
Some like to *Raine-bowes* various *Colours* ſhew,
So round the *Braine Fantaſtick Fancies* grow.

Of Thoughts.

Imaginations high like *Cedars* ſhew,
Where *Leaves* of new *Invention* thick do grow.
Which *Thoughts*, as gentle *Winds*, do blow about,
And *Contemplation* makes thoſe *Leaves* ſprout out.
And *Pleaſure* with *Delight*, as *Birds*, do ſing,
On every *Bough*, to think what *Fame* they bring.

Similizing Navigation.

THE *Sea's* like *Deſarts* which are wide, and long,
Where *Ships* as *Horſes* run, whoſe *Breath* is ſtrong.
The *Stern-man* holds the *Reines*, thereby to guide
The *Sturdy Steed* on foamy *Sea* to ride.
The *Winds* his *Whip*, to beat it forward on;
On either ſide, as *Stirrops*, ſerve each *Gun*.
The *Sailes*, as *Saddles*, ſpread upon the back;
The *Ropes* as *Girts*, which in a *Storme* will crack.
The *Pump*, the *Breech*, where *Excrements* come out,
The *Needle*, as the *Eye*, guides it about.

Similizing the Sea *to* Meadowes, *and* Paſtures, *the* Marriners *to* Shepheards, *the* Maſt *to a* May-pole, Fiſhes *to* Beaſts.

THE *Waves* like *Ridges* of *Plow'd-land* lies high,
Whereat the* *Ship* doth ſtumble, downe doth lye.
But in a *Calme*, levell as *Meadowes* ſeem,
And by its *Saltneſſe* makes it look as green.
When *Ships* thereon a ſlow, ſoft pace they walke,
Then *Mariners*, as *Shepheards* ſing, and talke.

* *Here the Ship is taken for a Horſe.*

Some

Some whiſtle, and ſome on their *Pipes* do play,
Thus merrily will paſſe their time away.
And every *Maſt* is like a *May-pole* high,
Round which they dance, though not ſo merrily,
As *Shepheards* do, when they their *Laſſes* bring,
Whereon are *Garlands* tied with *Silken ſtring*.
But on their *Maſts*, inſtead of *Garlands*, hung
Huge *Sailes*, and *Ropes* to tye thoſe *Garlands* on.
Inſtead of *Laſſes* they do dance with *Death*,
And for their *Muſick* they have *Boreas Breath*.
Inſtead of *Wine*, and *Waſſals*, drink ſalt *Teares*,
And for their *Meat* they feed on nought but *Feares*.
For *Flocks* of *Sheep* great ſholes of *Herrings* ſwim,
As ravenous *Wolves* the *Whales* do feed on them.
As ſportfull *Kids* skip over *Hillocks* green,
So dancing *Dolphines* on the *Waves* are ſeen.
The *Porpoyſe*, like their watchfull *Dog* eſpies,
And gives them warning when great *Windes* will riſe.
Inſtead of *Barking*, he his *Head* wil ſhew
Above the waters, where they rough do flow.
When ſhowring *Raines* power downe, and *Windes* do blow
Then faſt *Men* run for *Shelter* to a *Tree*;
So *Ships* at *Anchor* lye upon the *Sea*.

Comparing VVaves, *&* *a* Ship *to* Rebellion.

THus the rough *Seas*, whom highly *Windes* inrage,
Aſſault a *Ship*, and in feirce *War* ingage.
Or like rude *Multitudes*, whom *Factions* ſwell,
With ranckled *Spleen*, which makes them to rebell
Againſt their *Governours*, thronging about,
With hideous *Noiſe* to throw their power out.
And if their *Power* gets the upper-hand,
They'l make him ſinck, and then in *Triumph* ſtand.
Foaming at *Mouth*, as if great *Deeds* th' had done,
When they were *Multitudes*, and he but *One*.
So *Seas* do foam, and froth about a *Ship*,
And both do ſtrive which ſhall the *Better* get.
Or *Wiſedome*, like skil'd *Mariners*, will guide
The *Ship* through *Jawes* of *Death* that do gape wide.

And to a *Haven* ſafe will bring her in,
Although through many dangers ſhe did ſwim.

Similizing the Head *of* Man *to the* VVorld.

THE *Head* of *Man* is like the *World* made round,
Where all the *Elements* in it are found.
The *Braine*, as *Earth*, from whence all *Plants* do ſpring,
And from the *Womb* it doth all *Creatures* bring.
The *Fore-head*, *Noſe*, like *Hills*, that do riſe high,
Which over-top the *Dales* that levell lye.
The *Haire*, as *Trees*, which long in length do grow,
And like its *Leaves* with *Wind* waves to, and fro.
Wit, like to ſeverall *Creatures*, wildly runs
On ſeverall *Subjects*, and each other ſhuns.
The *Blood*, as *Seas*, doth through the *Veines* run round,
The *Sweat*, as *Springs*, by which freſh *water's* found.
As *Winds*, which from the hollow *Caves* do blow,
So through the *Mouth* the *winded Breath* doth go.
The *Eyes*, are like the *Sun*, do give in light,
When *Senſes* are aſleep, it is dark *Night*.
And after *Sleep* halfe open are the *Eyes*,
Like dawning *Light*, when firſt the *Sun* doth riſe.
VVhen they do drowſie grow, the *Sun* doth ſet;
And when tis quite gone downe, the *Lids* do ſhut.
VVhen they are dull, and heavie, like thick *Miſt* ſeem,
Or as a dark black *Cloud* hides the *Suns Beame*.
By which there ſhewes, ſome *Shower* of *Teares* will fall.
VVhere *Cheeks*, as *Flowry Banks* grow moiſt withall.
As twinckling *Stars* ſhew in dark *Clouds*, that's cleare,
So *Fancies* quick do in the *Braine* appeare.
Imaginations, like the *Orbes* move ſo,
Some very quick, others do move more ſlow.
And ſolid *Thoughts*, as the twelve *Signes*, are plac'd
About the *Zodiack*, which is *Wiſedome* vaſt.
VVhere they as conſtantly in *Wiſedome* run,
As in the *Line Ecliptick* doth the *Sun*.

To the *Ecliptick Line* the *Head* compare,
The illuſtrious *Wit*, to the *Suns* bright *Spheare*.

The

The *Braine*, unto the *Solid Earth*,
From whence all *Wiſdome* hath its *Birth*.
Juſt as the *Earth*, the *Heads* round *Ball*,
Is crown'd with *Orbes* * *Cæleſtiall*.
So *Head*, and *World* as one agree;
Nature did make the *Head* a *World* to bee.

* *Five Senſes.*

Similizing the Head *of* Man *to a* Hive *of* Bees.

THE *Head* of *Man* juſt like a *Hive* is made,
The *Braine*, like as the *Combe's* exactly laid.
Where every *Thought* juſt like a *Bee* doth dwell,
Each by it ſelfe within a parted *Cell*.
The *Soule* doth governe all, as doth their *King*,
Each *Thought* imploies upon each ſeverall thing.
Juſt as the *Bees* ſwarm in the hotteſt *Weather*,
In great round heapes they do hang all together.
As if for *Counſell* wiſe they all did meet;
For when they flye away, new *Hives* they ſeek.
So *Men*, when they have any great deſigne,
Their *Thoughts* do gather, all in *Heapes* do joyne.
When they reſolved are, each one takes Flight,
And ſtrives which firſt ſhall on *Deſire* light.
Thus *Thoughts* do meet, and flye about, till they
For their *Subſiſtence* can finde out a way.
But *Doubting Thoughts*, like *Droanes*, live on the reſt;
Hoping Thoughts, which *Honey* bring to *Neſt*.
For by their *Stings Induſtry* do they get,
That *Honey* which the *Stingleſſe Droanes* do eat.
So *Men* without *Ambitious Stings* do live,
Upon th' *Induſtrious Stock* their *Fathers* give.
Or like to ſuch that ſteales a *Poets Wit*,
And dreſſe it up in his owne *Language* fit.
But *Fancie* into every *Garden* flies,
And ſucks the *Flowers* ſweet, of *Lips*, and *Eyes*.
But if they light on thoſe that are not faire,
Like *Bees* on *Hearbes* that are wither'd, dry, and ſeare.
For pureſt *Honey* on ſweet *Flowers* lies,
So fineſt *Fancies* from young

The

The Prey *of* Thoughts.

IF *Thoughts* be the *Mindes Creatures*, as ſome ſay,
Like other *Creatures* they on each do *Prey*.
Ambitious Thoughts, like to a *Hawk*, flye high,
In *Circles* of *Deſires* mount the *Skie*.
And when a *Covie* of young *Hopes* do ſpring,
To catch them ſtrive they with the ſwifteſt *Wing*.
Thus as the *Hawk* on *Partridges* do eat,
So *Hopefull Thoughts* are for *Ambitions Meat*.
Thoughts of *Selfe-love* do ſwim in *Selfe-conceit*,
Imaginary Thoughts of *Praiſes* bait.
By which the *Thoughts* of *Pride* do catch to eat,
And thinke it moſt high, and delicious *Meate*.
Thoughts of *Revenge* are like to *Lions* ſtrong,
Which whet the *Appetite* with *Thoughts* of *Wrong*.
With ſubtle *Thoughts* they couch to leap along,
But *Bloody Thoughts* like *Fleſh* they feed upon.
And *Spightfull Thoughts*, like *Cats*, they *Mice* do catch,
At every corner of *Imperfections Watch*.
When *Spight* perceives *detracting Thoughts* to ſpeak,
It ſtrait leaps on, no other *Meat* doth ſeek.
Suſpicious Thoughts like *Hounds* do hunt about,
To find the *Hare*, to eat of *Timorous Doubt*.
Obſerving Thoughts do ſwell which way to trace,
And *Hatefull Thoughts* do follow cloſe the Chaſe.
But *Thoughts* of *Patience* like to *Dormiſe* live,
Eate little; *Sleep* moſt nouriſhment doth give.
And when it feeds, a *Thought* of *Sorrow* cracks
A *Nut* ſo hard, its *Teeth* againſt it knacks.
But *Gratefull Thoughts* do feed on *Thoughts* of *thanks*,
And are induſtrious, as prudent *Ants*.
But *Thoughts* of *Love* do live on ſeverall *Meat*,
Of *Feares*, of *Hopes*, and of *Suſpition* eat.
And like as *Bees* do flye on ſeverall *Flowers*,
To ſuck out *Honey*: ſo *Thoughts* do of *Lovers*.

Similizing

Similizing Fancy *to a* Gnat.

SOme *Fancies*, like ſmall *Gnats*, buz in the *Braine*,
Which by the hand of *Worldly Cares* are ſlaine.
But they do ſting ſo ſore the *Poets Head*,
His *Mind* is bliſter'd, and the *Thoughts* turn'd red.
Nought can take out the burning heat, and paine,
But *Pen*, and *Ink*, to write on *Paper* plaine.
But take the *Oile* of *Fame*, and 'noint the *Mind*,
And this will be a perfect *Cure* you'l finde.

Of the Spider.

THE *Spiders Houſewifry* no *Webs* doth ſpin,
To make her *Cloath*, but *Ropes* to hang *Flies*
Her *Bowels* are the *Shop*, where *Flax* is found,
Her *Body* is the *Wheele* that goeth round.
A *Wall* her *Diſtaff*, where ſhe ſticks *Thread* on,
The *Fingers* are the *Feet* that pull it long.
And whereſoever ſhe goes, nere idle ſits,
Nor wants a *Houſe*, builds one with *Ropes*, and *Nets*.
Though it be not ſo ſtrong, as *Brick*, and *Stone*,
Yet ſtrong enough to beare light *Bodies* on.
Within this *Houſe* the Female *Spider* lies,
The whilſt the *Male* doth hunt abroad for *Flies*.
Nere leaves, till he the *Flies* gets in, and there
Intangles him within his *ſubtle Snare*.
Like *Treacherous Hoſt*, which doth much welcome make,
Yet watches how his *Gueſts Life* he may take.

A Compariſon *between* Gold, *and the* Sun.

I am the pureſt of all *Natures works*,
No *Droſſe*, nor ſluggiſh *Moiſture* in me lurks.
I am within the *Bowels* of the *Earth*,
None knowes of what, or whence I took my *Birth*.
And as the *Sun* I ſhine in *Glory bright*,
Onely I want his *Beames* to make a *Light*.
And as the *Sun* is chiefe of *Planets* high,
So on the *Earth* the chiefeſt *thing* am I.

And

And as the *Sun* rules there, as *Lord*, and *King*,
So on the *Earth* I governe every thing.
And as the *Sun* doth run about the *World*,
So I [illegible] from *Man* to *Man* about am hurl'd.

Poets *have moſt* Pleaſure *in this* Life.

NAture moſt *Pleaſure* doth to *Poets* give;
If *Pleaſures* in *Variety* do live.
There every *Senſe* by *Fancy* new is fed,
Which *Fancy* in a *Torrent Braine* is bred.
Contrary is to all that's borne on *Earth*,
For *Fancy* is delighted moſt at's *Birth*.
What ever elſe is borne, with *Paine* comes forth,
But *Fancy* needs not time to make it grow,
Hath neither *Beauty*, *Strength*, nor perfect *Growth*.
Thoſe *Braine* like *Gods*, from whence all things do flow.

The Poets Recreation.

WHere *Gardens* are, them *Paradiſe* we call,
For-bidden Fruits, which tempt *young Lovers* all,
Grow on the *Trees*, which in the midſt is plac'd
Beauty, on the other *Deſire* vaſt.
The *Devill ſelfe-conceit* full craftily
Did take the *Serpents* ſhape of *Flattery*,
For to deceive the *Female Sex* thereby;
Which made was onely of *Inconſtancy*.
The *Male high Credence*, which doth relaxe
To any thing, the *Female Sex* will ask.
Two *Rivers* round this *Garden* run about,
The one is *Confidence*, the other *Doubt*.
Every *Bank* is ſet with *Fancies Flowers*,
Wit raines upon them fine refreſhing *Showers*.
Truth was the *Owner* of this place,
But *Ignorance* this *Garden* out did raze.

Then from this *Garden*, to a *Forreſt* goes,
Where many *Cedars* of high *Knowledge* growes;
Oakes of ſtrong *Judgment*, *Haſle Wits*, which *Tree*
Beares *Nuts* full of *Conceits*, when crackt they bee.
And ſmooth-*Tongu'd Beech*, kind-hearted *Willow* bowes,
And yeilds to all that *Honeſty* allowes.

He

Here *Birds* of *Eloquence* do ſit, and ſing,
Build *Neſts*, *Logick* to lay *Reaſons* in.
Some *Birds* of *Sophiſtry* till hatch'd there lye,
Wing'd with falſe *Principles* away they flye.
Here doth the *Poet* hawk, hunt, run a Race,
Untill he weary growes, then leaves this *Place*.

Then goes a Fiſhing to a *Rivers* ſide,
Whoſe *Water's* cleare, where *Fancy* flowes high *Tide*:
Angles with *Wit*, to catch the *Fiſh* of *Fame*,
To feed his *Memory*, and preſerve his *Name*.
And of *Ambition* builds *Ships* ſwift, and ſtrong,
Sailes of *Imaginations* drive her on.
With *Windes* of ſeverall *Praiſes* fills them full,
Swimmes on the ſalt *Sea Braine*, round the *Worlds Scull*,
Marriners Thoughts labour both day, and night,
For to avoid a *Ship-wrack* of *diſlike*.
Theſe *Ships* are often caſt upon the *Sands* of *Spight*,
And *Rocks* of Malice ſometimes ſplit them quite.
But *Merchant Poets*, and *Ship-Maſter Mind*,
Do compaſſe take ſome unknowne *Land* to finde.

Of the Head.

THE *Head* of *Man's* a *Church*, where *Reaſon* preache
Directs the *Life*, and every *Thought* it teaches.
Perſwades the *Mind* to live in *Peace*, and *quiet*,
And not in fruitleſſe *Contemplation Riot*.
For why, ſaies *Reaſon*, you ſhall damned be
From all *Content*, for your *Curioſity*.
To ſeek about for that you cannot finde,
Shall be a *Torment* to a reſtleſſe *Mind*.

The Mine *of* VVit.

THIS ſtrange *Men* think ſo vaine, and ſeem ſo ſage
And act ſo fooliſh in this latter *Age*.
Their *Braines* are alwaies working ſome deſigne;
Which *Plots* they dig, as *Miners* in the *Mine*.
Fancy the *Minerall*, the *Mine's* the *Head*,
Some *Gold* are, *Silver*, *Iron*, *Tin*, and *Lead*.

The *Furnace* which 'tis melted in, is great,
Quick *Motion* 'tis, which gives a glowing *Heat*.
The *Mouth's* the *Gutter*, where the *Oare* doth run:
The *Hammer* which the *Bars* do beat's the *Tongue*
The *Eare's* the *Forge* to ſhape, and forme it out,
And ſeverall *Merchants* ſend it all about.
And as the *Mettle's* worth, the price is ſet,
And *Schollers*, which the Buyers are, do get.
On *Gold*, and *Silver*, which are *Fancies* fine,
Are *Poets* ſtamp'd, as *Maſters* of that *Coine*.
Strong *Judgments Iron* hard is fit for uſe,
For *Peace*, or *War* to joyne up Errours looſe.
Though *Lead* is dull, yet often uſe is made,
Like to Tranſlators in every Language trade.
But *Tin* is weake, and of ſmall ſtrength we ſee,
Yet, joyn'd with *Silver Wits*, makes *Alchymy*.
Halfe-witted *Men* joyn'd with ſtrong *Wits*, might grow
To be of uſe, and make a *Gliſtring* ſhew.

GIve me that *Wit*, whoſe *Fancy's* not confin'd,
That buildeth on it ſelfe, not two *Braines* joyn'd.
For that's like *Oxen* yoak'd, and forc'd to draw,
Or like two *Witneſſes* for one *Deed* in *Law*.
But like the *Sun*, that needs no help to riſe,
Or like a *Bird* in *Aire* which freely flies.
Good *Wits* are *Parallels*, that run in length,
Need no *Triangular Points* to give it ſtrength.
Or like the *Sea*, which runneth round without,
And graſpes the *Earth* with twining *Armes* about.
Thus true *Born Wits* to others ſtrength may give,
Yet by its owne, and not by others live.

THE

THE CLASPE.

Phantaſmes Maſque.

THE Scene *is* Poetry.

The Stage is the Braine, *whereon it is Acted. Firſt is preſented a* Dumb Shew, *as a young* Lady *in a* Ship, *ſwimming over the* Scene *in various* Weather. *Afterwards this* Ship *came back againe, having then a* Commander *of* War, *as the* Owner; *in various* Weather *this* Ship *being in great diſtreſſe,* Jupiter *releives it.*

Then appeared ſix Maſquers *in ſeverall Dreſſes, as dreſt by* Love, Valour, Honour, Youth, Age, Vanity. Vanity *ſignifies the* World, *and* Age Mortality.

Then there is preſented in Shew *the* Nine Muſes, *who dance a meaſure in foure and twenty* * Figures, *and nine* Muſicall Inſtruments, *made of* Gooſe-quils, *playing ſeverall* Tunes *as they dance.*

Then a *Chorus* ſpeakes.

The Bride, *and* Bridegroome *going to the* Temple; Fancy *ſpeaks the* Prologue *to* Judgment *as* King. Vanity *ſpeaks an* Epilogue *to the* Thoughts, *which are* Spectators: Honour *ſpeaks another.*

* *which are the 24. Letters of the* Alphabet.

Fancies Prologue *to Judgment.*

GReat *King*, we here preſent a *Maſque* to *Night*,
To *Judgments* view, and for the *Mindes* delight.
If it be good, ſet *Lights* of *Praiſe* about.
If it be bad then put thoſe *Torches* out.

Similizing a young Lady *to a* Ship.

A *Ship* of youth in the *Worlds Sea* was ſent,
Ballanc'd with *Selfe-conceit*, and *Pride* it went.
And large *Sailes* of *Ambition* ſet thereon,
Hung to a tall *Maſt* of good *Opinion.*
And on the *Waves* of *Plenty* did it ride,
With *Winds* of *Praiſe*, and *Beauties* flowing *Tide.*
Unto the *Land* of *Riches* it was bound,
To ſee if *Golden Fame* might there be found;
And in a *Calme* of *Peace* ſhe ſwims along,
No *Stormes* of *War* at that time thought upon.
But when that ſhe had paſt nineteen *Degrees*,
The *Land* of *Happineſſe* ſhe no longer ſees:

For then *Rebellious Clouds foule black* did grow,
And *Showers* of *Blood* into thoſe *Seas* did throw.
And *Vapours* of ſad *Sighs*, full thick did riſe
From grieved *Hearts*, which in the bottome lyes.
Then *Feares* like to the *Northern Winds* blew high,
And *Stars* of *Hopes* were clouded in the *Skie*.
The *Sun* went downe of all *Proſperity*,
Reel'd in the troubl'd *Seas* of *Miſery*.
On *Sorrowes Billowes* high this *Ship* was toſs'd,
The *Card* of *Mirth*, and *Mark* of *Joy* was loſt.
The *Point* of *Comfort* could not be found out,
Her ſides did beat upon the *Sands* of *Doubt*.
Prudence was *Pilot*, ſhe with much ado,
A *Haven* of great *France* ſhe got into.
Glad was this *Ship* that ſhe ſafe *Harbour* got,
Then on the *River* of *Loire* ſhe ſtrait ſwam up.
For on this *River* ſhe no *Tempeſt* feares,
Directly to faire *Paris* this *Barque* ſteers.
And in that place ſhe did ſome time remaine,
To mend her totter'd, and torne *Barque* againe.
New *Sailes* ſhe made, and all her *Tacklings* fit,
Made her ſelfe *Fine*, and *Gay*, *Reſpect* to get.
Where there a *Noble Lord* this *Ship* did buy,
And with this *Ship* he meanes to live, and dye.

The Ship.

AFter this *Ship* another *Voyage* went,
Ballanc'd it was with *Spice* of ſweet *Content*.
The *Maſt* was *Merit*, where *Sailes* of *Love* tied on,
By virtuous *Zephyrus* thoſe *Sailes* were blowne.
And on the *Sea* of *Honour* did it ſwim,
And to the *Land* of *Fame* did *Traffick* in.
At laſt a *ſtorm* of *Poverty* did riſe,
And Showers of *Miſeries* fell from the *Skies*.
And *Thundring Creditors* a *Noiſe* did make,
With threatning *Bills*, as if the *Ship* would break.
This *Ship* was forc'd towards the *Northern Pole*;
There *Icy Wants* did on this *Ship* take hold.
At laſt the *Sun* of *Charity* did melt
Thoſe *Icy Wants*, ſo *Liberty* ſhe felt:

And *Oares* of honeſt *Induſtry* did row,
Till gentle *Gales* of *Friend-ſhip* made it go.
But when the *Stormes* of *Dangers* all were paſt,
Upon the *Coaſt* of —— it was caſt.
Yet was this *Ship* ſo totter'd, tome, and rent,
That none but *Gods* the *Ruine* could prevent.

A Lady *dreſt by* Love.

HER *Haire* with *Lovers Hopes* curl'd in long *Rings*
Her *Braides* plaited hard with his *Proteſtings*.
Yet often times thoſe curled *Haires* went out,
With *Lovers* windy *Feares*, and *Damps* of *Doubt*.
Strings of *threaded Teares* about her *Neck* ſhe wore,
Dropt from her *Lovers Eyes*, whoſe *Image* bore.
His *Sighs* as *Pendants* hung at either *Eare*,
Sometime were troubleſome, if heavie were.
Of *Admiration* was her *Gowne* made on,
Where *Praiſes* high *imbroyder'd* were upon.
Ribbons of *Verſes Love* hung here and there,
Accordingas the ſeverall *Fancies* were.
With ſome ſhe tied her *Looking-Glaſſe* of *Pride*,
And *Fan* of good *Opinion* by her ſide.
Sometimes *Love Pleaſure* took a *Veile* to place,
Of *Glances*, which did cover all her *Face*.

A Souldier *arm'd by* Mars.

A *Head-peece* made of *Prudence*, where's his *Eye*
Of *Judgments Dangers*, or *Miſtakes* to 'ſpy.
His *breaſt-plate* made of *Courage*, to keep out
Bullets of *Feare*, or *Blowes* of *timorous Doubt*.
And on his *Hands Gauntlets* of *active Skill*,
Wherewith he held a *Pole-axe* of *good Will*.
His *Sword* was a ſtrong, and ſtiff-mettell'd *Blade*;
For it was all of pure bright *Honour* made.
A *Scarfe*, which *Fortune* gave, his *Waſt* did tye,
Imbroyder'd thick with *Stars* of *Purple dye*.
A *Plume* of valiant *Thoughts* did on his *Head-peece* toſſe;
A *Leaguer Cloake* of *Merit* about him was.
His *Spurs* rowell'd with *Hope*, which peirc'd the ſide
Of ſtrong *Ambition* whereon he did ride.

Thus

Thus he was arm'd, and for great *Fame* did fight,
She was his *Miſtreſſe*, he her *Champion Knight*.

A Lady *dreſt by* Youth.

3 *Maſquer.* HER *Haire* was curles of *Pleaſures*, and *Delight*,
Which through her *Skin* did caſt a *glimmering Light*.
As *Lace*, her *baſhfull Eye-lids* downwards hung,
* *As a* Veile. A *Modeſt Countenance* * over her *Face* was flung.
Bluſhes, as *Corall Beades* ſhe ſtrung, to weare,
About her *Neck*, and *Pendants* for each *Eare*.
Her *Gowne* was by *Proportion* cut, and made,
With *Veines Imbroydered*, with *Complexion* laid.
Light *words* with *Ribbons* of *Chaſt Thoughts* up ties,
And looſe *Behaviour*, which through *Errours* flies.
Rich Jewels of bright *Honour* ſhe did weare,
By *Noble Actions* plac'd were every where.
Thus dreſt, to *Fames* great *Court* ſtrait waies ſhe went,
There danc'd a *Brall* with *Youth*, *Love*, *Mirth*, *Content*.

A Woman dreſt by Age.

A *Milk-white Haire-lace* wound up all her *Haires*,
And a *deafe Coife* did cover both her *Eares*.
A ſober *Countenance* about her *Face* ſhe ties,
And a *dim Sight* doth cover halfe her *Eyes*.
About her *Neck* a *Kercher* of courſe *Skin*,
Which *Time* had crumpl'd, and worne *Creaſes* in.
Her *Gowne* was turn'd to *Melancholy black*,
Which looſe did hang upon her *Sides*, and *Back*.
Her *Stockings Crampes* had knit, *Red Worſted Gout*,
And *Paines*, as *Garters*, tied her *Legs* about.
A paire of *Palſey Gloves* her *Hands* draw on,
With *Weakneſſe* ſtitch'd, and *Numneſſe* trimm'd upon.
Her *Shooes* were *Cornes*, and hard *Skin* ſow'd together
Hard Skin were *Soles*, and *Cornes* the upper *Leather*.
A *Mantle* of *Diſeaſes* laps her round,
And thus ſhee's dreſt, till *Death* laies her in *Ground*.

The Chorus.

THus *Love*, and *War*, and *Age*, and *Youth* did meet
In ſcenes of *Poetry*, and numbers ſweet.
War took out *Love*, and *Age* did take out *Youth*,
And all did dance upon the *Stage* of *Truth*.

The Bride.

5 *Maſquer.* UPon her *Head* a *Crowne* of *Jewels* put,
And every *Jewell* like a *Planet* cut.
The *Diamond*, *Carbuncle*, and *Ruby Red*,
The *Saphir*, *Topas*, and *Green Emerald*.
Her *Face* was like the *Sun* that ſhined bright,
And all thoſe *Jewels* from her *Face* took *Light*.

A *Chaine*

A *Chaine* of *Gold* the *Deſtinies* had linckt,
And every *Link* a good *Effect* had in't.
And as the *Zodiack* round the *World* doth bind,
So doth the *Chaine* about her *Body* wind.
A *Cloath* of *Silver Gowne* the *Fates* did ſpin,
Where every *Thread* was twiſted hard therein.
Her *Haire* in curles hung looſe, which *Cupid* blowes,
Betwixt thoſe *Curles*, her *Shoulders* white he ſhewes.
Youth ſtrew'd *green Ruſhes* to the *Tempe Gate*,
In *Beauties Charriot* ſhe rid on in *State*.
With great *Applauſe* her *Charrioteer* drove on,
Eyes of *Delight*, as *Lackies*, run along.
And to the *Altar* this faire *Bride* was led,
By *Bluſhing Modeſty* in *Crimſon* red.
And *Innocence* dreſt in *Lilly* white,
And *Hymen* beares the *Torch* that burned bright.
Her *Traine* was car ried up by *Graces Three*,
As lovely *Hope*, and *Faith*, and *Charity*.

The Bridegroome.

THE *Bridegroome* all was dreſt by *Honours* fine,
And was attended by the *Muſes Nine*.
Vertue Flowers ſtrew'd of *Diſpoſitions* ſweet,
In honeſt *waies* to walk on gentle *Feet*.
A *Crowne* of [illegible] upon his *Head*, *Loyalty*
And both by *Fortitude*, and *Juſtice* lead.
Over his *Crowne* a *Lawrell Fame* did ſet,
Which *Fortune* often ſtriv'd away to get.
And many *Bells* of ſeverall *Cenſures* rung,
And all the *Streets* was with *Inquiry* hung.
And in a *Charriot* of *good Deeds* did ride,
And many thankfull *Hearts* run by his ſide.

To the Temple.

THus to the *Temple* the *Bride*, and *Bridegroome* went,
Though *Envie* ſtrove the *Marriage* to prevent.
Hymen did joyne their *Hands*, their *Hearts* did tye,
Not to diſſolve untill their *Bodies* dye.
The *Gods* did joyne their *Soules* in *Wedlock-Bands*,
In *Heavens Record* their *Love* for ever ſtands.

A Maſquer dreſt by Vanity, *ſpoke the* Epilogue; *his* Dreſſe.

HIs *Perfum'd powder* in's long curles of *Haire*,
He made *Lime-twigs* to catch a *Maid* that's faire.
His *Gl:ſtring Suit*, which every ſeam *Pride* lac'd,
Is made a *Bawde* for to corrupt the *Chaſt*.
A Cut-work *Band* which *Vanity* had wrought,
A price by which his *Miſtreſſe Love* was brought.
Silk Stockings, *Garters*, *Roſes*, all of *Gold*,
Are *Bribes* by which his *Miſtreſſe Love* doth hold.

His

His severall colour'd *Ribbons*, which he weares,
As *Pages* to his *Mistresse Letters* beares.
Feathers like *Sailes*, which wave with every *Wind*,
Yet by those *Sailes* he findes his *Mistresse* kind.
His *Flattering Tongue* deludes a simple *Maid*,
Perswades her all is *Truth*, when all's *False* he said.

Vanities Epilogue *to the* Thoughts.

Noblest, you see how finely I am drest,
Yet all is Counterfeit that's here expresst.
Vanity doth cheat you all, and doth take *Pride*,
For to allure you from *faire Virtues Side*.

A Masquer *drest with* Honour, & Time.

TO *Silver Ribbons* turn'd was every *Haire*,
Knots of *Experience* every one tied there.
Cover'd his *Head* was all with *Wisedomes Hat*,
Good *Managements* as *Hat-band* about that.
His *Garments* loose, yet Manly did they sit,
Though *Time* had crumpl'd them, no spots did get.
His *Cloake* made of a free, and noble *Mind*,
And all with *Generosity* was lin'd.
And *Gloves* of *Bounty* his hands drew on,
Stich'd with *Love*, free *Hearts* were trimm'd upon.
A Sword of *Valour* hung close by his side,
To cut of all base *Fears*, and haughty *Pride*.
His *Boots* were *Honesty*, to walk upon,
And *Spurs* of good *Desires* tied them on.
Thus he was drest by *Honour*, and by *Time*,
The one did give him *Wit*, the other made him *Fine*.

Honours Epilogue.

Noble Spectators, pray this learne by me,
That nothing without *Honour*, *Time*, can perfect be.
Honour doth dresse the *Mind* with *Virtuous Weeds*,
And is the *Parent* to all *Noble Deeds*.
Time doth the *Body* dresse with *Youth*, and *Age*,
And is great *Natures Chamber-maid*, and *Page*.

* *Times* Cabinet *is Opportunity.*

If in *Times* **Cabinet* great *Spoiles* you find,
The *Fault* is *Ignorance*, who's *Stupid*, *blind*.
Which *Careless* is, and tumbles all about,
Misplacing all, taking the wrong things out.
But *Time's* a *Huswife* good, and takes much paine
To order all, as *Nature* did ordaine.
All severall *Ages* on severall *Heapes* she laies,
And what she takes from *Life*, to *Death* she paies.
But if *Disorder'd Life* doth run in *Debt*,
Then *Death* his *Serjeants* doth *Diseases* set.
Which causes *Time* to give a double *Pay*,
Because *Life* spent so much before *Rent-day*.

TO

To all Writing Ladies.

IT is to be obſerved, that there is a ſecret working by Nature, as to caſt an influence upon the mindes of men: like as in Contagions, when as the Aire is corrupted, it produces ſeverall Diſeaſes; ſo ſeverall diſtempers of the minde, by the inflammations of the ſpirits. And as in healthfull Ages, bodies are purified, ſo wits are refined; yet it ſeemes to me as if there were ſeverall inviſible ſpirits, that have ſeverall, but viſible powers, to worke in ſeverall Ages upon the mindes of men. For in many Ages men will be affected, and diſ-affected alike: as in ſome Ages ſo ſtrongly, and ſuperſtitiouſly devout, that they make many gods: and in another Age ſo Atheiſticall, as they beleeve in no God at all, and live to thoſe Principles. Some Ages againe have ſuch ſtrong faiths, that they will not only dye in their ſeverall Opinions, but they will Maſſacre, and cut one anothers throats, becauſe their opinions are different. In ſome Ages all men ſeek abſolute power, and every man would be Emperour of the World; which makes Civil Wars: for their ambition makes them reſtleſſe, and their reſtleſneſſe makes them ſeek change. Then in another Age all live peaceable, and ſo obedient, that the very Governours rule with obedient power. In ſome Ages againe, all run after Imitation, like a company of Apes, as to imitate ſuch a Poet, to be of ſuch a Philoſophers opinion. Some Ages mixt, as Moraliſts, Poets, Philoſophers, and the like: and in ſome Ages agen, all affect ſingularity; and they are thought the wiſeſt, that can have the moſt extravagant opinions. In ſome Ages Learning flouriſheth in Arts, and Sciences; other Ages ſo dull, as

they looſe what former Ages had taught. And in ſome Ages it ſeemes as if there were a Common-wealth of thoſe governing ſpirits, where moſt rule at one time. Some Ages, as in Ariſtocracy, when ſome part did rule; and other Ages a pure Monarchy, when but one rules; and in ſome Ages, it ſeemes as if all thoſe ſpirits were at defiance, who ſhould have moſt power, which makes them in confuſion, and War; ſo confuſed are ſome Ages, and it ſeemes as if there were ſpirits of the Fæminine Gender, as alſo the Maſculine. There will be many Heroick Women in ſome Ages, in others very Propheticall; in ſome Ages very pious, and devout: For our Sex is wonderfully addicted to the ſpirits. But this Age hath produced many effeminate Writers, as well as Preachers, and many effeminate Rulers, as well as Actors. And if it be an Age when the effeminate ſpirits rule, as moſt viſible they doe in every Kingdome, let us take the advantage, and make the beſt of our time, for feare their reigne ſhould not laſt long; whether it be in the Amazonian Government, or in the Politick Common-wealth, or in flouriſhing Monarchy, or in Schooles of Divinity, or in Lectures of Philoſophy, or in witty Poetry, or any thing that may bring honour to our Sex: for they are poore, dejected ſpirits, that are not ambitious of Fame. And though we be inferiour to Men, let us ſhew our ſelves a degree above Beaſts; and not eate, and drink, and ſleep away our time as they doe; and live only to the ſenſe, not to the reaſon; and ſo turne into forgotten duſt. But let us ſtrive to build us Tombs while we live, of Noble, Honourable, and good Actions, at leaſt harmleſſe;

That though our Bodies dye,
Our Names may live to after memory.

I *Wonder any ſhould laugh, or think it ridiculous to heare of* Fairies, *and yet verily beleeve there are ſpirits: which ſpirits can have no deſcription, becauſe no dimenſion: And of* Witches, *which are ſaid to change themſelves into ſeverall formes, and then to returne into their firſt forme againe ordinarily, which is altogether againſt nature: yet laugh at the report of* Fairies, *as impoſsible; which are onely ſmall bodies, not ſubject to our ſenſe, although it be to our reaſon. For Nature can as well make ſmall bodies, as great, and thin bodies as well as thicke. We may as well thinke there is no Aire, becauſe we doe not ſee it; or to thinke there is no Aire in an empty Barrel, or the like, becauſe when we put our hands and armes into the ſame, we doe not feele it. And why ſhould not they get through doores or walls, as well as Aire doth, if their bodies were as thin? And if we can grant there may be a ſubſtance, although not ſubject to our ſenſe, then wee muſt grant, that ſubſtance muſt have ſome forme; And why not of man, as of any thing elſe? and why*

not rational ſoules live in a ſmall body, as well as in a groſſe, and in a thin, as in a thicke?

Shall we ſay Dwarfes *have leſſe ſoules, becauſe leſſe, or thinner bodies? And if rational ſouls, why not ſaving ſouls? So there is no reaſon in Nature, but that there may not onely be ſuch things as* Fairies, *but theſe be as deare to God as we.*

POEMS.

Of the Theam *of* Love.

Love, how thou art tired out with *Rhime*!
Thou art a *Tree* whereon all *Poets* climbe;
And from thy branches every one takes ſome
Of thy ſweet *fruit*, which *Fancy* feeds upon.
But now thy Tree is left ſo bare, and poor,
That they can hardly gather one *Plumb* more.

The Elyſium.

THe *Brain* is the *Elyſian* fields; and here
All *Ghoſts* and *Spirits* in ſtrong dreams appeare.
In gloomy ſhades ſleepy *Lovers* doe walke,
Where ſoules do entertain themſelves with talke.
And *Heroes* their great actions do relate,
Telling their *Fortunes* good, and their ſad Fate;
What chanc'd to them when they awak'd did live;
Their World the light did great *Apollo* give;
And what *in life* they could a pleaſure call,
Here in theſe *Fields* they paſſe their time withall.
Where *Memory*, the *Ferriman*, doth bring
New company, which through the *Senſes* ſwim.
The *Boat Imagination's* alwayes full,
Which *Charon* roweth in the *Region ſcull*;
And in that *Region* is that *River Styx*,
There ſome are dipt, then all things ſoon forgets.
But this *Elyſium Poets* happy call,
Where *Poets* as great *Gods* do record all.
The ſouls of thoſe that they will chooſe for bliſſe,
And their ſweet number'd verſe their paſtport is.

But

But thoſe that ſtrive this happy place to ſeek,
Is but to goe to bed, and fall aſleep.
Yet what a ſtir doe *Poets* make, when they
By their *wit Mercury* thoſe ſoules convey.
But what, cannot the *God-head Wit* create,
Whoſe *Fancies* are both *Deſtiny*, and *Fate*,
And *Fame* the *thread* which long and ſhort they ſpin
The *World* as *Flax* unto their *Diſtaffe* bring.
This Diſtaffe ſpins fine canvas of conceit,
Wherein the *Senſe* is woven even, and ſtrai
But if in knots, and ſnarles intangled be,
The *thread* of *Fame* doth run unevenly:
Thoſe that care not to live in *Poets* verſe,
Let them lye dead upon *Oblivions* Hearſe.

A Deſcription of Shepherds, *and* Shepherdeſſes.

THe *Shepherdeſſes* which great Flocks doe keep,
Are dabl'd high with dew, following their Sheep,
Milking their Ewes, their hands doe dirty make;
For being wet, dirt from their Duggs doe take.
The Sun doth ſcorch the skin, it yellow growes,
Their eyes are red, lips dry with wind that blowes.
Their Shepherds ſit on mountains top, that's high,
Yet on their feeding ſheep doe caſt an eye;
Which to the mounts ſteep ſides they hanging feed
On ſhort moyſt graſſe, not ſuffer'd to beare feed;
Their feet though ſmall, ſtrong are their ſinews ſtring
Which make them faſt to rocks & mountains cling:
The while the *Shepherds* leggs hang dangling down,
And ſets his breech upon the hills high crown.
Like to a tanned Hide, ſo was his skin,
No melting heat, or numming cold gets in,
And with a voyce that's harſh againſt his throat,
He ſtraines to ſing, yet knowes not any Note:
And yawning, lazie lyes upon his ſide,
Or ſtrait upon his back, with armes ſpred wide;
Or ſnorting ſleeps, and dreames of *Joan* their Maid,

Or

Or of Hobgoblin wakes, as being afraid.
Motion in their dull braines doth plow, and ſow,
Not Plant, and ſet, as skilfull Gardners doe.
Or takes his Knife new ground, that half was broke,
And whittles ſticks to pin up his ſheep-coat:
Or cuts ſome holes in ſtraw, to Pipe thereon
Some tunes that pleaſeth *Joan* his Love at home.
Thus ruſtick Clownes are pleas'd to ſpend their times,
And not as *Poets* faine, in *Sonnets*, *Rhimes*,
Making great *Kings* and *Princes* Paſtures keep,
And beauteous *Ladies* driving flocks of ſheep:
Dancing 'bout May-poles in a ruſtick ſort,
When *Ladies* ſcorne to dance without a Court.
For they their Loves would hate, if they ſhould come
With leather Jerkins, breeches made of Thrum,
And Buskings made of Freeze that's courſe, and ſtrong,
With clouted Shooes, tyed with a leather thong.
Thoſe that are nicely bred, fine cloaths ſtill love,
A white hand ſluttiſh ſeemes in dirty Glove.

A Shepherds *imployment is too meane an* Allegory *for* Noble Ladies.

TO cover *Noble Lovers* in *Shepherds* weeds,
Of high deſcent, too *humble thoughts* it breeds:
Like *Gods*, when they to *Men* deſcend down low,
Take off the reverence, and reſpect we owe.
Then make ſuch perſons like faire *Nymphs* to be,
Who 're cloath'd with *beauty*, bred with *modeſty*:
Their *treſſes* long hang on their ſhoulders white,
Which when they move, doe give the Gods delight.
Their *Quiver*, Hearts of men, which faſt are ty'd,
And *Arrowes* of quick flying eyes beſide.
Buskings, that's buckl'd cloſe with plates of *gold*,
Which from baſe wayes their legs with ſtrength doe hold.
Men, *Champions*, *Knights*, which *Honour* high doe prize,
Above the tempting of alluring eyes,
That ſeeke to kill, or at the leaſt to binde,
All evil Paſſions in a wandring minde.

To

To take thoſe *Caſtles* kept by *ſcandals* ſtrong,
That have by errours been inchanted long;
Deſtroying monſtrous *Vice*, which *Vertues* eate,
Theſe Lovers worthy are of praiſes great.
So will high *Fame* aloud thoſe praiſes ſing,
Cupid thoſe Lovers ſhall to *Hymen* bring,
At *Honours Altar* joyne both hearts and hands,
The *Gods* will ſeale thoſe *Matrimoniall bands*.

Between Shame *and* Diſhonour.

Diſhonour in the houſe of *Shame* doth dwell,
The way is broad, and open is as Hell:
Yet *Porter* have, which *Baſeneſſe* ſome doe call,
And *Idleneſſe*, as *Uſher* of the *Hall*.
The houſe with dark forgetfulneſſe is hung,
And round about *Ingratitude* is flung:
Boldneſſe for *Windowes*, which out-face the Light,
Diſſembling as *Curtaines* drawne with ſpight:
VVith *Covetouſneſſe* all gilded are the *roofes*,
The *Weather-cock Inconſtancy* ſtill moves:
Pillars of *Obſtinacies* as firmly ſtands,
Carved with *Perjury* by cunning hands.
And *Luſt* on beds of *Luxury* doe lye,
VVhere *Chamberlaines* of *Jealouſies* out-ſpy:
Gardens of riot, where the *wanton* walkes,
Laſcivious Arbours where *Obſceneneſſe* talks:
Store-houſes of Theft ill gotten goods lyes in,
A ſecret doore bolted with a falſe pin:
Bake-houſe ill *Conſciences* mould, and make
Falſe hearts as Oven hot, thoſe hard doe bake:
Brew-houſes, where ill deſignes are tunned up,
VVith their light Graines, falſe Meaſures, and corrupt
Cellars of *Drunkenneſſe*, barrels, ſtomacks made,
And mouthes for *Taps*, where *ſpue* for drink out-wades:
Kitchens of *ſlander*, where *good names* they burne,
Spits of *revenge*, on which ill deeds doe turne:
The *Slaughter-roome* of horrid Murder built,
A *Knife* of *Cruelty*, by which bloud is ſpilt:

In

In *Matrimonial bonds diſhonour's* linkt
With *Infamy*, which is as black as inke.

The *Temple of Honour.*

Honours brave *Temple* is built both high and wide,
VVhoſe walls are of clear glaſſe on every ſide,
VVhere actions of all ſorts are perfect ſeen,
VVhere *Truth* as *Prieſt* approves, which worthy'ſt been;
And on the *Altar* of the world them layes,
And offers them with ſacrificing praiſe.
VVhich *offerings* are ſo clean without a ſpeck,
As *Honours* God-head cannot them reject.
As pious Tears, with *thoughts* moſt chaſte and pure
And patient minds afflictions to indure;
Wiſe-mens brains, which bring things to good effect,
A *helping hand* without a bribe ſuſpect;
A *tongue*, which *Truth* in *Eloquence* doth dreſſe,
And *Lippes*, which worthy praiſes do expreſſe;
Eyes that pry out, and ſpie examples good,
Feet that in wayes of miſchiefe never ſtood;
Haire from heads, that ſhav'd for *holy vow*,
Which as a *witneſſe*, bleſſing gods allow.
Breaſts, from whence proceed all good deſires,
Which lock up ſecrets, if that need requ'res;
And *hearts*, from whence clear ſprings of *love* do riſe,
Where *loyall* courage in the bottome lyes.
Beſides here's *ſpleen's*, which never *malice* bore,
And *ſhoulders*, with diſtreſſed burthens wore.
An *humble knee*, that bows to ruling powers,
And *hands* of Bounty, which on *miſery* ſhowers.
Kings Crowns, which rul'd with *Juſtice*, *Love*, and *Peace*,
VVhoſe power ſerv'd, from ſlavery to releaſe.
Here *ſpeculations* from much *Muſing* grow,
Which *Reaſons* proof, and *Times* experience ſhew
Profit inventions, which men profit bring,
Inſpiring verſe, which *Poets* to gods ſing;
White innocence, as *Girdles Virgins* wear,
That onely *Hymen* from their waſte doth tear:
And *Hymens Torches*, which burn bright and clear;

Shew, *jealouſie* and *falſhood* nere came neere.
Garlands of Laurell, which keep ever green,
Which for the beſt of *Poets Crownes* have been:
The *Olive branch*, which *emblеame* is of *peace*,
There offer'd is for the worlds good increaſe:
Mirtle for *Lovers* conſtant, which are true,
Then for *Misfortunes* lay the *bitter Rue*:
Sighs, which from deep *compaſion* do flow out,
And *faiths*, which never knew to make a *doubt*.
Thus offer'd all, with gratefull *Hearts in* rankes,
Whereon was ſprinckled the *eſſence* of *thankes*.
Brought was the *fire* of *Love*, which burnt all their
Holy-water, the *penitentiall* Tear:
The *Prieſts*, which were the *Cardinall Vertues foure*,
Thoſe *Ceremonies* executed o're.
In grave proceſſion *honour* high did raiſe,
And with their *Anthems* ſweet did ſing her praiſe.

Fame.

THen on her wings doth *Fame* thoſe Actions bear
Which flye about, and carry 'hem every where.
Sometime *ſhe* overloaded is with all,
And then ſome downe into *Oblivion* fall.
But thoſe that would to *Fames* high *Temple* go,
Muſt firſt great *Honours Temple* quite paſſe through.

The *Temple of Fame.*

THis *Temple* is divided in *two* parts,
Some *open* lye, others *obſcure* as hearts
Some light as day, others as darke as night,
By times obſcurity worn out of ſight.
The outward rooms all glorious to the eye,
In which *Fames image* placed is on high.
Where all the *windows* are *Triangulars* cut,
VVhere from one face a million of faces put:
And builded is in ſquares, juſt like a *Cube*,
VVhich way to double hard is in diſpute.
VVherein the *Ecchoes* do like balls rebound,
From every corner, making a great ſound.

The

The *walls* are hung with *chapiters* all of gold,
In Letters great all *actions* there are told.
The *Temple doore* is of *proſpective* Glaſſe,
Through which a ſmall beame of our eye can paſſe:
That makes *truth* there ſo difficult to know,
As for the *bright Moone*, a new *world* to ſhow.
The *Steeple*, or Pillars, of *Gooſe-quils* built,
And plaſtered over with white paper guilt:
The *painting* thereof with *Inke* black as *jet*,
In ſeverall workes and figures like a Net.
This *Steeple* high is, and not very *light*,
As a *faire Evening* is 'twixt day, and night.
Five Tongues, the *five Bells* through the world do ring,
And to each ſeverall eare much newes doe bring.
The *Philoſophers Tongue* doth give a deep ſound,
But the *Hiſtorians* is no better found:
The *Oratours Tongue* doth make a great noyſe,
Grammarians ſound harſh, as *if it* had flawes:
The *ſmall Bell*, a *Poets tongue*, changes oft,
Whoſe motion is quick, ſmooth, even, and ſoft.
The ropes they hung by, we could not well ſee,
For they were long ſmall threads of Vain-glory.
But yet when they did ring, made a ſweet chime,
Eſpecially when the Poet he did rhime.
The *Belfrey* man, a Printer by his skill,
That, if he pleaſes, may ring when he will.
When *Prieſt* to *Mattens*, or to *Veſpers* goe,
To the High *Altar* they bow downe low.
This *Altar*, whereon they offer unto *Fame*,
Is made of *braines*, *armes*, and *hearts* without blame:
On which lyes *Wiſdome*, *Wit*, *Strength*, *Courage*, *Love*,
Offer'd as ſacrifices to *Fame* above:
Vertues, *Arts*, *Sciences*, as *Prieſt* here ſtands,
But *Fortune Prioreſſe* all theſe commands.
When Of *noble deeds* to *Fame* ſhe ſends,
Nothing is offer'd, but what ſhe recommends.
For *Fortune* brings *more* into *Fames* high *Court*,
Then all their *vertues* with *their* great reſort.

Fames

Fames Library within the *Temples.*

Fames Library, where old Records are plac'd,
What acts not here unto *oblivion* caſt.
There ſtands the *skelves* of *Time*, where books do lye,
Which *books* are tyed by *chaines* of *deſtiny*.
The *Maſter* of this *place* they *Favour* call,
Where *Care* the *door-keeper*, doth lock up all:
Yet not ſo faſt, but *Bribery* in ſteals,
Partialities, *couſenage truths* not reveals.
But *Bribery* through all the world takes place
And *offerings* as a *bribe* in heaven findes grace.
Then let not men diſdaine a *bribe* to take,
Since *gods* doe bleſſing give for a bribes ſake.

The Fairy Queen.

THe Fairy *Queens* large Kingdome got by birth,
Is in the *circled center* of the *Earth*,
Where there are many *ſprings*, and running *ſtreams*,
Whoſe *waves* do gliſter by the *Queens* bright beams.
Which makes them murmure as *they* paſſe away,
Becauſe by running round *they* cannot ſtay.
For they do ever move, * juſt like the *Sun*,
As conſtantly in their long race they run:
And as the *Sun* gives *heat* to make things ſpring,
So *water moyſture* gives to every thing.
Thus theſe *two Elements* give life to all,
Creating every thing on *Earths round ball*.
And all along this *liquid ſourte* that flows,
Stand *Mirtle trees*, and banks where flowers grows.
'Tis true, there are no *Birds* to ſing ſweet notes,
But there are *winds* that whiſtle like birds throats;
Whoſe ſounds, and notes by variation oft,
Make better *Muſicke* then the *Spheares* aloft
Nor any *beaſts* are there of cruell nature,
But a ſlow, ſoft worm, a gentle creature,
Who fears no hungry *birds* to pick them ou
Safely they graſpe the tender twigs about.

* The waters run in circulations.

There

There *Mountains* are of pure *refined gold*,
And *Rocks* of *Diamonds* perfect to behold;
Whoſe brightneſſe is a *Sun* to all about,
Which glory makes *Apollo's* beams keep out.
Quarries of *Rubies*, *Saphirs* there are ſtore,
Chriſtals, and *Amathiſts* many more.
There poliſht *pillars* naturally appeare;
VVhere *twining vines* are cluſtred all the yeare.
The *Axle-tree* whereon the Earth turnes round,
Is one great *Diamond*, by opinion found.
And the *two ends*, which called are the *Poles*,
Are *pointed Diamonds*, the Antartick holds,
And Artick; which about the world is rowl'd,
Are *rings* of pure refined, perfect gold.
Which makes the *Sun* ſo ſeldome there appear,
For fear thoſe *rings* ſhould melt, if he came near.
And as a wheele the *Elements* are found
In even *Layes*, and often *turnings round*.
For firſt the *fire in circle*, as the *ſpoake*,
And then the *water*, for *aire* is the ſmoak
Begot of both; for fire doth *water* boyle,
That cauſes *clouds*, or *ſmoak* which is the oyle.
This *ſmoaky childe* ſometimes is good, then bad,
According to the nouriſhment it had.
The outward *Circle*, as the *Earth* ſuppoſe,
Which is the *ſurface* where all plenty flows.
Yet the *Earth* is not the *cauſe* of turning,
But the *fiery ſpoak*; not fear of burning
The *Axle-tree*, for that grows hard with heat,
And by its quickneſſe turns the wheel, though great;
Unleſſe by outward weight it ſelfe preſſe down,
Raiſing the bottome, bowing down the Crown.
Yet why this while am I ſo long of proving,
But to ſhew how this *Earth* ſtill is moving.
And the *heavens*, as wheels, do turn likewiſe,
As we do daily ſee before our eyes.
To make the *Proverb* good in its due turn,
That all the world on wheels doth yeerly run.
And by the turn ſuch blaſts of *wind* doe blow,

As we may think like Windmils they do go.
But *winds* are made by *Vulcans bellows* ſure,
Which makes the *Earth* ſuch *Collicks* to endure.
For he, a *Smith ſet at the forge* below,
Ordained is the *Center-fire* to blow.
But *Venus* laughs to thinke what horns he wears,
Though on his ſhoulders halfe the Earth he bears.
Nature her *mettal* makes him hammer out,
All that ſhe ſends through *Mines* the *world* about.
For he's th' *old-man* that doth i'th Center dwell,
She *Proſerpine*, that's thought the *Queen* of hell.
Yet *Venus* is a *Tinkers wife*, we ſee,
Not a *goddeſſe*, as ſhe was thought to be;
When all the world to her did offerings bring,
And her high praiſe in proſe, and verſe did ſing:
And *Prieſts* in orders, on her Altars tend,
And to *her Image* all the wiſe heads bend.
But to vain wayes that *men* did go,
To worſhip *gods* they do not know.
'Tis true, her *ſonne's a prettyLad*,
And is a *Foot-boy* to *Queen Mab*;
Which makes fires, and ſets up lights,
And keeps the door for *Carpet Knights*.
For when the *Queen* is gone to ſleep,
Then revel-rout the *Court* doth keep.
Yet heretofore men ſtriv'd to prove,
That *Cupid* was the *god* of love.
But if that *men* could to the *Center* go,
They ſoon would ſee that it were nothing ſo.
Here *Nature* nurſes, and ſends them ſeaſon,
All things abroad, as *ſhe* ſeeth reaſon.
When ſhe commands, all things do her obey,
Unleſſe *her* countermand ſome things do ſtay.
For *ſhe* ſtayes life, when drugs are well apply'd,
And healing *bames* to deadly wounds beſide.
There *Mab* is *Queen* of all, by *Natures* will,
And by *her* favour ſhe doth govern ſtill.
Happy *Mab*, that is in *Natures grace*;
For young ſhe's alwayes, being in this place.

But leaving here, let's ſee the ſport,
That's acted in the *Fairy Court.*

The *Paſtime*, and *Recreation* of *the Queen of Fairies* in *Fairy-land*, the *Center* of the *Earth.*

WHere this *Queen Mab*, and all her *Fairy* fry
Are dancing on a pleaſant *mole-hill* high;
With fine ſmall *ſtraw-pipes* ſweet *Muſicks* pleaſure,
By which they do keep juſt time and meaſure.
All hand in hand, a round, a round,
They dance upon this *Fairy* ground.
And when the *Queen* leaves off to dance,
She calls for all her *Attendants*,
Her to wait on unto a *Bower*,
Where ſhe doth ſit under a flower,
To ſhade her from the Moon-ſhine bright,
Where *Gnats* do ſing for her delight.
Some high, ſome low, ſome Tenour ſtrain,
Making a Conſort very plain.
The whilſt the *Bat* doth flye about,
To keep in order all the rout;
And with her wings ſhe ſtrikes them hard
Becauſe no noiſe there ſhould be heard.
She on a *dewy leafe* doth bathe,
And as ſhe ſits, the leafe doth wave.
There, like a new-fallen flake of ſnow,
Doth her white limbes in beauty ſhew.
Her garments faire her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the Sun;
From whence ſuch colours ſhe inſhades,
In every object ſhe invades.
Then to her dinner ſhe goes ſtreight,
Where every one in order wait;
And on a *Muſhroom* there is ſpread
A *cover* fine of Spiders web.
And for her *ſtool* a *Thiſtle-down*,
And for her *cup* an *Acorns crown*;
Wherein ſtrong Nectar there is fill'

That

That from ſweet flowers is diſtill'd.
Flyes of all ſorts both fat, and good,
Partridge, *Snipes*, *Quailes*, and *Poult*, her food.
Pheaſants, *Larks*, *Cocks*, or any kinde,
Both wilde, and tame, you may there finde.
Amelets made of *Ants-egs* new,
Of theſe high meats ſhe eats but few.
Her milk comes from the Dormouſe udder,
Making freſh Cheeſe, Creame, and Butter;
This milk doth make many a fine knack,
When they freſh *Ants-egs* therein crack.
Both Pudding, Cuſtards, and Seed-cake,
As her skill'd Cook knows how to make.
To ſweeten them, the *Bee* doth bring
Pure honey, gathered by her ſting:
But for her *guard* ſerves groſſer meat,
On *ſtall-fed Dormouſe* they do eat.
When din'd, ſhe calls to take the aire,
In *Coach*, which is a *Nutſhel* faire;
Lin'd ſoft it is, and rich within,
Made of a gliſtering Adders skin.
And there ſix *Crickets* draw her faſt,
And ſhe a journey takes in haſte;
Or elſe two ſerves to paſe a round,
And trample on the Fairy ground.
To hawke ſometimes ſhe takes delight,
Which is a *Hornet* ſwift for flight;
Whoſe horns do ſerve for Talons ſtrong,
To gripe the *Partridge* Flye among.
But if ſhe will a hunting go,
Then ſhe the *Lizzard* makes the Doe.
They are ſo ſwift, and fleet in chaſe,
As her ſlow Coach can never paſe.
Then on *Graſhopper* doth ſhe ride,
Who gallops far in forreſt wide.
Her *Bow* is of a *willow branch*,
To ſhoot the *Lizzard* on the haunch.
Her *arrow* ſharp, much like a blade

Then home ſhee's called by the *Cock*,
Who gives her warning what's a Clock.
And when the *Moon* doth hide her head,
Their day is done, ſo goeth to bed.
Meteors do ſerve, when they are bright,
As *Torches* do, to give her light.
Glow-worms for candles are light up,
Set on her table, while ſhe ſup.
And in her chamber they are plac'd,
Not fearing how the Tallow waſt.
But women, that inconſtant are by kind,
Can never in one place content their mind.
For ſhe her Charriot cals, and will away,
To upper Earth, impatient is of ſtay.

The *Paſtime* of the *Queen of* Fairies, *when ſhe comes upon the* Earth *out of the* Centre.

THis lovely ſweet, and beauteous *Fairy* Queen
Begins to riſe, when *Veſpers ſtar* is ſeen.
For ſhe *is kin* unto the *god* of Night,
So to *Diana*, and the ſtars ſo bright.
And ſo to all the reſt in ſome degrees,
Yet not ſo neer relation as to theſe.
As for *Apollo*, ſhe diſclaims him quite,
And ſwears ſhe nere will come within his light
For they fell out about ſome fooliſh toy,
Where ever ſince in him ſhe takes no joy.
She ſaith, he alwayes doth more harm then good
If that his malice were true underſtood.
For he brings dearths by parching up the ground,
And ſucks up waters, that none can be found.
He makes poor man in feav'riſh plagues to lye,
His arrows hot, both man and beaſt do dye.
So that to him ſhe never wil come neare,
But hates to ſee, when that his beams appear.
This makes the *Cock* her notice give, they ſay,
That when he riſes, ſhe may goe her way.
And makes the *Owle* her *favorite* to be,

Becauſe *Apollo's* face ſhe hates to ſee.
Owles ſleep all day, yet hollow in the night,
Make acclamations that they'r out of ſight.
So doth the *Glow-worm* all day hide her head,
But lights her *taper-taile*, when hee's a bed,
To wait upon the *faireſt Fairy Queen*,
Whilſt ſhe is ſporting on the meady green.
Her paſtime onely is when ſhe's on earth,
To pinch the *Sluts*, which make Hobgoblin mirth:
Or changes children while the nurſes ſleep,
Making the father rich, whoſe child they keep.
This Hobgoblin is the *Queen* of *Fairies fool*,
Turning himſelfe to Horſe, Cow, Tree, or Stool;
Or any thing to croſſe by harmleſſe play,
As leading Travellers out of their way,
Or kick downe Payls of Milk, cauſe Cheeſe not turn
Or hinder Butter's coming in the Churne:
Which makes the Farmers wife to ſcold, and fret,
That ſhe the Cheeſe, and Butter cannot get.
Then holds he up the Hens Rumps, as they ſay,
Becauſe their Eggs too ſoon they ſhould not lay.
The good Wife ſad, ſquats down upon a chaire,
Not at all thinking it was *Hob* the *Faire*:
Where frowning ſits; then *Hob* gives her the ſlip,
And downe ſhe falls, whereby ſhe hurts her hip.
And many prankes, which *Hob* playes on our ſtage,
With his companion *Tom Thumb*, the Queenes Page;
Who doth like peice of fat in pudding lye,
There almoſt chokes the Eater, going awry.
And when he's down, the Guts, their wind blowes out,
Putting the ſtanders by into a rout.
Thus ſhames the Eater with a foule diſgrace.
That never after dare he ſhew his face.
Beſides, in many places puts himſelfe,
As Baggs, Budgets, being a little Elfe,
To make his bearers ſtart away with feare,
To thinke that any thing alive is there.
In this, the *Queen* of *Fairies* takes delight,
In ſummers *even*, and in winters *night*;

And when that She is weary of theſe playes,
She takes her Coach, and goeth on her wayes;
Unto her *Paradiſe*, the *Center* deep,
Which is the Store-houſe rich of Nature ſweet.

Her *deſcending downe.*

THe *ſtately Pallace* in which the Queen dwels,
Whoſe fabrick is built of Hodmandod ſhels,
The hangings thereof a *Rain-bow* that's thin,
VVhich ſeemes wondrous fine, if one enter in;
The *Chambers* are made of *Amber* that's cleare,
VVhich gives a ſweet ſmell, if fire be neare:
Her *Bed* a *Cherry-ſtone*, carved throughout,
And with a Butter-flyes wing hung about:
Her *Sheets* are made of a *Doves* eyes skin,
Her *Pillow* a *Violet bud* laid therein:
The large *doores* are cut of *tranſparent Glaſſe*,
VVhere the *Queen* may be ſeen, as ſhe doth paſſe.
The doores are locked faſt with ſilver pins,
The Queen's aſleep, and now our day begins.
Her time in pleaſure paſſes thus away,
And ſhall doe ſo, untill the worlds laſt day.

The VVindy Gyants.

THe *foure* chiefe *Winds* are *Gyants*, long in length,
As broad are ſet, and wondrous great *in* ſtrength.
Theſe *Gyants* have *Heads* (as it doth appeare)
More then the Months, or Seaſons of the yeare.
And ſome ſay *more* then days, and all the night:
That they are numberleſſe, and infinites.

The *firſt foure* Heads are largeſt of them all,
The *twelve* are next, the *thirty two* but ſmall;
The reſt ſo little, and their breath ſo weake,
Their mouthes ſo narrow, cannot heare them ſpeake
Theſe *Gyants* are ſo luſtfull, and ſo wilde,
As they doe force to get the Earth with childe;
And big ſhe ſwels untill the time of birth,

Her bowels ſtretcht, high belly'd is the earth;
Then doth ſhe groane with grievous paines, and ſhake,
Untill ſhe's brought a bed with her Earth-quake.
This Child of Wind doth ruine all it meets,
Rends Rocks and Mountains, like to Paper ſheets:
It ſwallows Cities, and the Heavens doth teare,
It threatens *Jove*, and makes the gods to feare.

And the cold *North* wind, his Nerves dry, and ſtrong,
Pulling up Oakes, then layes them all along.
In fetters of hard Ice bindes Rivers faſt,
Impriſons Fiſhes in the Ocean vaſt:
Plowes up the Seas, and *Haile* for ſeed in flings,
Where crops of over-flowes the Tide in brings.
He drives the Clouds in troops, which makes them rut
And blowes, to put the light out of the Sun.

The *Southern Wind*, who is as fierce as he,
And to the *Sun* as great an enemy;
Raiſing an Army of thick Clouds, and Miſts,
Which with them thinks to doe juſt as he liſts,
Throwing up waters to quench out his Light,
Flings in his face black Clouds, to hide his ſight.
But the hot Sun cannot endure this ſcorne,
And back in ſhowres of raine doth them returne.

The *Weſterne* wind, without ambitious ends,
Doth what he can to joyne, and make them friends;
For he is of a nature ſweet, and milde,
And not ſo head-ſtrong, rough, nor rude, nor wilde.
He's ſoft to touch, and pleaſant to each eare,
His voyce ſounds ſweet, and ſmall, and very cleare;
And makes hot love to young freſh buds that ſprings;
They give him ſweets, which he through Aire them flings:
Not from diſlike, but to divulge them farre,
As Pictures doe, for faces that are faire.

But O, the *Eaſterne Wind* is full of ſpight,
Diſeaſes brings, which cruelly doe bite;
He blaſts young buds, and Corn within the blade,

He

He rots the Sheep, to men he brings the Plague:
He is an enemy, and of Nature ill,
The world would poyſon, if he had his will.

VVitches *of* Lapland.

Lapland is the place from whence all *Winds* come,
From *Witches*, not from *Caves*, as doe think ſome.
For they the *Aire* doe draw into high Hills,
And beat them out againe by certaine *Mills*:
Then ſack it up, and ſell it out for gaine
To *Mariners*, which traffick on the *maine*.

Of the Sunne, *and the* Earth.

THrough *Earth's porous holes* her ſweat doth paſſe,
Which is the *Dew* that lyes upon the Graſſe:
VVhere (like a Lover kinde) the *Sun* wipes clean,
That her faire face may to the Light be ſeen;
And for her ſake that *water* he eſteemes,
Threading thoſe drops upon his ſilver *beames*,
Like *ropes of Pearle*; he drawes them to his *ſphere*,
Turning thoſe drops to *Chryſtall* when they're there.
Yet, what he gathers, cannot he keep all,
But downe againe ſome of thoſe drops doe fall:
When turning back upon her head they run,
He clouds his browes, as if he had ill done.
But Lovers thinke they alwayes doe amiſſe,
Although thoſe ſhowres her refreſhment is.
VVhen ſhe by ſweat exhauſted growes, and dry,
The *Sun* the moyſteſt *Clouds* doth ſqueeze in ſky;
Or elſe he takes ſome of his ſharpeſt beames,
To break the Clouds, from whence poure Chryſtall ſtreams.
Then *Earth* doth drink too much, yet doth not reele,
She cannot dizzy be, though ſickneſſe feele.

Of a Garden.

A *Garden* is, ſome *Paradiſe* doe call,
The place is alwayes th' Equinoctiall:
Ecchoes there are moſt artificiall made,

And

And cooling *Grottoes*, from the heat to ſhade.
The *azure ſky* is alwaies bright, and cleare;
No groſſe thick vapours in the Clouds appeare.
There many *Stars* doe comfort the ſad night,
The *fixt* with twinckling, with the reſt give light.
No *noyſe* is heard, but what the *eare* delights;
No *fruites* are there, but what the *taſte* invites.
Up through the *Roſe bruis'd Flowers* fume the braine,
As *Honey-dew* in balmy ſhowres raine.
Various colours, by Nature intermixt,
Direct the *eyes*, as no one thing can fix.
Here *Atomes* ſmall on *Sun-beames* dance all day,
While *Zephyrus* ſweet doth on the aire play:
Which *Muſick* from *Apollo* beares the praiſe,
And *Orpheus* at the ſound his Harp downe layes:
Apollo yeelds, and not contends with ſpight,
Preſenting *Zephyrus* with twelve houres of light:
And *night*, though ſad, *in* quiet pleaſure takes,
With ſilence liſtens when he *Muſick* makes.
And when day comes, with griefe deſcends down low,
That ſhe no longer muſt heare *Zephyrus* blow:
And with her Mantle black her ſelfe inſhrouds,
Which is imbroyder'd all of *Stars* in clouds.
Here are intermixing walkes of pleaſure,
Graſſe, Sand, ſhort, broad, and all ſorts of meaſure.
Some ſhaded, fit for *Lovers* muſing thought
Of Loves *Idea*, when the mind's full fraught.
The walkes are firme, and hard, as *Marble* are,
Yet ſoft as Downe, by Graſſe that groweth there,
Where *Daiſies* grow as *Muſhroms*, in a night,
Mix'd white, and yellow, green, to pleaſe the ſight.
At *Dawning day* the *dew* all over-ſpreads,
In little drops upon thoſe *Daiſies* heads:
As thick as *Stars* are ſet in heaven high,
So *Daiſies* on the earth as cloſe doe lye.
Here *Emerauld* bankes, from whence fine flowers ſpring,
Whoſe ſents and colours various pleaſure bring.
Primroſes, *Couſlips*, *Violets*, *Daffadils*,
Roſes, *Honey-ſuckles*, and *white Lillies*,
Wall-flowers, *Pinks*, and *Marigolds* beſides,

Sit on the bank, inrich'd with Natures pride.
On other bankes grow *Simples*, which are good
For Medicines, well applyed, and underſtood.
There *Trees* doe grow, that proper are, and tall,
Their bark is ſmooth, and bodies ſound withall;
Whoſe ſpreading tops are full, and ever green,
As *Nazarites* heads, where Raſor hath not been:
And curled leaves, which bowing branches beare,
By warmth are fed; for winter nere comes there.
There *Fruits* delicious to the taſte doe grow,
Where with delight the ſenſe doth over-flow:
And *Arched Arbours*, where ſweet *Birds* doe ſing,
Whoſe hollow roofes doe make each *Eccho* ring.
Proſpects, which *Trees*, and *Clouds* by mixing ſhewes,
Joyn'd by the eye, one perfect peece it grows.
Here *Fountaines* are, where trilling drops down run,
Which ſparkes do twinckle like fixt *Stars*, or *Sun*:
And through each ſeverall ſpout ſuch noyſe it makes,
As *Bird* in ſpring, when he his pleaſure takes.
Some *chirping* Sparrow, and the *ſinging Lark*,
Or *quavering Nightingale* in evening dark;
And *whiſtling Black-bird*, with the pleaſant *Thruſh*,
Linnet, *Bul-finch*, which ſing in every buſh.
No weeds are here, nor wither'd leaves, and dry,
But ever green, and pleaſant to the eye.
No *Froſt*, to nip the tender buds in birth,
Nor *winter* ſnow to fall on this ſweet earth.
For here the Spring is alwayes in her prime,
Becauſe this place is underneath the Line:
The *Day*, and *Night*, equall, by turnes keep watch,
That theeviſh time ſhould nothing from them catch.
And every *Muſe* a ſeverall walke injoyes,
The ſad in ſhades, the light with ſports imployes.
Cenſuring Satyrs, they in corners lurke;
Yet, as their *Gard'ners*, they with Art do work,
To cut and prune, to ſow, ingraft, and ſet,
Gather fruits, flowers, what each *Muſe* thinkes fit:
And *Nymphs*, as Hand-maids, their attendance give,
Which, for reward, their fames by *Muſes* live.

Of

Of an Oake *in a* Grove.

A *Shady Grove*, trees grew in equall ſpace,
Which ſeem'd to be a conſecrated place.
Through ſpreading boughs, their *quivering light* broke in,
Much like to *Glaſſe*, or *Chriſtall* ſhiver'd thin:
Thoſe *peices* ſmall on a *green Carpet* ſtrew'd,
So in this *wood*, the *light* all *broken* ſhew'd.
But this *diſturbed light* the *Grove* did grace,
As *ſadneſſe* doth a *faire* and *beauteous face.*
And in the midſt an *ancient Oake* ſtood there,
Which heretofore did many *Offerings* beare;
Where all the *branches* round with *reliques* hung,
To ſhew what *cures* the *Gods for men* had done:
And for *rewards*, long life the *Gods* did give
Unto this *Oake*, that aged he muſt live.
His *younger* yeares, when *Acornes* he did beare,
No *Dandriffe*, *Moſſe*, but *freſh green* leaves grew there.
There curled hung his *ſhoulders*, broad they ſpread,
His *crown* was *thick*, and *buſhy* was his *head*,
His *ſtature* tall, *full breaſted*, *broad*, and *big*,
His *body* round, and *ſtrait* was every *twig*.
But *youth*, and *beauty*, which are *ſhadowes thin*,
Doe fade away, as if they ne're had been.
For all his freſh *green leaves*, and *ſmooth moyſt rine*,
Are quite worne off, and now grown bald with time.
His *armes* ſo ſtrong, which grappl'd with the winds,
His *barke* ſo thick, as *skin*, his *body* binds;
Where he all *times* and *ſeaſons* firme could ſtand,
And many a bluſt'ring ſtorme he over-came.
Yet now ſo weake and feeble he doth grow,
That every blaſt is apt him downe to throw.
His *branches* all are fear'd, his *bark* grown gray,
Moſt of his *rine* with time is peel'd away.
The *liquid* ſap, which from the root did riſe,
(Where every thirſty bough it did ſuffice)
Is all drunke up, there is no moyſture left,
The *root* is rotten, and his *body's* cleft.

It was a cuſtome in ancient time to hang their offerings on trees.

Thus *Time* doth ruine, brings all to decay,
Though to the *Gods* doth ſtill devoutly pray:
For this *old Oake* was ſacred to high *Jove*,
Which was the *King* of all the *Gods* above.
But *Gods*, when they created all at firſt,
They did ordaine all ſhould returne to duſt.

Of a wrought Carpet, *preſented to the view of* working Ladies.

THe *Spring* doth ſpin fine graſſe-green ſilk, of which
To weave a *Carpet* (like the *Perſian rich*)
And all about the *borders* there are ſpread
Cluſters of *Grapes* mix'd green, blew, white, and red;
And in the mid'ſt the *Gods* in *ſundry ſhapes*,
Are curious *wrought*, divulging all their *Rapes*,
And all the *ground* with *Flowers* there are ſtrow'd,
As if by *Nature* they were ſet, ſo grow'd.
Thoſe *Figures* all like *Sculpture* doe beare out;
To lye on *Flats* many will make a doubt.
The *Dark* and *Light* ſo intermix'd are laid,
For ſhady *Groves* that *Prieſt* devoutly pray'd.
The *fruits* ſo hung, as did invite the *taſte*,
And ſmall *Birds* picking ſeen to make a *waſte*.
The *ground* was wrought like *threads* drawne from the *Sun*;
Which ſhin'd ſo blaſing like to a *fir'd Gun*.
This peice the *patterne* is of *Artfull skil*,
Art, *Imitator* is of *Nature* ſtill.

A Man *to his* Miſtreſſe.

O Doe not grieve, *Deare Heart*, nor ſhed a teare,
Since in your eyes my life doth ſtil keep there;
And in your countenance my death I finde,
And buried in your melancholly mind.
But in your ſmiles I'me glorifi'd to riſe,
And in your love you me eternalize:
Thus by your favour I a God become,
And by your hate I doe a Devil turne.

The Claſpe.

Of ſmall Creatures, *ſuch as we call* Fairies.

WHo knowes, but in the *Braine* may dwel
Little ſmall *Fairies*; who can tell?
And by their ſeverall actions they may make
Thoſe *formes* and *figures*, we for *fancy* take.
And when we ſleep, thoſe *Viſions*, *dreames* we call,
By *their* induſtry may be raiſed all;
And all the *objects*, which through *ſenſes* get,
Within the *Braine* they may in order ſet.
All objects that the Senſes bring in, are as Merchandiſes brought from forreign parts.
And ſome pack up, as *Merchants* do each thing,
Which out ſometimes may to the *Memory* bring.
Thus, beſides our owne *imaginations*,
Fairies in our *braine* beget *inventions*.
If ſo, the *eye's* the *ſea* they traffick in,
And on *ſalt watry teares* their ſhip doth ſwim.
But if a *teare* doth breake, as it doth fall,
Or wip'd away, they may a *ſhipwrach* call.
When from the *ſtomach vapours* doe ariſe,
Fly up into the *Head*, (as to the skies)
And as *ſtormes* uſe, their houſes down may blow,
Which, by their fall, the *Head* may dizzy grow.
And when thoſe houſes they build up againe,
With knocking hard they put the *Head* to paine.
When they dig deep, perchance the *Tooth* may ake,
And from a *Tooth* a *Quarry-bone* may take;
Which like to ſtone, may build their houſe withall:
If much took out, the *tooth* may rotten fall.
Thoſe that dwell neere the *eares*, are very cool,
For they are both the *South*, and *Northern* Pole.
The *eyes* are *Sun* and *Moon*, which give them light,
When open, *day*, when ſhut, it is *dark night*.

The

The City *of the* Fairies.

THe *City* is the *Braine*, incompaſt in
Double walls (*Dura Mater*, *Pia Mater thin*)
It's trenched round about with a thick ſcull,
And fac'd without with wondrous Art, and skill.
The *Fore-head* is the *fort*, that's builded high,
And for the *Sentinels* is either *Eye*.
And the place where *Memory* doth lye in,
Is the great *Magazine* of *Oberon King*.
The *Market-place* the *Mouth*, when full, begun
Is *Market-day*, when empty, Markets done.
The *City Conduit* where the *water* flowes,
Is through two *ſpouts*, the *noſtrils* of the *Noſe*.
But when thoſe *watry ſpouts* cloſe ſtopt are not,
Then we ſay ſtrait a *Cold*, or *Poſe* have got.
The *Gates* are the *two Eares*, when deaf they are,
It is when they thoſe *City Gates* doe bar.
This *City's* govern'd as moſt *Cities* be,
By *Aldermen*, and ſo by *Mayoralty*.
And *Oberon King* dwels never any where,
But in a *Royall Head*, whoſe *Court* is there:
Which is the *kernell* of the *Braine*, if ſeen,
We there might view him, and his beauteous *Queen*;
Sure that's their *Court*, and there they ſit in *ſtate*,
And *Noble Lords*, and *Ladies* on them wait.

The Fairies *in the* Braine, *may be the* cauſes *of many* thoughts.

WHen we have *pious thoughts*, and thinke of *heaven*,
Yet goe about, not ask to be forgiven,
Perchance their preaching, or a Chapter ſaying,
Or on their knees devoutly they are praying.
When we are ſad, and know no reaſon why,
Perchance it is, becauſe *ſome* there doe dye.
And ſome *place* in the *Head* is hung with *blacke*,
Which makes us dull, yet know not what we lack.

Our *fancies*, which in *verſe*, or *proſe* we put,
Are *Pictures* which *they draw*, or Figures *cut*,
And when thoſe *fancies* are both *fine*, and *thin*,
Then they *ingraven* are in *ſeale*, or *ring*.
When we have *croſſe opinions* in the *minde*,
They in the *Schooles diſputing* we ſhall finde.
When we of *childiſh toyes* doe thinke upon,
A *Fayre* may be whereto thoſe *people* throng,
And in thoſe *ſtalles* may all ſuch *knacks* be ſold;
As *Bels*, and *Rattles*, or *bracelets* of *Gold*.
Or *Pins*, *Pipes*, *Whiſtles* are to be bought there,
And thus within the *Head* may be a *Fayre*.
When that our *braine* with *amorous thoughts* doth run,
Are marrying there a *Bride* with her *Bride-groom*.
And when our *thoughts* are *merry*, *humours gay*,
Then they are dancing on their *Wedding day*.

Of the Animal Spirits.

THoſe *Spirits* which we *Animal* doe call,
May *Men*, and *Women* be, and *Creatures* ſmall;
And in the *body Kingdoms* may divide,
As *Nerves*, *Muſcles*, *Veines*, and *Arteries* wide.
The *head*, and *heart*, *Eaſt* and *Weſt Indies* be,
Which through the *veines* may traffick, as the ſea:
In *feavers* great by ſhipwrack many dyes;
For when the bloud is hot, and *vapours* riſe
On *boyling pulſe*, as waves they toſſe, if hit
Againſt hard rock of great obſtructions, ſplit.
Head the *Eaſt Indies*, where *ſpicy Fancie* growes,
From *Oranges* and *Lemons ſharp Satyr* flowes;
The *Heart* the *Weſt*, where *heat* the *bloud* refines,
Which *bloud* is *gold*, and *ſilver heart* the *mines*.
Thoſe from the *head* in *ſhips* their *Spice* they fetch,
And from the *heart* the *gold* and *ſilver* rich.

The War of thoſe Spirits.

SOmetimes theſe *Animal Creatures* they doe jarre,
And then thoſe *Kingdomes* all are up in *war*,

And

And when they *fight* we *Cramps*, *Convulſions* feele,
Gouts in our *toes*, and *Chilblaines* in our *heele*.

Peace.

WHen there is *peace*, and all do well agree,
Then is *Commerce* in every *Kingdome* free,
And through the *Nerves* they travell without feare,
There are no *Theeves* to rob them of their *ware*.
Their *wares* are ſeverall *touches* which they bring
Unto the *Senſes*, they buy every thing.
But to the *Muſcles* they doe much recourſe,
For in thoſe *Kingdomes trading* hath great force.
Thoſe Kingdomes joyne by two, and two,
So they with eaſe doe paſſe, and re-paſſe through.

The deſcription of their world, which is the Body.

THe *Arteries* are the Ocean deep, and wide,
The *Bloud* the *Sea* which ebbs, and flows in Tide:
The *Nerves* great *continent* they travell through,
Muſcles are *Cities*, which they traffick to.

Similizing the Body to many Countries.

THe *Nerves* are *France*, and *Italy*, and *Spaine*,
The *Liver Britanny*, the *Narrow Seas*, the *veines*,
The *Spleen* is *Æthiopia*, which breeds
A People that are black, and tawny skin.
The *Stomach Ægypt*, the *Chylus Nyle*, that flowes
Quite through the *Body*, by which it fruitfull growes.
The *Heart*, and *Head*, *Eaſt*, and *VVeſt Indies* are,
The *South*, and *Northern Pole* is either *Eare*.
The *Lungs* are *Rocks*, and *Cavernes*, whence riſe *winds*,
And *Life* which paſſes through great danger findes.

FINIS.

An Epiſtle to Souldiers.

GReat Heroicks, *you may juſtly laugh at me, if I went about to cenſure, inſtruct, or adviſe in the valiant* Art, *and* Diſcipline *of Warre. But I doe but only take the name, having no knowledge in the* Art, *nor practiſe in the uſe; for I never ſaw an* Army *together, nor any* Incounters *in my life. I have ſeen a* Troop, *or a* Regiment *march on the High way by chance, or ſo; neither have I the* courage *to looke on the cruell aſſaults, that* Mankind (*as I have heard*) *will make at each other; but according to the conſtitution of my* Sex, *I am as fearefull as a Hare: for I ſhall ſtart at the noyſe of a* Potgun, *and ſhut my eyes at the ſight of a bloudy Sword, and run away at the leaſt Alarum. Only My courage is, I can heare a ſad relation, but not without griefe, and chilneſſe of ſpirits: but theſe* Armies *I mention, were rais'd in my* braine, *fought in my* fancy, *and regiſtred in my* cloſet.

POEMS.

The *Fort*, or *Caſtle* of *Hope*.

Hope hearing *Doubt* an Army great did bring,
For to aſſault the *Caſtle* ſhe was in;
For *her* defence, her *Caſtle* ſhe made ſtrong,
Placing great Ordnance on the wall along.
Bulwarks ſhe built at every corners end,
A Curtaine of twelve ſcore was drawn between
Two faces make a point, from whence the Cannons play,
Two points do make a third, to ſtop the enemi's way.
The wings were not too ſhort, nor curtains were too long,
The points were not too ſharp, but blunt to make them ſtrong.

When bullets are ſhot from each corner, they make a triangular point upon the enemy.

Round the *Caſtle*, enemy's out to keep,
A ditch was digg'd, which was both wide and deep;
And *bridges* made to draw, or let at length,
The *gates* had iron bars of wondrous ſtrength:
Souldiers upon the *Curtains-line* did ſtand,
And every one a *Muſket in his hand.*
When *Hope* had ordered all about her Fort,
Then ſhe did call a councel to her *Court.*
I hear ſayes *Hope*, that *Doubt* a war will make,
And bring great force this *Caſtle* for to take;
Wherefore my friends, proviſions muſt be ſought,
And firſt of all good ſtore of victuals bought;
Hunger doth loſe more Forts, then *force* doth win,
Then muſt we with the *ſtomach* firſt begin.
The next is *arms*, the body for to guard,
Thoſe that unarm'd are, are ſoon'ſt afear'd.
But to ſmall uſe, we make a ditch, or wall,
If not *men arm'd* to keep this *wall* withall.

Shall we neglect the lives, and ſtrength of men,
More then a wall, that may be broken in?
For Ammunitions, that mighty power,
Engines of death, which Armies, Towns devoure,
Yet are they of no uſe, unleſſe mankind
Hath ſtrength, *skill*, *will*, to uſe them, as deſign'd;
The laſt for to adviſe, what wayes are beſt,
For to defend our ſelves from being oppreſt.
Then *Expectation* being gray with age,
Adviſes *Hope* by no means to engage
Too neer *her Caſtle*, but let that be free,
Draw out a Line about the *Towne*, ſaid *ſhe*:
There make ſome works, Souldiers intrench therein,
Let not the wars cloſe at your gates begin.
With that, *Deſire*, although young, did ſpeak,
Alas, ſaid ſhe, *Doubt* will that ſmall line take.
So great a compaſſe will your ſtrength divide,
A body weak may break through any ſide.
Beſides, the ſouldiers will more careleſſe be,
When they a reſcue ſtrong behinde them ſee.
But in the Caſtle, where lyes all their *good*,
There they will fight to the laſt drop of blood.

Doubts Aſſault, and *Hopes Defence.*

ABout the Fort of *Hope*, *Doubt* intrenched lay,
Stopt all proviſions that ſhould paſſe that way;
They dig forth earth, to raiſe up rampiers high,
Againſt *Hopes* Curtains did their Cannon lye.
The Line being long, it ſeem'd the weakeſt place,
Or elſe to batter down the frontiers face.
There *Pioniers* did dig a Mine to ſpring,
Balls and *Granadoes* in the Fort did fling;
Rams they did place, to beat their walls down flat,
And many other Engines, as good as that.
But as *Doubt* breaches made in any part,
Streight *Hopes induſtry* ſoon clos'd with art;
Yet *Doubt* did reſolve fierce aſſaults to make,
And letting Ladders up, the Fort to take.
When *Hope* perceiv'd great ſtones and weights down fl-

Which many kill'd, as they on Ladders hung:
Many did fall, and in the ditch did lye,
But then freſh men did ſtreight their place ſupply.
Upon the walls of *Hope* many lay dead,
And thoſe that fought, did on their bodies tread.
Thus various Fortune on each ſide did fall,
And *Death* was onely *Conqueror* of all.

A *Battle* between *Courage*, and *Truaence*.

Courage againſt *Prudence* a War did make,
For *Raſhneſſe*, her foe, his favourites ſake.
Raſhneſſe againſt Queen *Prudence* had a ſpight,
And did perſwade great *Courage* for to fight.
Courage did raiſe an army vaſt and great,
That for the numbers *Tamberlaine* might beat;
Cloath'd all in gliſtering coats, which made a ſhew. *Vanity.*
And toſſing Feathers which their pride did blow; *Pride.*
Such fiery horſes men could hardly weild, *Ambition.*
And in this Equipage they took the field.
Loud noiſe of this great Army every where, *Fame.*
Untill at laſt it came to *Prudence* ear.
Prudence a Councel call'd of all the wiſe,
Aged *Experience* for her to adviſe;
Induſtry was call'd, which cloſe did wait,
And orders had to raiſe an Army ſtreight.
But out alas, her Kingdome was ſo ſmall,
That ſcarce an Army could be rais'd of all.
At laſt they did about ten thouſand get,
Then *Care* imployed was, them arms to fit;
Diſcipline trayn'd, and taught each ſeverall man,
How they ſhould move, and in what poſture ſtand.
Great ſtore of victualls *Prudence* did provide,
And Ammunition of all ſorts beſide.
The *Foot* were cloth'd, though courſe, in warm array,
Their wages ſmall, yet had they conſtant pay.
Well armed they were all Breaſt, Back, and *Pot*,
Not for to tire them, but to keep out ſhot.
Each had their Muskets, Pikes, and Banners right,
That nothing might be wanting when they fight.
The *Cavalry* all arm'd as in a *Frock*,

Gauntlet and Piſtols, and ſome Fire-locks,
Swords by their ſides, and at their *Saddle bow*
Hung *Pole-axes* to ſtrike, and give a blow.
Horſes, e'ne ſuch, as pamper'd in a Stable,
But from the Plow, which were both ſtrong and able
To make a long March, or endure a ſhock,
That quietly will ſtand firme, as a rock;
Nor ſtart, although the Guns ſhoot in their face,
But as they're guided, goe from place to place.
Prudence for man, and Horſe ſhe did provide,
Phyſitians, *Surgeons*, *Farriers*, *Smiths* beſide,
Wagons, and *Carts*, all *Luggages* to beare,
That none might want, when in the Field they were.
Strict order ſhe did give to every one,
For feare that by miſtake they ſhould doe wrong.
And as they marcht, *Scouts* every way did goe,
To bring *Intelligence* where lay the *Foe*:
And when the *Army* ſtaid ſome reſt to take,
Prudence had care what *Sentinels* to make,
Men that were *watchfull*, full of *induſtry*,
Not ſuch as are *debaucht*, or *lazie*, lye.
For *Armies* oft by negligence are loſt,
Which had they fought, might of their valour boaſt.
But *Prudence*, *ſhe* with care ſtill had an eye,
That every one had *Match*, and *Powder* by.
Beſides through a wiſe care, though not afraid,
She alwayes lay intrenched where *ſhe* ſtay'd.
At laſt the *Armies both drew neare in ſight*,
Then both began to order for the fight.
Courage his *Army* was ſo vaſt, and great,
As they did ſcorne the others when they met.
Courage did many a ſcornful meſſage ſend,
But *Prudence* ſtill made *Patience* by her ſtand.
Prudence call'd to *Doubt*, to aske his adviſe,
But in his anſwers he was very nice;
Hope, of that Army great, *ſhe* made but light,
Perſwaded *Prudence* by any meanes to fight;
For why, ſaid *Hope*, they doe us ſo deſpiſe,
That they grow careleſſe, *error* blindes their eyes
Whereby we may ſuch great advantage make,

As we may win, and many priſoners take.
Then *Prudence* ſet her Army in array,
Chuſing their *Roman cuſtome*, and their *way*.
In bodies ſmall *her Army* ſhe did part,
In [illegible] which was done with care and Art:
Ten on a rank, and ſeven file deep they were,
Between each part, a lane of ground lay bare,
For ſingle, and looſe men, about to run,
To skirmiſh firſt, before the fight begun.
The *Battle* order'd, in three parts was ſet,
The next ſupplyes, when the firſt part is beat.
Then *Prudence* rode about, from rank to rank,
Taking great care to ſtrengthen well the flanke.
Prudence the *Van* did lead, *Hope* the *right wing*,
Patience the *left*, and *Doubt* the *reare* did bring.
The other *Army* fiercely up did ride,
As thinking preſently them to divide.
But they were much deceiv'd, for when they met,
They ſaw an *Army* ſmall, whoſe force was great;
Then did they fight, where *Courage* bore up high,
For though the worſt he had, he ſcorn'd to fly.

A Deſcription *of the* Battle *in Fight.*

Some with *ſharp Swords*, to tell, O moſt accurſt,
Were above halfe into the bodies thruſt:
From whence freſh ſtreams of *blood* run all along
Unto the *Hilts*, and there lay clodded on.
Some, their *Leggs* hang dangling by the *Nervouſe* ſtrings,
And *ſhoulders* cut, hung looſe, like flying wings.
Here heads are cleft in two parts, *braines* lye maſht,
And all their *faces* into ſlices haſht.
Braines only in the *Pia Mater* thin,
Which quivering lyes within that little skin:
Their *Sculls* all broke, and into peeces burſt,
By *Horſes hooſes*, and *Chariot wheeles*, to duſt.
Others, their owne *heads* lyes on their owne laps,
And *ſome* againe, halfe cut, lyes on their *Paps*;
Whoſe Tongues out of their mouthes are thruſt at length;

For

For why, the ſtrings are cut that gave them ſtrength.
Their eyes do ſtare, the *lids* wide open ſet,
The *little Nerves* being ſhrunk, they cannot ſhut.
And *ſome* again, thoſe *glaſsie balls hangs by*,
Small ſlender *ſtrings*, as *Chains* to tye the Eye.
Thoſe *ſtrings*, when broke, *Eyes* fall, which trundling round
Untill the *ſilme* is broke upon the ground.
In *death*, their *teeth* ſtrong *ſet*, their *lips* left bare,
Which *grinning* ſeems, as if they angry were.
Their *Hairs* upon their *Eyes* in *clodded gore*,
Or *wildly ſpreads*, as not in life they wore;
With *frowns* their *Fore-heads* in deep furrows lye,
As *Graves* their *Foes* to bury when they dye;
Heaving up ſpongy lungs through pangs of *death*,
With pain and difficulty fetcht ſhort *breath*.
Some *graſping hard*, their *hands* through pain provok'd,
For why, the *ratling flegme* their *throats* do choak.
Their *bodies* bowing up, then downe they fall,
For want of ſtrength to make them ſtand withall.
Some ſtaggering on their *legs* do feebly ſtand,
Or leaning on their *Sword* with either hand,
Where on the *Pummel* doth their breaſt rely,
More griev'd they cannot fight, then for to dye.
Their hollow eyes ſunke deep into their *brains*,
And hard *fetcht groans* from every *heart-ſtring* ſtrains.
Their *knees* pull'd up, to keep their *bowels* in;
But all too little through their *blood* doth ſwim:
And *Guts* like *Sauſages* their bodies twine,
Or like the *ſpreading plant*, or *wreathing vine*.
Their *reſtleſſe heads*, not knowing how to lye,
Through grievous paines do quickly wiſh to dye.
Rowling from off their *back* upon *their belly*,
Tumbling in their *blood* as *thick* as *gelly*.
And *gaſping* lye with ſhort *breaths*, and *conſtraint*,
With *cold ſweat drops* upon their faces faint.
Then *heaving* up their *dull, pale eye-balls, looke*,
As if through *paine*, not *hate* the world forſook.
Some *chilly cold*, as *ſhivering Agues* are;
Some *burning hot*, as in high *Feavers* were.
Spewing of blood from *ſtomacks* that are ſick,

Through

Through parching heats their *tongues* to'th'*roofs* do ſtick.
With *loud groans*, *bodies* call'd their *ſoules* back,
While *ſmarting wounds* did ſet them on the *wrack*;
And on their *Arms* their faces lay a-*croſſe*,
As if in *death they* were aſham'd of loſſe.
Some, dying like a *flame*, whoſe oyle is ſpent,
Or *fire* ſmother'd out which wanteth vent.
And *ſome* do fall like *ſtrong*, and *hardy Oaks*,
Which hewn down are with fierce and cruell *ſtroaks*;
Their *limbs* chop'd ſmall, as *wood* for fire to burn,
Or carved, or chipt out for *Joyners turne*.
Some underneath their *horſes bellies* ſlung,
Some by the *heels* in their own *ſtirrups* hung;
Others their *heads*, and *neck* lay all awry,
And on their *horſes manes*, as *pillows*, lye.
Some in a *careleſſe garb* lye on the ground,
As life deſpis'd, ſince Honour in death's found.
Some for *death* do call, ſome *life* deſire,
Some care not, others burial require.
Some beat their *breaſts*, as *evill they had done*,
Others in *fiery hot revenge* do burn.
Some lay, as if to hear the Trumpet ſound,
And others lay, as ſprawling on the ground.
Some wiſh'd their *deaths* revenge upon their foe,
Others with dying eyes their friends not know.
Some their *parents*, *children* cry'd, to ſee,
Others wiſh'd *life*, ſome *difference* to agree.
But *Lovers* with a ſoft and panting heart,
Did wiſh their *Miſtris* at their laſt depart,
To ſhut their *eyes*, and *wounds* to cloſe,
Whoſe dying *ſpirits* to their *Miſtris* goes.
Foes Hands into each others *wounds* thruſt wide
As if *their* hearts would pull out from each ſide;
VVhere friends in dear *imbracements* are cloſe twin'd
By their affection ſtrong, in *death* they are joyn'd.
Some wiſh'd to live, yet *long* for *death* through paine,
Others dye grieving that their foe's not ſlain.
Or elſe repent, what they ſo raſh have done,
And wiſh the *Battle* were to be *begun*.
Some gently *ſinking*, ſo by fainting fall,

And

And quietly do yeeld, when *Death* them call.
Some drunk with *death*, not able are to ſtand,
And *reeling* fall, ſtruck down by *deaths cold hand*.
Some lingring *long*, as lovers when *part muſt*,
Others, as willing yeeld to *Fate*, their *duſt*,
And ſweetly lies, as if aſleep in night;
Some ſterne, as if new *battles* were to fight.
Some ſoftly murmuring like a bubling ſtream,
Yet ſweetly ſmile in *death*, as in a *dream*.
Whoſe *ſoules* with ſoft-breath'd ſighs to heaven fl ye,
To live with gods above the ſtarry skie.
Thus ſeverall noyſes through the aire do ring,
And ſeverall poſtures *Death* to men doth bring.
Where *ſome* do dye *out-ragious* in *deſpaire*,
Others ſo gentle, as appears no fear.
With heaps of bodies, *hills* up high are growne,
Where *haire* as *graſſe*, and *teeth*, as *ſeed* are ſown:
Their *head*, and *heels*, *horſemen* together lay,
Smother'd to *death* which could not get away.
Their *arms* lay *hack'd*, and all were thrown about,
And *Targets* full of *holes*, that kept death out;
Their *Flags* flying, like *moving woods* did ſhow,
Various colours ſeem'd on their tops to grow,
As if *flowers* had ſprouted from *trees* high,
Or ſtrew'd about, did in the *clouds* ſo lye.
Now all are fallen, and into peeces torn,
Their *mottoes raz'd* that did their ſides adorn.
Yet *ſome* as winding ſheets their bearers ſhrou'd,
Which was an Honour fit to make *Death* proud.
Some like *Virgins*, that caſt their eyes down low
Through ſhamefaſtneſſe, although no fault they know,
Nor guilty are, but overcome with ſtrength,
Though not conſenting, yet is forc'd at length;
As *Chaſtity*, ſo *courage* forc'd we finde,
To lay down *Arms* though ſore againſt their minde.
Here *Gauntlets*, *Corſelets*, *Gorgets*, *Saddles* thrown,
Flags, *Pikes*, *Drums*, *Guns*, *Bullets*, all o're ſtrown;
Plumes of *Feathers*, which waved with the wind,
And proudly toſt, like to ſome haughty mind.
Like to *proſperity* when over-born,

Now humbly lyes, where they are trodden on.
Horſes praunce proudly, when they backed were,
By *men* of *courage*, never knowing fear;
If they are over-powred by ſtrong aſſault,
And loſt by ſtrength, was not their courage fault;
For they on *deaths* dull *face* could boldly ſtare,
Since *life* ſhould hate, if not victorious were.
Dead horſes lye on backs, their heels up flung,
Eyes ſunke, their *heads* lye turn'd, their jaws down hung.
Their thick curl'd *Manes*, which grew down to the ground
Or by their *Maſter* in fine *Ribbans* bound.
Was torn halfe off, or *ſing'd* by fire from *Guns*,
Or ſnarl'd *in knots*, or clods that backward runs;
Their noſtrils wide, from whence thick ſmoak out-went
Which from their hot *ſtout hearts* that vapour ſent;
Their *ſleek bright hair*, on *skin* like *coats* of *Mayle*,
Their *courage fierce*, that nothing could them quaile;
All in *death* lay; by *Fortune* they were caſt,
And *Nature* to new *formes* goes on in haſt;
For neither *beauty*, *ſtrength*, or nimble feet,
Could ſerve in *death*, all *beaſts alike there meet*,
In ſeverall poſtures, horſe and men thus lyes,
With ſeverall pains, in ſeverall places dyes.
When horſes dye, they know no reaſon why,
Where men do venture life, for *vain-glory*.
Smoak from their bloods into red *clouds* did riſe;
Which *flaſht* like *lightning* in the livings *eyes*,
Their *groans* into the middle *region* went,
Ecchoes in the *Aire* like *Thunder* rent;
Winds rarified, *ſighs* ſuch guſts did blow,
As if aſcended from the *ſhades* below.
Men ſtrives to dye, to make their names to live;
When *gods*, no certainty to *Fame* will give.

A *Battle* between *Honour* and *Diſhonour*.

With grief and ſorrow *Honour* did complain,
How that her ſons and ſervants all are ſlaine.
Now none are left, but thoſe that do her ſleight
Open rebellion doth againſt her fight.
Beſides, this Age doth dirt upon her throw,
For fe ar the next, ſhe ſhould her baſeneſſe ſhow.
Thus mourneth *Honour*, veyl'd in clouds of nigh
When heretofore her *garments* were of *Light*.
Her *Crown* was *Laurel* wreath'd with Fancies tir
Her *Scepter* Mars's ſword made Foes retire.
Pallas her *head-peece* as her footſtool ſtands,
By which ſupport ſhe riſes, and commands;
And thus did *Honour* live, with great applauſe,
All did obey *her*, none did break her laws.
But now *Diſhonour* arm'd 'gainſt her doth riſe,
And all her laws *ſhe* utterly denies.
Then *Honour* fearing ſhe ſhould be ſurpris'd,
And by her counſel being well advis'd;
Did raiſe an Army to maintain her *right*,
Reſolv'd ſhe was, *Diſhonour* for to fight.
Courage the *Van* did lead, *Fidelity* the *Rear*,
The *Left-wing*, and the *Right*, *Wiſdom*, and *Wit* they were,
The *Artillery*, *Invention* doth command,
Conſtancy and *Patience*, Sentinels ſtand.
Sciences, are Pioniers of great skill,
Which undermine Towns, Caſtles when they will;
And Trenches make, Souldiers t'in ſafety ſleep,
There for a guard a watchfull eye do keep.
Arts, *Dragoons*, which ſerve on Foot, and Horſe,
To skirmiſh, or an Enemy inforce.
Reſolution, the Colours high doth bear,
And with the *Bag* and *Baggage* ſtandeth *Care*.
Prudence, *Quarter-maſter*, allots them place,
Who diſobeys, is puniſh'd with diſgrace.
Induſtry, *Purveyer* which provides the meat,
And *Temperance*, proportions what they eat.
Truth, *Scout-maſter* intelligence to give,

By which the Army doth in ſafety live.
The *Drum* is *faith*, with reaſons braced are,
The *ſticks* that beat thereon, are *Hope*, and *Feare*.
Trumpeters, *Oratours* ſound loud, and cleare,
Doe call to Horſe, when th' enemy is neare.
Gratitude, *Treaſurer*, the Army to pay,
Generoſity, *Generall*, leads the way.
When this Army was in Battalia ſet,
Diſhonour, with her Army neare did get,
Partiality did lead the Van awry,
And *Treachery* the Rear, which came not nigh.
Perjury the *left wing* ordered that day,
Unthankfulneſſe the *right*, did beare the ſway.
Suſpition was the *Scout*, to ſearch the way,
And *Envie* cloſe in Ambuſcado lay.
Revenge as *Canoneer*, which took the Aime,
But miſt the Mark, which made him high exclaime;
Envie, and *Malice*, were two *Engineers*,
Subtilty, had Practiſed many yeares.
Their *Drum* is *Ignorance*, where they beat,
Obſtinacy, ſtupidity thereupon treat;
And brac'd it is with *Rudeneſſe* which is harſh
On ſtrings of *Wilfulneſſe*, which is ever raſh.

A Battle *between* King Oberon, *and the* Pygmees.

KIng *Oberon*, and the *Pigmees* tall, and ſtout,
Did goe to *War*, the *cauſe* was juſt no doubt;
For *Pigmee King*, out of his Kingdome brought
His people all, another Kingdome ſought.
Like *Goths* and *Vandals*, they did range about,
With force full ſtrong, to finde another out;
At laſt into the *Fairy Land* they went,
For to that fertile place their *hearts* were bent.
This is the *place*, ſaid they, where *pleaſure* flowes,
And like to flowers on banks, where delight growes;
Here let *us* pitch, and try if *Fortune* will
Joyne with our *Courage*, that our *Foes* may kill,

Then on *they* went, and plundered every where,
The *Fairies* all ran crying in great feare;
And fire on all their *Beacons* placed high,
Which *warning* is to give, when *dangers* nigh.
Whereat *King Oberon* then a *war* prepar'd,
Which made his *Queen*, and all his *Court* afraid;
His *Counſell* grave and wiſe, did to him call,
Which came with *formall* buſie faces all:
Where every *one* did ſpeake their minde full free,
Diſputiug this, and that, at laſt agree.
In *War*, ſaid *they*, 'tis better that we dye,
Then to be *ſlaves* unto our enemy.
Then ſaid the *King*, an *Army* we muſt raiſe,
In which *Ile dye*, *ſaid he*, or win the *Bayes*:
Straight Officers of all degrees were made,
To *lead*, and *rule*, *in courage*, and *perſwade*.
Thus did *they* muſter, and arme all their *ſtout*,
To meet their *Enemy*, and beat them out.
Well arm'd *they* were, and put in good array,
Which made them fight with *courage* all that *day*
Their *Trumpets* were made of *ſmall ſilver wyre*,
Calling the *Horſe* to *charge*, or to *retire*:
Theſe *Horſes* for *War*, were *Graſhoppers* large,
On which *they* did *ride*, and bravely diſcharge,
And *Saddles* were of a *velvet Peach-skin*,
Their *Bridles ſmall ſtrings*, that *Spiders* doe ſpin,
And *Stirrops*, in which *they* put their *feet* in,
Was made of a *Ruſh*, *juſt round like a Ring*.
Of ſmall *Cockle-ſhels* their *Targets* were made,
And for their *long Swords* a *Roſemary* blade.
Their *Flags colour'd flowers*, glorious to ſee,
Give ſeverall ſweet *ſmels*, when flying they be.
And how *they* were *arm'd*, it well did appear,
In a *Beanes hull*, juſt like a *Curaſeer*.
Their *Guns* were ſlender ſmall *Pipes* of *Glaſſe*,
And *Bullets* round, of *Seeds* to ſhoot, there was.
Their *Drums* of *Filbeard* skins were very ſtrong,
And *wheaten ſtrawes*, for *ſticks* to beat thereon.
Their *Vans*, their *Rears*, their *left Wing*, and their *Right*,
Were placed ſo, as they ſaw good to fight.

Their *Colours flying*, and their *Drums* did beat,
Their *Trumpets* ſounding, none ſought a *retreat*,
The *files*, and *formes*, the *Pygmees* plac'd themſelves
Was like in *figure*, unto *Muſcle-ſhels*,
To peirce through *enemies*, give way to *friends*,
The *midſt* being *broad*, and *ſharp* at the *two ends*.
But *Fairies* like a *halfe Moon* fought, *which* know,
When each *end* meet, incircle all their *foe*:
Where in the *midſt King Oberon* rid full brave,
And he the *honour* of this day ſhall have.
Thus this *Warrior* in armour bright and ſtrong,
As *for-moſt man*, did lead his men along.
Then ſpake *He* to them in a *temper* meek,
Theſe enemies, ſaid *he*, our ruine ſeek;
Goe on *all you brave borne*, and *valiant bred*,
And fight your *enemy*, till they be dead;
Let not your *foes* with ſcorne upbraid your *flight*,
But let them *ſee*, with *courage* you can fight,
And teach them what their *folly raſh* hath brought
Upon themſelves, when *they* this *Kingdome ſought*.
But *O vaine Princes*, that for glory ſeek,
Which will not let *poore ſubjects* in *peace* kee
Fooliſh Ambition ſets the *world* on fire,
Which ruines all to compaſſe its deſire:
I only fight to keep what is my owne,
And not to rob another *Kingly throne*.
But if this *quarrell ill*, decide *I* can't,
I'le fight my enemy then hand to hand.
With that he ſent an *Herauld* ſtout and bol,
Which to *King Pygmee* he this *meſſage* told:
VVho ſaid, *King Oberon* him a *challenge* ſent,
To ſave their *Men*, and much bloud to prevent;
That only their *two perſons* fight alone,
And let the *Armies both* the while look on.
Then *laughes the Pygmee*, what's your *King*, ſaid he,
That in a *Duel* hopes to conquer me?
I came not here a *ſingle ſtrength* to try,
A *Kingdome* for to *win*, or elſe to dye:
I prouder am, my *Subjects* ſtrength to ſhow,
Where by direction they *my skill* may know.

Herauld,

Herauld, goe back, and tell your *King* from me,
He'l know my *ſtrength*, when *Priſoner he* ſhall be.
Then ſpake *he* to his Men in voyce full high,
Here's none ſaid he, I hope, this day will fly;
You know, my Souldiers, we came here to fight,
Not from *ambition*, or of *envies ſpight*;
For we by *famine* were with *meagre face*,
Here ſent about to ſeek a *fertile place*.
Then here's a *Land*, which needs not be *manur'd*,
And we a *people*, not to work inur'd:
For *we* by *Nature* can no great paines take,
Nor by *our ſweat* a *live-lihood* out make:
For who would live in *paine*, or *griefe*, or *care*,
And alwayes of their *goods* to ſtand in *feare*?
Who lives in *trouble* are not *very wiſe*,
Since in the *Grave* no *troubles there doe riſe*.
Then let us *fight*, even for ſweet *pleaſures* ſake,
Or let us *dye*, that we no *care* may take.
Thus did the *Kings their Souldiers* courage raiſe,
And in *Orations* did their *valour* praiſe.
Then did *they* both in *order*, *rank*, and *file*,
Prepare themſelves, each other for to ſpoyle.
Their *Horſes ſtout*, whereon they ride in *field*,
Will dye under their burthen, but not yeeld.
In *Caprioles* thoſe *Graſhoppers* do move,
By which his *Riders* skill he ſoone will prove.
Some think for *War*, it is an *Aire* unfit,
With whoſe ſwift motion his *Rider* cannot fight,
Or take his *turnes*, and *vantages* to have,
Unleſſe by *leaping high* themſelves can ſave.
Erroneous this, in *ſome caſe* it *is good*,
Though not in *all*, if truly underſtood:
What's in the world that's to all uſe imployed,
But at ſome *times* and *ſeaſons* is denied?
Fire, and *Water*, the *life of all* which are,
Can only ſerve in their *due time* and *call*.
Some may ſay in this *Aire* of Horſemanſhip
'Tis *good*, *hils of dead men* to over-leap:
For if that *they goe low* upon the ground,
Where *dead* men, *horſe*, and *armes* are *ſtrewed* round:

Or

Or elſe *in heaps* they lye, like to a *wall*,
Whereat the *Horſe* will *ſtumble*, *Man* downe fall.
Thus *Horſes* of *manage*, taught in *meaſure*,
Many doe think are only fit for *pleaſure*,
And not for *war*; but no uſe of them is,
As though their *Rules* did make them goe *amiſſe*.
They are miſtaken, for like *men* they're taught,
For to obey their *Guider* as they ought.
To *ſtop*, to *goe*, to *leap*, to *run*, and yet
Obey the *heele*, the *hand*, the *wand*, the *bit*.
Beſide, *they're* taught their *paſsion* to abate,
Not *reſty* be, with *feare*, *anger*, or *hate*;
And by *applauſe*, great courage they have got;
That *they* dare goe upon a *Canon* ſhot,
Not that they *ſenſleſſe* be, or *dangers* on run,
For *Horſes cowardly*, *danger* doe ſhun,
And are ſo full of *feares* as they will ſhake,
And will not goe, *which proves* their hearts do quake.
Beſides, all *Aires* in *Warre* are very fit,
As *Curvets*, *Dimivoltoes*, and *Perwieet*:
In *going back*, and *forward*, *turning round*,
Side-wayes, both *high* and *low* upon the ground.
Sometimes in *a large circle*, *compaſſe* take,
And then with *Art*, a *leſſer circle* make.
But *Horſes* that *unlearn'd* are in this way,
May *march ſtrait forth*, or in *one place* may ſtay.
So men, when they doe *fight*, *having no skill*,
May *venture life*, but *few* that they ſhall kill.
For 'tis not *blowes*, and *thruſts* ſhall doe the *feat*,
Or *going forward*, or by a *retreat*:
He muſt the *center be*, his *ſword* the *line*,
His *feet* his *compaſſe*, with his *ſtrength* to joyne.
Theſe are the *Arts* for *Horſe*, and *Men* of *War*;
Unleſſe with *ſtratagems* they think to *ſcar*:
Which ſhewes *more wit* then *courage* in the field,
So 'tis to run away, or elſe to yeeld.
But here the *Bodies* of *each Army's knit*
So cloſe, as skin unto the fleſh doe ſit:
No *ſtratagems* us'd to have men ſlaine,
But they did fight upon an open *Plaine*.

For

For those that use slight *stratagems* in warres,
No *fighters* are, but cruell *Murtherers*.
Nor is it *bravely* done, as some think 'tis,
For every *petty Thiefe*, has skill in this.
Poore Theeves, more *courage* in their acts doe sho
For if their plots doe faile, must dye they know.
Warriors designes found out, they doe not care,
Because no *hanging* for that *act* they feare;
They'l say, 'tis different thus enemies to use,
For *Theeves* by their *deceit* their friends abuse.
But 'tis not so, for *cousenage* is the *theif*,
And of that Order, *Generals are the chief*:
Fighting's the *Souldiers trade*, not to *intrap*,
Nor *foxing* with *craft*, a *prey* for to inwrap,
But *kill*, or *pursue*, with Swords in their hands
Without any *fraud*, or *treacherous bands*.
Just so fought these brave, valiant *Cavaliers*,
By the unhappy end, as it appears:
For they did joyne, and fierce together fight,
Which was to all, a *lamentable* sight.
Some lay upon the ground, without a *Head*,
Others that *gasping lay*, but not quite dead:
Their *groans* were heard, and *cryes* of severall *Notes*.
Some *rutling lay*, with thick *bloud* in their *throates*:
Here a *Head-peice* lay, there a *Corslet* throwne,
Bodies so *mangled*, that none could be known.
Rivers of *bloud* like to a full high *tide*,
Or like a *Sea*, where *shipwrack'd bodies* dy'd:
And their *laborious breath* such *mists* did raise,
Which made a *cloud*, as *darkned* the *Suns raies*.
With *severall noyses* that rebounded far,
Armies of Ecchoes in the aire were.
Here *bodies* hid with *smoake*, smother'd, lay dead,
While *formlesse sounds*, were in the aire spread.
Thus were they *active*, and *earnest* in their *fight*,
As if to *kill*, or *dye*, were a *delight*.
Here *beasts* and *men*, both in their *bloud* lay *masht*,
As if that a *French Cook* had them minc'd, *so hasht*,
Or with their *bloud* a *Gelly* boyle,
To make a *Boullion* of the *spoyle*,

For *Natures table* ſeveral *diſhes brings*,
By her directions in transforming things:
At laſt the *Pigmees* found themſelves quite ſpent,
And of their *war* begun now to repent,
Which made their *King*, though little, yet at length,
Did call to *Oberon King* to try his ſtrength;
Let's here, ſaid he, our *skill* and *fortunes* try,
In conquering *one*, or *both* in graves to lye.
Content, ſaid *Oberon King*, *though moſt unjuſt*
You have your ſelfe into my *Kingdome* thruſt.
Yet will I not refuſe this offer bold,
And if I live this day will *facred hold*.
Then like *two Lions* fallen out for *prey*,
Encounter did, not yeelding any way.
Their *bright ſharp ſwords*, ſo quick with *motion flyes*,
Like *ſubtle lightning* in *each others eyes*.
Pigmee King was ſtrong, he two handfuls tall,
But *Oberon King* was low, and very ſmall.
Yet was he *dextrous* in his *skilful Art*,
And by that means ſtruck *Pigmee* neer the heart,
Whoſe blood run warm, and trickling down his ſide,
That where he ſtood, the graſſe was purple dy'd.
Then leaning on his ſword, as out of breath,
Said he to *Oberon*, I have got my death;
Grew faint, then ſinking on the ground did lye,
Finding his ſoul from's body ſoon would flye;
Saying to *Oberon*, do you mercy ſhew,
And let my Army freely from you go.
And thoſe that *here lye ſlain*, O let them have
Juſt rights in *burial*, and their *bones* in grave;
That their *free ſouls* in *quiet peace* may ſleep,
And for this *Act* the *gods* your *Fame* will keep.
I care, nor grieve not for my own ſad *Fall*,
But for my ſubjects that are ruin'd all.
And in a *deep-fetcht ſigh*, and *hollow groan*,
His Soul went forth unto a place unknown.
When that his *ſouldiers* heard their *King* was dead,
Their hearts did fail, yet none of them there fled;
But to him run like *ſhuttles in a loom*,
And with their bodies did his *Corps* intomb.

For *through* their loyall breaſt did dig their grave,
Becauſe their *King* a *Monument* ſhould have;
So all did dye, no *ſtory* yet hath *ſhown*,
Was ever any *Pygmees* after known;
Then did their *wives* with ſighs lament their *falls*,
And withtheir tears did ſtrew their *Funerals*;
Thoſe Tears did mix with blood upon the ground,
Where *Rubies* ſince hath in the *Earth* been found.
Their *Bodies* moiſt to *Vapour* rarified,
And now in *Clouds* do neer the *Sun* reſide.
When they their *grief* unto remembrance call,
Thoſe *ſullen clouds* in ſhouring tears do fall.
Their *ſighs* are *winds* that blow here and there,
And all their *bodies tranſmigrated are.*
Unhappy battle to deſtroy a *Race*,
That on the *earth* deſerv'd the *chiefeſt place*;
For they were valiant, and did love their *King*,
Without diſpute obey'd in every thing.
Nature pittying to ſee their *Fortune* ſad,
Who by *her favour* a remembrance had;
For ſhe their *bones* did turn to *Marble white*,
Of which are *Statues* carv'd for *Mans* delight;
And in ſome places are as *gods* ſet up,
Idols that ſuperſtition doth worſhip.
There *Oberon King* a Temple builded high,
In which great *Fortunes name* did magnifie.

The *Temple* of *Fortune.*

THe *Temple* was built of *Cornelian red*,
To ſignifie that much *blood* there was ſhed.
Her *Altars* were carv'd from an *Agget ſtone*,
VVhere there were *musk-Flyes* ſacrificed on:
And *Prieſt* there is that ſings *her* praiſes loud,
VVhereat the people kneels all in a croud.
For though *ſhe* be blind, and cannot well ſee,
Yet *ſhe* her *hearing* hath perfectly.
The *Steeple* was built of *black mourning jet*,
And carved finely with many a *Fret.*
The *Bels* of *Nightingales* tongues which did ring,

As

As ſweetly as in the Spring they do ſing.
Their *Holy fire* is made of *Sweet Spice*,
And kept by *Virgins* young, that know no Vice.
Their *gods* ſometimes they place in a Bower,
VVhich made is of a *Geſamin* Flower;
And all her *ſacred Groves*, in which ſhe walks,
Are ſet with *Roſes* that grow's by the ſtalks.
Thus in *Proceſsion* her about they bear,
Where none, but in Devotion, cometh there.
The *King* and *Queen*, do wait where e're *ſhe* go;
And all about ſweet incenſe they do ſtrew.
Nature frown'd to ſee *her* ſo reſpected,
And by theſe *Honours* done, ſhe thought her ſelf rejected.
Wherefore ſaith *Nature*, let me take the place,
And let not *Fortune* proud, me thus out-face;
When all that's *good* you do receive from me;
For ſhe my *Vaſſal* low, you ſoon ſhall ſee.
For I with *Vertues*, do the *Mind* inſpire,
And cloathes the *Soul* in beautifull attire.
The *body* equall makes, and very ſtrong,
The *Heart* with *Courage*, to revenge a wrong.
In *brains*, *Invention*, *Wit*, and *Judgement* lyes,
Creating like a *god*, orders as wiſe.
The *Senſes all*, as perfectly are made,
To *hear*, to *ſee*, to *taſte*, to *touch*, *perſwade*.
And in the *Soule*, *Affections*, *Paſsions* live,
There's, nothing done, but what my powers giv(
All which to *mutability* I throw.
Who in perpetuall *motion* alwayes goe.
Thus all Invention from my power comes,
For *Arts* in men, are but by *ſcraps* and *crumbs*.
So *Fate* and *Fortune*, are my *Handmaids* ſure,
For what they do, ſhall never long endure.
For I throughout the World do make things range,
And conſtant am in nothing, but in *change*.
Then let your worſhip to blind *Fortune* fall,
Or elſe ſhall my diſpleaſure bury all.
Put *falſe devotion* unto men is ſweet,
VVhilſt *Truth's* kickt out, and trodden under feet.
Their *minds* do ebbe and flow, juſt like the *Tides*

And what is to be done, is caſt aſide.
This makes that *men* are never in the way,
But wander up and down like ſheep aſtray;
Oh wretched man that cannot in peace be,
For with himſelfe he cannot well agree.
Sometimes *he* hates, what he before approves
But in a conſtant courſe *he* never moves.
Nor to *himſelf*, nor God that's good, can ſta
He ever ſeeking is ſome unknown way.
No ſad example *he* by warning takes,
If none will do him hurt, ſome miſchief mak
As if *he* fear'd in *happineſſe* to *live*;
And to *himſelf* a deadly wound will give.
But why do I complain, that *Man* is bad,
Since what *he hath*, or *is*, from me *he* had?
Not onely *Man*, the *World*, but *Gods* alſo,
And nothing greater then my ſelf I know.
VVhich made them take high *Fortune* down,
And in *her* room, great *Nature crown*.

A *Battle* between *Life* and *Death*.

A Cruel *Battle* is betwixt two *Foes*,
VVhen *Nature* will decide it, *none* yet knows;
Theſe *two* are *Life* and *Death*, the world divide,
And whilſt *it* laſts, the *Cauſe* will n'ere decide.
Firſt, *Life* is active, ſeeking to enjoy,
And *Death* is envious, ſtriving to deſtroy.
VVhen *Life* a curious peece of *Work* doth make
And thinks therein ſome pleaſure for to take;
Then in comes *Death*, with Rancour, and with ſpleen,
Deſtroyes it ſo, that nothing can be ſeen;
For fear her ruines, *Beauty* might preſent,
Leaves not ſo much, to makes *Life's* Monument.
This makes *Life* mourn, to ſee her pains, and coſt
Deſtroy'd, for what ſhe doth, in *Death* is loſt.
VVeeping, complains at *Natures* crueltie,
That onely made her, for *Deaths ſlave* to be.
I am his *food*, his *ſharp teeth* doth me tear,
And when I cry, no pity hath, nor care.

The

The pain he puts me in, doth make me rore,
And his *pale face* that's grim, affrights me ſore.
And when I think away from him to run,
Falls ſtreight into his jaws, no wayes can ſhun:
But why do *I* thus ſigh, lament, and mourn?
And try not means for to revenge my wrong.
I will call all my friends their ſtrength to tryе,
Either *Ile* periſh quite, or *Death* ſhall dye.
Then brings ſhe *motion*, nimble at each turn;
And *Courages*, that doth like Fire burn.
Preventing, and *inventing wits*, to make
Sconſes and Forts, too ſtrong *for* death to take.
A *Regiment* of *Arts*, defending with their skill,
And do aſſault her foes, and ſometimes kill.
A *Brigade* of *clear ſtrengths*, ſtand firm and ſure,
VVhich can the aſſaults of *Death* endure.
A *Party* of *perfect healths*, arm'd ſo well,
As *Death* how to deſtroy them, cannot tell.
A *Troop* of *Growths*, at firſt, ſmall, weak, and low,
Increaſing every minute, *numbers* grow.
And many more *Companies* hath *Life* there,
As all the *Paſsions*, chiefly *Hope* and *Fear*.
Love leads this Army, his *motto* a *Heart*,
Their *Arms* are their *Free-Wils*, all bear a part.
Deaths Army are all to deſtruction bent,
As VVars, and Famine, both theſe, Peſtilent.
Fury, and *Rage*, *Deſpair*, that run about,
Seeking which way, that they may *Life* put out.
Troops, *Regiments*, *Brigades*, in numbers are,
As *Sickneſſe*, *Dulneſſe*, *Griefe*, and *Care*;
And *feeble Age*, but few, nor ſcarce can ſtand,
Yet in *Deaths* battle, fight will hand to hand.
Hate leads the Army, in a dull ſlow pace,
And for his *Motto*, has, *a lean, pale face.*
With ſeverall weapons, *Death* poor *Life* doth take
Her as a priſoner, and his ſlave doth make.
And on her Aſhes doth in triumph ride,
And by his Conqueſt, ſwels he big with pride.

Lifes force was ſtrong enough, to keep her ſtate

If *Death*, befriended had not been by *Fate*.
She againſt *Death* could make her *party* good,
Had not the *Fates* her happineſſe withſtood.
Who ſpins the *thread* of *life*, ſo ſmall and weak,
That of neceſſity it needs muſt break.
If not, *they* cut it into peeces ſmall,
And give it *Death*, to make him nets withall;
To catch in *Life*, when cloſely ſhe would hide
Her ſelfe from *Death*, but in this net is ty'd.
Or in the *Chains* of *Deſtiny* is hung,
The world from ſide, to ſide, about is flung;
Having no reſt, nor *ſettlement*, *but* flyes
About from *Death*, and yet it never dyes;
Runs into ſeverall *forms*, *Death* for to ſhun,
But he deſtroyes theſe *Forms*, that *Life* in comes.
Death like a *Snake*, in *Natures* boſome lyes,
Like *flattering friends*, but yet in heart *envies*.
And *Nature* ſeems to *Life* an enemie,
Becauſe ſhe ſtill lets *Death* a *Conqueror* be.

Of a *Travelling Thought*.

A *Thought*, for *breeding*, would a *Travellour* be
The ſeverall *Countries* in the *brain* to ſee.
Spurr'd with *Deſires*, and *booted* with *Hope*,
Cap't with *curioſity*, a *patient cloake*.
Thus ſuited, then a horſe *he* did provide,
Strong imagination he got to ride,
Sadl'd with *Ambition*, and *girted* with *pride*.
Bridled with *doubt*, *reſolving ſtirrups* on each ſide,
When he was mounted, faſt away they went,
In a full gallop of a *good intent*.
Some *wayes* in the *brain*, very *ill*, there were,
Into *deep errours*, often tumbled th'are.
High mountains of *great fear*, was forc'd to hide,
Steep *Precipices* of *Deſpair* down ſlide.
Woods of *forgetfulneſſe*, *they oft* paſt through,
To find the right way out, had much ado.
In *troubles*, he had travell'd a long way,
At laſt he came where *Theeves* of *ſpight* cloſe lay:

Who

Who coming forth, drew out *reproachfull words*,
Which wounded *Reputation*, as ſharp ſwords;
When he did feel the *wound* to ſmart, drew out
From *Time's Scabbard*, *Truth* which fought full ſtout,
With an *innocent thruſt* he left *ſpight* dead,
Wip'd off the bloud of *ſlander* purple red;
Coming to a river of *Temptation*,
Deep and *dangerous* of *Tribulation*.
With *Temperance* he ſwum, got out at laſt
And with *ſecurity* all dangers paſt;
At laſt got to the *City* of *power*,
Whereon ſtood *Tyranny*, a great *Tower*.
With *diſcords populous*, there *Riot* rules;
Great *Colledges* there was to *breed up fools*.
Large houſes of *Extortions* high were built,
And all with *prodigality* were gilt;
Their *ſtreets* were pitcht with *dull* and *lazy ſtone*,
Which never hurts the feet when trodden on.
Markets of *plentiful* [illegible] were there, [illegible]
VVhere all ſorts did come, and buy without care
Herbs of repentance thete were in great ſtore,
But *roots of ignorance* were many more.
Carts of *knowledge* brought much proviſions in,
Some *underſtanding* bought, which *truth* did bring:
Yet what is bought proves good, or bad by chance,
For ſome were *couzen'd* by *falſe ignorance*.
Then forthwith into *ſhamble-row* he went,
Where *ſtore of meat* hung up, for 'twas not *Lent*;
There lay *heads* with *wit*, and *Fancies* fil'd,
And *hearts* were there, which *griefe* and *ſorrow kill'd*.
Tongues of *Eloquence* hung upon an *Ear*,
Bladders blown with *windy opinions* there:
Weak Livers of *great fear*, lay there to ſell,
And *malice*, *ſpleens*, which very big did ſwell.
Tough lungs of *wilfulneſſe*, *hard* and *dry*;
Whole *guts of ſelf-conceit* did hang thereby.
In to a *Poulterers* ſhop he went to ſee,
What *fowl* there were, if any good there be.
There lay *wild Geeſe*, though *black* and heavy meat,
Yet ſome groſſe appetite lik'd then

The

The *cholerick Turkey*, and the *Peacocks* pride,
The *fooliſh dotterels* lay there cloſe beſide.
Capons of *Expectation*, cram'd with *hope*,
Swans of *large deſires*, lay in the ſhop.
Reproachfull words were ſold by dozens there,
And *ignorant* Guls lay every where.
Poëtical Birds were many to ſell,
More *Fowl*, which he remembred not to tell;
But being a *Travellour*, would ſee all there,
So ſtraight he went to *Churches* of *great fear*;
Where every one kneel'd upon the knee of *pain*,
And prayers ſaid with *tongues* that were *prophan*
Petitioning tears drop'd from *coveting* eyes,
Deceitfull hearts on Altars of *diſguiſe*.
Earneſt they were to *gods*, that they would give
Worldly requeſt, not *grace* for ſouls to live;
But *travailes* of *Experience* he would ſee,
Which made him go to the *Court* of *Vanity*.
The *Porter*, *Flattery* ſate at the Gate,
Who civill was, and carried him in ſtrait.
Firſt to the *Preſence-chamber* of *Beauty* went,
There ſtaid ſome time, with great, and ſweet *conten*
Next to the *Privy-chamber* of *Diſcourſe*,
Where *Ignorance*, and *Non-ſenſe* had great force.
Then to the *Bed-chamber* of *Loves delights*,
The *Grooms* which ſerved there, were *Carpet Knight*
From thence to *Counſel* of *Direction* went,
Where great *Diſorder* ſate as *Preſident*.
No ſooner that poor ſtranger he did view,
Reproachful words out of his mouth he threw;
Commanding *Poverty*, a *Serjeant* poor,
To take that ſtranger, caſt him out of door.
Strait *Flattery* for him intreated much,
But he *Diſorders ear* doth ſeldome touch.
For caſt he was into *neceſsity*,
Which is a *priſon* of great *miſery*.
But *Patience* got him an *expedient Paſſe*,
So home he went, but rid upon an *Aſſe*.

A REGISTER OF MOVRNFVLL VERSES.

On a Melting Beauty.

GOing into a *Church* my prayers to ſay,
Cloſe by a *Tombe* a *mourning Beauty* lay.
Her knees on *Marble cold* were bow'd down low,
So firme were fix'd, as if *ſhe there* did grow.
Her *Elbow* on the *Tombe* did ſteady ſtand,
Her *Head* hung back, the *hind-part* in her hand;
Turning her *Eyes* up to the Heavens high,
Left nothing but the *white* of *either eye*.
Upon the *lower ſhut* * did hang a *teare*,
Like to a *Diamond pendent* in an *eare*.
Her *Breaſt* did pant, as if *Life* meant
To ſeek her *Heart*, which way it went.
I ſtanding there, obſerving what ſhe did,
At laſt ſhe from *her hand* did raiſe her *head*:
And caſting down *her eyes*, ne're look'd about,
Teares pull her *eye-lids* down, as they *guſh'd out*,
And with a gentle *Groane* at laſt did ſpeake,
Her words were ſoft, her *voyce* ſound low, and weak.
O *Heavens* (ſaid ſhe) what doe you meane,
I dare not think you *Gods* can have a *ſpleen*,
And yet I finde great *torments* you doe give,
Creatures to make in miſery to live.
You ſhew us *Joyes*, but we poſſeſſe not *one*,
You give us *Life*, for *Death* to feed upon.
O *cruell Death*, thy Dart hath made me poore
You ſtruck *that Heart* my *Life did moſt* adore.
You *Gods*, delight not thus me to torment,
But ſtrike me dead by this deare *Monument*:

* The under lid.

And let our *Aſhes* mixe both in this *Urne*;
So as one *Phœnix* ſhall *we* both become.
Hearing *her* mourne, I went to give *reliefe*;
But, Oh alas, her *eares* were ſtopt with *griefe*.
When I came neere, her *bloud* congeal'd to *Ice*,
And all her *Body* changed in a trice;
That *Ice* ſtrait melted into *tears*, down run
Through *porous earth*: ſo got into that *Urne*.

On a Furious Sorrow.

VPon a *Grave out-ragious Sorrow* ſet,
Digging the *Earth*, as if ſhe through would get.
Her *hair* unty'd, *looſe* on her *ſhoulders* hung,
And every *haire* with *teares*, like *Beads*, was ſtrung.
And when thoſe *tears* did fall with their *owne weight*,
With *new-borne tears* ſupplyed their places ſtrait.
She held a *Dagger*, ſeem'd with *courage* bold,
Griefe bid her ſtrike, but *Feare* did bid her hold;
Impatience rays'd her *voyce*, and ſhrieking ſhrill,
Which ſounded like a *Trumpet* on a hill.
Her *face* was flickt, like *Marble* ſtreak'd with *red*,
Caus'd by *Griefes vapours* flying to her *head*.
Her *boſome* bare, her *garments* looſe, and wide,
And in this poſture lay by *Deaths* cold ſide.
By chance a *man*, who had a *fluent tongue*,
Came walking by, ſeeing her lye along,
Pittying her *ſad condition*, and her *griefe*,
Did ſtraine by *Rhethoricks help* to give *reliefe*.
Why doe you mourne, ſaid he, and thus complain
Since *grief* wil neither *Death*, nor *Gods* reſtraine?
When they at firſt all *Creatures* did create,
And gave them *life*, to *death predeſtinate*.
Your *ſorrow* cannot alter their *Decree*,
Nor call back *life* by your *impatiency*.
Nor can the *dead* from *Love* receive a *heat*,
Nor heares the *ſound* of *lamentations* great.
For *Death* is ſtupid, being numb'd and cold,
No *eares* to heare, nor *eyes* for to behold.
Then mourn no more, ſince you no help can give,

Take pleaſure in your *Beauty*, whiles you live,
For, in the *faireſt*, *Nature* pleaſure takes.
But if you dye, then *Death* his triumph makes.
At laſt his words like *Keyes* unlock'd her *eares*,
And then ſhe ſtrait conſiders what ſhe heares.
Pardon, you *Gods*, (ſaid ſhe) my *murmuring crime*,
My *griefe* ſhall ne're diſpute your *Will Divine*:
And in *ſweet life* will I take moſt delight:
And ſo went home with that *fond Carpet-Knight*.

On a *Mourning Beauty*.

VPon the *Hill* of *Melancholy* ſate
A *Mourning Beauty*; but no word ſhe ſpake.
Silent as *Night*, where no *Articulate noyſe*
Did once riſe up, ſhut cloſe from *light of joyes*;
Only a *wind* of *Sighs*, which doth ariſe
From the *deep Cave*, the *Heart*, wherein thoſe lyes.
Sadneſſe, as a *Vaile*, over her *face* was flung;
Sorrow a *Mantle black* about her hung.
Her *leaning Head* upon her *hand* did reſt,
The other *hand* was laid upon the *Breaſt*.
Her *Eyes* did humble bow towards the ground,
The *Earth* the *object* in her *Eyes* quite drown'd.
From her *ſoft Heart* a *ſpring* of *tears* did riſe,
Which run from the *two fountaines* of her *Eyes*:
And where thoſe *Showers* fell, *Flowers* up ſprung,
No comfort give, their *Heads*, for *griefe* down hung.
Yet did the *Stars* ſhine bright, as *Tapers* by,
Shadows of *light* did ſit as *Mourners* nigh.
At laſt the *Gods* did pitty her ſad *Fate*,
Her to a *ſhining Comet* did tranſlate.

Of *Sorrowes Teares*.

INto the *Cup of Love* poure *Sorrowes teares*,
Where every *drop* a *perfect Image beares*:
And trickling down the *Hill of Beauties cheek*,
Falls on the *Breaſt*, dives through, the *Heart* to meet.
Which *Heart*, *burnt* up would be with *fire* of *griefe*,
Did not thoſe *tears* with *moyſture* give reliefe.

An *Elegy* on a *Widow*.

Widow, which honour to her *Husband* gave!
By *vertuous life*, and *faithful* to her *Grave*,
Set *Altars* on this *Hearſe* for *memory*,
And let her *Fame* live here eternally.
Here celebrate her Name, and bring
Your *Offerings*, and all *her praiſes* ſing.
For ſhe was *one* whom *Nature* ſtrove to make
A *Pattern* fit, *Enſamples* out to take.

On a *Mother*, that dyed for griefe of *her only Daughter*, which dyed.

VNto this *Grave* let *unkind Parents* come,
And touch theſe *loving Aſhes* in this *Urne*.
All the *diſlike*, *Parents* in *Children* find,
Shall vaniſh quite, and be of *Nature* kind.
For in this *Tombe* ſuch *pure Love* buried lyes,
None *perfect is*, but what *from hence* doth riſe.

On a *beautifull young Maid*, that dyed Daughter to the grieved Mother.

YOu *Lovers* all come mourne here, and lament
Over this *Grave*, and build a *Monument*,
For *Beauties* everlaſting *memory*:
The world ſhall never ſuch *another* ſee.
Her *face* did ſeem like to a *Glory bright*,
And when the *Sun* did riſe, from *her* took *light*:
The *Sun* and *Moon* could ne're *eclips'd* have been,
If ere thoſe *Planets* had her *beauty* ſeen.
Nor had this *Iſle* been ſubject to *dark nights*,
Had not *ſleep* ſhut *her eyes*, ſo ſtop'd thoſe *lights*.
No *Bodies* could *infection* take, her *breath*
Did cleanſe the *Aire*, reſtoring *life* from *death*.
But *Nature* finding ſhe had been too free,
In making ſuch a *mighty Power* as *She*,
Uſed all *Induſtry's powerfull Art*, and *skil*,

Gave

Gave *Death* a *greater power* this *body* to kill.
For if that *Nature* let this *body* live,
She had no work for *Death*, nor *Fates* to give.

The *Funerall* of *Calamity*.

Calamity was laid on *Sorrows Hearſe*,
And *coverings* had of *Melancholy verſe*.
Compaſsion, as *kind friends*, doth mourning goe
And *tears* about the *Corps* as *flowers* ſtrow.
A *Garland* of *deep ſighs* by pitty made,
On the *ſad Corps* of *Calamity* laid.
Bels of *complaints* did ring *it* to the *Grave*,
And *Hiſtory* a *monument* of *fame* it gave.

OF a *Funerall*.

Alas, who ſhall condole my *Funerall*,
Since none is neere that doth my *life* concern?
Or who ſhall drop a *ſacrificing tear*,
If *none* but *enemies* my *hearſe* ſhall bear?

For here's no *mourner* to lament *my fall*,
But all rejoyced in my *fate*, though ſad;
And think my *heavie ruine* far too light,
So cruell is their *malice*, and their *ſpight*.

For *men* no *pitty*, nor *compaſsion* have,
But all in *ſavage wilderneſſe* doe delight,
To *waſh*, and *bathe* themſelves in my *pure bloud*,
As if they *health* receiv'd from that *red floud*.

Yet will the *Winds* ring out my *knell*,
And *ſhouring raine* fall on my *hearſe*,
And *Birds* as *Mourners* ſit thereon,
And *Graſſe* a covering grow upon.

Rough ſtones, as *Scutchions*, ſhall adorne my *Tombe*,
And *Glow-worm burning Tapers* ſtand thereby;
Night ſable covering ſhall me over-ſpread,
Elegies of *Man-drakes groans* ſhall write me dead.

Then

Then let no *Spade*, nor *Pick-axe* dig me up,
But let my *bones* lye quietly in peace.
For who the *dead* diſlodges from their *grave*,
Shall neither *bleſſedneſſe*, nor *honour* have.

An *Elegy* on my *Brother*, kill'd in theſe unhappy VVarres.

DEare *Brother*, thy *Idea* in my minde doth lye,
And is intomb'd in my *ſad memory*;
Where every day I to thy *Shrine* doe goe,
And offer *tears*, which from my *eyes* doe flow.
My *heart* the *fire*, whoſe *flames* are ever pure,
Laid on *Loves Altar* laſt, till *life* endure.
My *ſorrows incenſe* ſtrew, of *ſighs* fetch'd deep,
My *thoughts* doe watch while they ſweet *ſpirit* ſleeps.
Dear bleſſed ſoul, though thou art gone, yet lives
Thy *fame* on *earth*, and *men* thee praiſes give.
But all's too ſmal, for thy *Heroick minde*
Was above all the *praiſes of Man-kinde*.

Of the *death* and *buriall* of *Truth*.

TRuth in the *Golden Age* was *healthy*, *ſtrong*,
But in the *Silver Age* grew *leane*, and *wan*;
Ith' *Brazen Age* ſore ſick abed did lye,
And in the laſt *hard Iron Age* did dye.
Meaſuring, and *Reckoning*, both being ju
She as her *two Executors* did truſt,
Her *goods* for to diſtribute all about
To her *dear friends*, as *Legacies* gave out.
Firſt, *uſefull Arts*, the *life* of *men* to eaſe;
Then thoſe of *pleaſure*, which the *mind* doe pleaſe.
Diſtinguiſhments from *that* to *this*, to ſhew
What's beſt to take, or leave, which way to goe;
Experiments to *ſhun*, or to *apply*,
Either for *health*, or *peace*, or what to fly:
And *Sympathies*, which keep the *world unite*,
Averſions otherwiſe would ruine quite.
This *Will* and *Teſtament* ſhe left behind,

And

And as her *Deed of Gift*, left to *Mankinde*.
Mourning ſhe gave to all her friends to weare,
And did appoint that *foure* her Hearſe ſhould beare;
Love at the *head* did hold the *Winding-ſheet*;
On each ſide, *Care* and *Feare*, *Sorrow* the *feet*.
This *ſheet* at *every corner faſt* was ty'd,
Made of *Oblivion ſtrong*, and very wide.
Naturall affections in *mourning* clad,
Went next the *Hearſe*, with griefe diſtracted mad:
Did tear their hair, ſcracht *face*, *and hands* did wring,
And from their *eyes* fountaines of *tears* did ſpring.
For *Truth*, ſaid they, did alwayes with us live.
But now *ſhe's* dead, no *Truth* that we can give.
After came *Kings*, which all *good Lawes* did make,
And *power* us'd for *Truth*, and *Vertues* ſake.
Next *them* came *Honour*, in *Garments* black, and long,
With *blubber'd face*, and her head down hung:
Who wiſht to dye, for *life* was now a *paine*,
Since *Truth* was *dead*, *honour* no more could gaine.
Next theſe, *Lovers* with *faces pale* as *Death*,
With ſhame-faſt *eyes*, quick *Pulſe*, and *ſhortned breath*,
And in *each hand*, a *bleeding heart* did bring,
Which *hearts* within the *grave* of *truth* did fling.
And ever ſince, *Lovers inconſtant* prove,
They more *profeſsion* give, then reall *love*.
Next *them* came *Counſellours* of all degrees,
From *Courts*, and *Countries*, and chiefe *Cities*,
Their *wiſe heads* were a *guard*, and a ſtrong wa
So long as *Truth* did live amongſt them all.
All ſorts of *Tradeſ-men*, uſing not to ſwear,
So long as *Truth*, not *Oaths*, ſold *off their ware*.
Phyſitians came, who try new wayes for skil,
And for *Experience* ſake doe many kil.
But doe uſe *Simples good*, which *Nature* ſent,
To ſtrengthen *man*, and *ſickneſſe* to prevent.
Some *Judges* were, no *wrangling Lawyers baſe*:
For *Truth* alive did plead, decide each *caſe*.
Widowes, that to their *Husbands* kind had ſwore,
That when *they dyed*, would never marry more.
At laſt the *Clergy* came, who taught *Truths* way,

And how *men* in *devotion* ought to pray:
By *Morall* Lawes the *lives of men* direct,
Perſwade to *peace*, and *Governours* reſpect;
They wept for *grief*, as *Prophets did fore-tell*,
That all the *world* with *falſ-hood* would rebell.
Faction will come, ſay they, and beare great ſwa
And *bribes* the *Innocent* ſhall all betray.
Controverſies within the *Church* ſhall riſe,
And *Hereſies* ſhall beare away the *prize*.
Inſtead of *Peace*, the *Prieſts* ſhall *diſcords* preach,
And high *Rebellion* in their *doctrines* teach.
Then ſhall *men learn* the *Laws* for to explain,
Which *learning* only ſerves for *Lawyers* gain.
For they *doe make*, and ſpread *them* in a Net,
To catch in *Clients*, and their money get.
The *Laws*, which *Wiſe-men* made to keep the peace,
Serve only now for *quarrels to increaſe*.
All thoſe that ſit in *Honours ſtately throne*,
Are *counterfeits*, not any *perfect* known.
They put on *vizards* of an *honeſt face*,
But all their *Acts unworthy* are, and *baſe*.
Friendſhip in *words*, and *complements* will li
Not *one nights lodging* in the *heart* ſhall gi...
Lovers ſhall dye for *Luſt*, yet *love* not one;
And *Vertue unregarded* ſit alone.
Now *Truth is dead*, no *goodneſſe* here ſhal dwell,
But with *diſorder* make each place a *Hell*.
With that *they all ſhriekt out*, lament, and cry
To *Nature*, for to *end* their *miſery*.
And now this *Iron Age's* ſo *ruſty* grown,
That all the *Hearts* are turn'd to hard *flint-ſtone*.

FINIS.

THE ANIMALL PARLIAMENT.

THe *Soul* called a *Parliament* in his *Animal Kingdom*, which *Parliament* conſiſteth of three parts, the *Soul*, the *Body*, and the *Thoughts*; which are *Will*, *Imaginations*, and *Paſsions*. The *Soul* is the *King*, the *Nobility* are the *Spirits*, the *Commonalty* are the *Humours* and *Appetites*. The *Head* is the *upper Houſe* of *Parliament*, where at the upper end of the ſaid *Houſe* ſits the *Soul King*, in a *Kernel* of the *Braine*, like to a Chaire of State by himſelfe alone, and his *Nobility* round about him. The two Arch-Biſhops, *Admiration*, and *Adoration*; the reſt are, *Apprehenſion*, *Reſentment*, and *Aſtoniſhment*. The *Judges* are the *Five Senſes*, and the *Wooll-ſacks* they ſit on, are *Sight*, *Sound*, *Sent*, *Taſt*, *Touch*. The *Maſter* of the *Black Rod* is *Ignorance*: *Underſtanding*, the *Lord Keeper*, is alwayes *Speaker*. The *Clerke* that writes downe all, is *Memory*.

The *lower Houſe of Parliament* is the *Heart*, the *Knights* and *Burgeſſes* are *Paſsions*, and *Affections*. The *Speaker* is *Love*. The *Clerke* that writes downe all, is *Fear*. The *Serjeant* is *Diſlike*. The ſeverall *Writs* that are ſent out by this *Parliament*, are ſent out by the *Nerves* into every part of this *Animall Kingdom*, and the *Muſcles* execute the power and *Authority* of thoſe *Writs* upon the *Members* of the *Common-wealth*. The *lower Houſe* preſents their *Grievances*, or their *deſires*, to the *upper Houſe* the *Braine*, by the *Arteries*.

When they were all ſet in order, and a dead ſilence through all the Houſe, the *King* made a *Speech* to the *Aſſembly* after this manner following.

The Kings Speech.

THe reaſon why I called this Parliament is, not only to rectifie the riotous diſorders made by Vanity, and to repeale the Lawes of erroneous opinions made in the minde, and to cut off the entayles of evil Conſciences; but to raiſe *Foure Subſidies* of Juſtice, Prudence, Fortitude, and Temperance, whereby I may be able to defend you from the allurements of the World, as Riches, Honour, and Beauty, and to beat out incroaching falſhoods, which make inrodes, and doe carry away the *innocency* of Truth, and to quench the rebellion of ſuperfluous words; but alſo to make and enact ſtrict Lawes to a good Life, in which I make no queſtion, but every one which are in my *Parliament* will be willing to conſent, and be induſtrious thereunto: the reſt I leave to my Keeper *Underſtanding*, to informe you further of.

After the *King* had thus ſpoken, the *Keeper* made another Speech, as followeth.

The Lord *Keepers* Speech, who is *Speaker*.

My *Noble Lords*:

YOu may know by the calling of this *Parliament*, not only the wiſdome of our *gracious King*, in deſiring your aide and aſſiſtance, in the beginning of danger, before the fire growes too violent for your help to quench out; but his love, and tender regard of your ſafety. Beſides, he hath ſhewed the unwillingneſſe he hath to oppreſſe, and burthen his *good Subjects* with *heavie Taxes*, before palpable neceſsity requires them: for he hath not called you upon *ſuppoſitions* and *feares*, but upon *viſible truths*; neither was it *Imprudence* in ſtaying ſo long, for it is as *imprudent* to diſturbe a peaceable *Common-wealth* with *doubts* of what may come, as to be ſo negligent to let a *threatning ruine* run without oppoſition. Thus is our *gracious Soveraigne wiſe* in chuſing his time, *valiant* in not fearing his enemies, *careſull* in calling the help and advice of his *Parliament*, and moſt *bountifull*, in that he requires not theſe *Subſidies* to ſpend in his particular delights, but for the good and benefit of the *Common-wealth*, and *ſafety* of his Subjects. Wherefore if any be obſtinate in oppoſing, or ſeemes

to

to murmure thereat, he is not worthy to be a *Citizen* thereof, and ought to be caſt out as a *corrupt member* therein.

After he had ended his ſpeech, he ſits down in his place, and then roſe up the L*ord* of *Objection*, and thus ſpake.

The *Lord of Objection's* Speech.

My Lord:

ALL that your *Lordſhip* ſpoke is true, and therein you have ſhewed your ſelfe a *Loyall Subject*, and a faithfull Servant; and I make no queſtion, but *every Member* in the Houſe will not only give their *Eſtates, but ſpend their Lives* for their *King*, and *Country*. Yet let me tell your Lordſhip, that I do beleeve the *Parliament* will never be able to raiſe a *Subſidy* of *Juſtice* from the *Commonalty*: it is too ſtrict a *demand*; as it is impoſsible for us to ſatisfie the *Kings* deſire, unleſſe the *Commons* were richer in *Equity*. But if our *gracious Soveraigne* will take a *Subſidy of Faith* in lieu of it, I dare ſay it may be eaſily got, raiſing it upon the *Clergy*, who are rich therein.

After he had ſpoke, roſe up the *Biſhop* of *Reſentment*, and ſaid.

The *Biſhop's* Speech.

My Lord:

IT may be eaſily perceived, that this *Lords* deſire is, that the *King* ſhould lay the heavieſt *Subſidy* upon the *Church*: not but that I dare ſay ſo much for the *Eccleſiaſticall Body*, as they would be as willing to aſsiſt the *King* in his Warres, as any of his *Lay Subjects*; yet what the *Clergy* have, belongs to the *Gods*; and what they take from us, they take from them.

After him, ſpoke the *Biſhop* of *Adoration*.

The *Biſhop* of *Adoration's* Speech.

My Lord:

OUr Brother hath told you the truth, that *Faith* is not to be given from the *Gods*; but, my *Lord*, to ſhew our willingneſſe and readineſſe to the *Kings* ſervice, we will give his *Majeſty* a *Subſidy* of *Prayers*, which are the *effects* of *Faith*. The *King*, and the reſt of the *Lords* approved of it, and ſent a *Writ* of it, through

the *Arteries* to the *lower Houſe* the *Heart* for her *approbation* which one of the *Judges* delivered to Maſter *Speaker*; then the *Speaker* taking the report ſaid:

Gentlemen,

This Meſſage is to let you know, That the *Epiſcopall Body* hath offered the *King* a *Subſidy of Prayer*, to helpe him in his Warres, if you agree to it.

With that roſe up a *Gentleman*, and ſaid.

The Gentlemans Speech.

Maſter Speaker:

THe *Clergy* are able to give the *King* more then one *Subſidy*, if they will, being ſo rich as they have ingroſſed all the *Conſciences* in the *Kingdome*, building great *Colledges* of *Factions* there-with: and theſe *Colledges* doe not only diſturbe the *Commonwealth*, but impoveriſh it very much: for all that are bred therein, imploy all their time ſo in *Speculations*, as there is no time left for *honeſt* and *induſtrious practiſe*; beſides, their *Tythes* are ſo great, which they have out of *Ten*, as their poor *Pariſhioners* have almoſt none left (after their proportions are taken out) to ſerve their owne uſe, and maintenance.

Upon this Speech a Gentleman, one Maſter *Zeale* roſe up, and thus ſpake.

Maſter Speaker:

ALthough the *Clergy* are Maſters, and Rulers of *Conſciences*, or ſhould be ſo, yet they are to imploy them to no other uſe, but to the *ſervice* of the *Gods*; But I feare, we of the *Layety* ſtrive to uſurpe that *authority* to our owne worldly ends, or elſe we ſhould never have thoſe *large Conſciences*, as to lay the *Burthen* (from our owne ſhoulders) on theirs, but to doe as wee ſhould be done unto: let us take their *charitable aſsiſtance* with thankes.

Moſt of the Houſe were of this *Gentlemans* opinion, and voted an acceptance, and ſending up to the upper *Houſe*, that *Subſidy* was paſſed. After that was agreed, there was a *Rationall Lord*, that thus ſpake.

My *Lord*:

THere were ſome *Opinions* which were paſſed in former times, when the *Parliament* of *Errours* ſate, in the yeare of *Ignorance one thouſand eight hundred*

and

and two; That none muſt be thought State∫-men, but tho∫e which were formall. That all that are bold muſt be thought wiſe. That tho∫e which have new and ſtrange Fanta∫mes, muſt be thought the only men of knowledge. That none muſt be thought Wits, but Buffoones. That none muſt be thought learned, but Sophiſterian Diſputants. That all that are not debauch'd, muſt be thought unſociable. That all that doe not flatter, muſt be thought uncivil. That all which tell ſevere truths, muſt be thought rude, and ill-natur'd. That all that are not Fantaſticall, muſt be thought Clowniſh, and ill-bred. That all muſt be thought Cowards, that are not quarrelſome. That none muſt be thought valiant, but tho∫e that kill, or be killed. That none muſt be thought bountifull, but tho∫e that are prodigall. That none muſt be thought good Maſters, but tho∫e that let their ſervants couſen them. That none muſt be eſteemed, but tho∫e that are rich. That none muſt be beloved, but tho∫e that are powerfull. That none muſt be reſpected, but tho∫e that have outward honour. That none muſt be thought religious, but tho∫e that are ſuperſtitious. That none muſt be thought conſtant, but tho∫e that are ſtubborne. That none are patient, but tho∫e that ſuffer affront of ſcorne. That none are thrifty, but tho∫e that are ſluttiſh. That none are chaſt, but tho∫e that are not beautifull. That no man muſt be ſeene abroad with his owne Wife, leſt he be thought jealous. That Bluſhing muſt be thought a Crime proceeding from guiltineſſe. That none muſt be thought merry, but tho∫e that laugh. That none muſt be thought ſad, but tho∫e that cry. That all poore men muſt be thought fooles. That all Citizens muſt be thought Cuckolds. That none muſt be thought good Lawyers, and Doctors, but tho∫e which will take great Fees. That all duty and ſubmiſſion belongs to power, not to vertue. That all muſt have ill luck, after much mirth. That all tho∫e that marry on Tueſdayes and Thurſdayes, ſhall be happy. That a mans Fortune can be told in the palme of his hand. That the falling of Salt portends misfortune. Tho∫e that begin journies upon a Wedneſday, ſhall run through much danger. That all women that are poore, old, and ill-favoured, muſt be thought Witches, and be burnt for the ſame. That the houling of a Dog, or the croaking of Ravens, fore-tell a friends death.

Theſe ought to be repealed, and new ones enacted in their roome; *That all thoſe that have got the power, though unjuſtly, ought to be obeyed, without reluctancy. That all light is in the Eye, not in the Sun. That all Colours are a Perturb'd Light; and ſo are reflections, rather an inherent quality or ſubſtance. That all Sound, Sent, Sight, is created in the Braine. That no Beaſt hath remembrance, numeration, or curioſity. That all paſsions are made in the Head, not in the Heart. That the Soul is a Kernel in the Braine. That all the old Philoſophers were fooles, and knew little. That the Moderne Philoſophers have committed no Errours. That there are ſix primitive Paſsions. That the bloud goeth in a Circulation. That all the fixt Stars are Suns. That all the Planets are other worlds. That Motion is the Creator of all things, at leaſt of all formes. That Death is only a privation of Motion, as Darkneſſe is a privation of Light. That the Soule is a thing, and nothing.*

This motion which this *Noble Lord* made, was *enacted* by the whole *Parliament* with much applauſe. When he was ſet down, my *Lord Reaſon* roſe, and thus ſpake.

My Lord:

I ſhould thinke in my judgement, that it would be beneficiall to the *Common-wealth*, that there ſhould be a *Statute* made againſt all *falſe Coyne*, as *diſſembling tears*, and *hollow ſighs*, *flattering words*, and *feigning ſmiles*. But upon this Speech roſe up *one* of the *Lords*, and thus ſpake.

My Lord:

THe *Propoſitions* of this *Lord* are very dangerous: for if this *great Councell of Parliament* ſhould goe about to call in all *falſe Coyne* which is minted, they muſt call in all which is in the *Kingdome*, to make a triall of the currantneſſe; which would diſcontent moſt therein. For why, the *ſtamp* is ſo lively, and artificially imprinted therein, as it is impoſsible for the *right* to bee knowne from the falſe. Further, my Lord, theſe Coynes are ſo cunningly mixt with *Alchemy*, as the difference would hardly be knowne, if they were new melted.

With that roſe up one of the *Judges*, and ſaid thus.

My Lord:

IT is an *ancient Law* belonging to this *Kingdome*, to make it death for any to clip currant Coyne with *Hypocriſie*, or to mixe

falſe

falſhood with *ſlander*: and if this abuſe ſhould be winckt at, there would be no commerce with this *Kingdom* and *Truth*.

The *Lord Reaſon* roſe up againe, and ſaid thus.

My Lord:

THere is another *abuſe* in this *Kingdom*, which is, there are many *Luxurious Palats*, as they doe deſtroy the *ſtrength* of the Stomack, and quench out *the naturall heate* therein, making it ſo weake by reaſon of *ill digeſtion*, never giving ſo much time as to make a good concoction, to breed new bloud, as there is like (if ſpeedy order be not taken to prevent it) may come a *Dearth* of *Fleſh* over all the *Kingdom* of the *Body*.

Upon this, *Judge Taſte* roſe up, and thus ſpake.

My Lord:

THere was never any *Lawes* made in all the *former Kings reigne*, that there ſhould be a perpetuall *abſtinency*, but only in time of *Lent*, when the pennance of *Phyſick* was taken. For if the *ſtomack* ſhould eate ſparingly, and not ſuch things as the *Appetite* doth deſire, the *Body* of the *Kingdom* would grow weak and faint; and all *Induſtry* would ceaſe: for the *Legs* would never be able to *goe*, nor the *Hands* to *worke*, nor the *Armes* to lift; the *Complexion* would grow *pale*, the *Skin* rough, the *Liver* dry, and all the *parts* of the *Kingdom* would grow unfit for uſe; that if a *warre* of *ſickneſſe* ſhould come, they would never be able to defend themſelves.

The ſame *Lord Reaſon* roſe up, and ſaid thus.

My Lord:

THere is another great abuſe, which is in *Articulate*, and *Vocall ſounds*, or *tone* of the Voyces: for moſt when they read, do ſo whine, raiſing their *Notes* upon the *Peg* of the *Tongue* ſo high, as they crack the ſtrings of *Senſe*; or elſe the *fingers* of *words* play ſo faſt, as they keep no ſtops, or elſe ſo ſlow, as they make more ſtops then they ſhould: which make it prepoſterous. Truly *my Lord*, if theſe be not rectified, all the *Nobles* of *Underſtanding* wil be ruinated, and affronted with a ſeeming *Non-ſenſe*. This was diſputed hard on, before it would be paſs'd; but at laſt it was.

After this Diſpute, there was a *Lord* roſe up, and ſaid thus.

My Lord:

WEE ſpend here our time to rectifie the Errours that are committed in the *Kingdome* amongſt our ſelves, and not conſidering the danger we live in from *forraigne enemies* abroad, which are *Rhyming Pirates*, who make continuall inrodes

rodes, ſtealing all our *Cattle of Fancies*, and plunder us of our beſt and richeſt conceipts: which if we doe not provide *Armes of Rhethoricke* to exclaime againſt them, they may chance to uſurp the *Crowne of Wit*, and make themſelves *Heires* to that they were never borne to. Wherefore, my *Lord*, let us joyne, to ſet up *Forts of Satyrs*, and there plant *Cannons* of *Scorne*, from thence to ſhoot *Bullets of Scoffes*, to ſtrike them dead with *ſhame*. To this all the *Houſe* aſſented.

In the meane time, the *lower Houſe* were buſily imployed with affaires too, about *Naturalizing* a *Gentleman*. For one of the *Members* ſaid:

Maſter Speaker:

THere is a *Gentleman*, one Mr. *Friendſhip*, deſires to be *Naturaliz'd* by the *Parliament*.

Another *Member* roſe, and ſaid thus.

Maſter Speaker:

IN my ſenſe it is very prejudiciall to *Naturalize Strangers*: for why ſhould *Strangers* receive the ſame *Priviledges* with the *Natives*, and to be made capable to *inherit our Lands*, unleſſe we could cut off the *Entayles* of *Affection*, which are tyed to their *Native Country*, the *Kingdome of Parents*, or the *Iſlands* of *Children*, or the *Provinces of Brethren*, and *Kindred*; otherwiſe it is likely they will turne Rebels, if a warre chance to be with *this Kingdome*, and *that*, where they were borne.

With that the *former Gentleman* roſe up, and ſaid.

Maſter Speaker:

I Would not preferre this *Gentlemans* ſuite, had he been borne in the *Land of Obligation*, *Civilities*, or *Courteſies*; but he was borne in the *Land of Sympathy*, whereunto this *Kingdome* hath a relation, by reaſon our *King* hath a *right* therein, and ought to have the power thereof, by the *Lawes of Juſtice*; for his *Mother*, *Queene Reſemblance*, was Daughter to the *Sympathian King*: ſo that this *Gentleman*, Maſter *Friendſhip*, in *Juſtice* is a *naturall Subject* to our *King*, although not a *Citizen* in the *Common-wealth*. Hereupon the *Houſe* was divided, *ſome* gave their Voyces for *Him*, *others* againſt *Him*: but when they came to be numbred, he had moſt Voices on his ſide; for he had been ſo induſtrious in Petitioning every *particular Member* before hand; that he made himſelfe many friends, ſome out of favour to himſelfe, others for the good will to thoſe that favoured him: ſo that one way,

or

Maſter Speaker:

THere are in the Kingdome *ſome grievances*, which ought to be reform'd: which is, to make an *Act*, That all the *High Wayes*, and *common Rodes* ſhould be mended, and kept in repaire. For in *ſome Mouths* the *Teeth* are ſo foule, and rotten, and ſuch deep holes, as great peeces of meat tumble downe into the *Saw-pits* of the *Maw* without chewing.

The *next* is, that many *Noſe-bridges* are ready to fall downe, by reaſon the great *French Pox* doth travell ſo often over them, as they crack the very foundation thereof.

The *third* is, That the *Stomack* is ſo often over-flowed with Drink, by reaſon the *Throat ſluces* are ſo wide, as the *Kingdome* is not only much impaired thereby, making obſtructions, by reaſon there paſſes oft-times much *mud* of *Meat*, with *liquid Drinke*, but indangers the *Kingdome* of *drowning*; the more, for that *ſlug* which makes the *liquor* riſe higher; beſides, it breeds many *thick vapours*, which cauſe much *Raine*, and *ſtrong Winds*, and *unwholſome Aires*, which breed *dizzie Diſeaſes*, and bring *Appoplexies* of ſleep.

The *fourth grievance* is, that the *Puritans*, and *Roman Prieſts* cut downe all the *ſtately* and *thick woods* of *Haire*, as there is almoſt none left grown to build *ſhips* of *ornament* with: this in time will decay the *Navigation* of *Becomming*, and leave the *Iſlands* of the *Eares* bare, to the ruine of *Cold*; beſides the *prodigall effeminate Sex* burnes it up with *Iron workes*, or breakes it off at the *rootes*, in making *traps* for *Lovers*.

This grievance was reſented much in the Houſe, and a *Committee* ordained to make a ſtrict inquiry, and to report back to the *Houſe*; which was done with all ſpeed.

The *Chair-mans Report* back.

Maſter Speaker:

THe *Committee* hath found, that many of the *High-wayes*, and *Common Rodes* are much impaired by *negligence*: for *ſome* are ſo bad, as nothing wil mend them; *others* the *Committee* hath examin'd, & found out ſome helps: for the *deep holes* might be fill'd up

with *white Wax*, and those that are broken and ragged, may be *fil'd smooth*, and *even*; and *those* that are *black*, and *scal'd*, may be scrap'd with a *steele instrument*, and *those* that are *dirty*, and soule, may be rubb'd with *China*, or *Brick*, or the like; *those* that are *loose*, may be washed with *Allum-water*, or *Myrrhe-water*, which will fasten them againe. As for the *Bridges*, there are not many fallen downe, but only *sagg'd*, and *loose*: which, if the *Common-wealth* will be at the *charges*, may keep them from falling with *Silver pinnes*, which will prop them up. But truly, Mr. *Speaker*, there are great spoyls of the *Woods of Haire*; but in *youth*, Time wil repaire them againe, but in *Age*, they wil never grow againe: for the ground *is alwayes dry, and barren*, as it will alwayes be bare, and bald. As for the *great Over-flowes*, there is no way *to hinder*, or stop that *torrent*, but by shutting the *Water-gates*, the *Lips*.

After this relation, the *lower House* sent the reports to the *upper House*, after which they made an Act of prevention; Their *Statutes* running thus.

BE it knowne to all, and some in this *Kingdom*; That henceforth from this present of *January*, one *thousand eight hundred and two*, that no *Sweet-meats* shall travell through the *mouth*, nor no *Nuts* be crackt, nor no *Pins* lye in the high-wayes of the mouth, to canker-fret the *Teeth*; as also *be it enacted*, that all *hands* labourers shall be imployed with *Pick-tooths* after meat had passed those wayes, and let every *particular Shire* be at the charge thereof.

Be it also *enacted*, to keep the *bridges* strong, lest they fall to ruine, that the *flud-flush* be given to all the *amorous sort*, with *bathes*, and *dry dyets* every *spring* and *fall*, for feare the *foundation* of the *Nose* should be rotted, by reason of much corruption which passes through; also let there be cut a *passage* upon *each shoulder*, making *gutters of issues*, that the Humour may be diverted by running those wayes, that the Kingdome may be drain'd from superfluous moysture. Also be it *enacted*, that to the conserving of the *woods* of *Haire*, that no *haires* be pull'd up by the roots, but only prun'd by the *Husbandmen Barbers*; also we forewarn the use of *Curling-Irons*, *Crisping-Irons*, or the like; but let the *loose woods* of haire be bound up with *strings*.

Be *it also enacted*, That no great *Draughts* be drunk, unlesse great drought

dr ought require it: alſo no *Healths* to be dranke but upon *Feſtivall dayes*. But upon going out of this *Act*, all the *young women* and *men* in the *Kingdome* made ſuch a *mutiny*, as the *Parliament* had much adoe to pacifie them; nor could not, untill they had alter'd that clauſe of *Sweet-meats*, and *Healths*. After this there was a Member roſe up, and ſaid.

Maſter Speaker:

THere is in this *Kingdom* ſome *fooliſh* and *unneceſſary Cuſtoms*, which have been brought from *forraigne parts*, which ought to be aboliſhed. *One* is, to *digge holes* in the *Eares*, to ſet *Pendants* in, which puts the *Kingdom* to a charge of *paine*, and alſo is a heavie burthen therein. The *ſecond is*, to *pull* up the *Hedges of the Eye-brows* by the roots, leaving none but a narrow and thin row, that the *Eyes* can receive no ſhade there-from. The *third is*, to *peele* the *firſt skin* off the *face* with *Oyle of Vitriol*, that a *new skin* may come in the place, which is apt to *ſhrivell* the skin underneath. But for the aboliſhing of theſe cuſtoms few agreed to, fearing ſuch another *Mutiny* as the former, amongſt the *effeminate ſex*.

Whiles they were demurring upon this, there came *Petitioners* with a *Petition* to offer to the Houſe, which when that was heard, they ſent for their *Petition in, and made the Clerk read it.*

The Petition of the Veines.

WEE, your *Honours humble* and *poore Petitioners*, deſire a redreſſe from all *ill Livers*, or elſe we cannot furniſh your *Honours* with ſuch *bloud*, as your *Honours* require from us. For by *reaſon of dry, hot, corrupted*, or *obſtructed Livers*, we, your *Honours Pipe-veines*, want filling, or elſe we are fill'd with ſuch *wateriſh*, or elſe with ſuch black and *melancholy bloud*, as the *Kingdom* is either parcht for want of moyſture, or over-flowed with too much; being alwayes in extreames: ſo as we are all undone, and our Trading utterly decayed thereby. Wherefore we beſeech *your Honours* to take it into your *Honours* conſiderations, and give us a reparation from the *Liver*, for which we ſhall be bound to pray for your *Honours*.

Upon this Petition, the *Houſe* ordained a *Writ*, to warne the *Liver* to appeare before a *Committee* to be examined, where ſtrait the Liver appear'd; who excus'd himſelfe, ſaying, the *Appetite* flung into the *Stomack* a great *quantity of rubbiſh*, and the *Stomack* being an il *Neighbour*, to disburthen himſelf from that *filth*, flung it upon him, ſtopping up all croſſe paſſages; inſomuch that he had not roome to diſcharge himſelf freely: but as for his own part, he

was much poorer, and weaker then they, and had more reaſon to complaine.

Whereupon the Houſe made an Act, that the *Stomack* ſhould be cleanſed every *ſpring* and *fall* with *Purges*.

Then roſe up a *Member*, and ſaid. *Mr. Speaker*, There are a people in this *Kingdom* ought to be baniſhed, which are *Fuglers*, *Mountebanks*, and *Gypſies*; as *jugling Lovers*, which deceive all the *effeminate Sex* with *falſe* and *deluding praiſes*. The *next* are *Mountebank Buffoones*, who have gotten *Priviledges* of freedome, to put off their *bald Feaſts* at an eaſie rate, ſelling upon the *Stage of Mirth*, taking *laughter* for *pay* from the poore ignorant *vulgar*. Theſe Fellows take upon themſelves the name of *Doctors of Wit*, profeſſing their skill, whereby they doe much harme, by reaſon their *Drugs* are naught, and their *skil* little, by which many times they *kill*, inſtead of *curing*; for they doe apply their *poyſonous* jeſts on *unprepared Bodies*, and give their *Medicines* in *unſeaſonable time*; beſides their *Medicines*, being moſt commonly *bitter*, gives a *diſlike* to the *Taſt*; and being not taken in fit time, bring the diſeaſe of *Suſpicions*, and being wrong applyed, cauſe *death* to a *good fame*. The *next* are *Gypſies*, which delude many; as *Sympathy Powder*, *Viper Wine*, *Love Powder*, *Cramp Rings*, *croſſe Knots*, *raking up the aſhes on St. Agnes* Eve, laying *Bride-cake* under their heads, and many the like.

Another *Member* ſaid; Mr. *Speaker*, There are *light Wenches* of *vanity*, and *crafty Bawds*, ought to be whipt, *Black patches*, *Sweet Powders*, *Periwigs*, *Bracelets* made of their *Lovers Haire*, *fancy-colour'd Ribbons*, to reſemble the *ſeveral Paſſions*; *Looking-glaſſes* to hang by their ſides; *Love-Poſies* in *Rings*, *Love-Letters* wrought in *Handkerchiefs*, *Valentines* worne on ſleeves, and to *diſcourſe by ſignes*.

Another Member ſaid, next is *Bawds*, as *Romancies*, *Bals*, *Collations*, *Queſtions* and *Commands*, *Riddles*, *Purpoſes*, *&c.*

There was another *Member* roſe up, and ſaid thus. Mr. *Speaker*, there are *worſe Creatures* in the *Kingdom*, and more dangerous, which ought to be burnt; as *Lovely Feature*, *exact Proportion*, *clear Complexion*: when theſe *ſpirits* are raiſed in the circle of the face, who ſo comes neere that *Face*, although it be the *Soul* it ſelfe, is bewitched with a *looke*; and ſuch power is in that Magick, that nothing can undoe it, but *Sickneſſe*, and *old Age*.

The other *Witch*, is *elegant Eloquence*: this *Witch* hath much power, raiſing up *Senſe*, *Fancy*, *Phraſe*, *Number*, in the *circle* of the *Eare*, and whoſoever comes neer them, although the *Soul* it ſelfe, that *ſpirit* the *Tongue* bewitches them, and this is ſo ſtrong a *Magick*,

k, as nothing can undoe, but *forgetfulneſſe*. 'Tis true, there is a *L*w againſt them, which belongs to the *Judges care*, as, *Hearing* and *Sight*; but when they come before them to be examin'd, and to be condemn'd, if they be found guilty; they are ſo farre from puniſhing them, as they ſet them at liberty, and thoſe bonds that ſhould bind them, they bind themſelves with, and ſo become *voluntary ſlaves* to thoſe *Witches*.

Then did the *King* call both *Houſes* together into a great *Hall*, and thus ſpake.

MY good and loving Subjects, I give you thankes for your care and induſtry, in rectifying the Errours of this Kingdome, and for your love to me, in giving me thoſe Subſidies I requir'd, although I call'd for them as well for your ſafety, as my owne; ſuch is my tender regard to my people, as their ſafety is my care, and their proſperity my happineſſe. For I deſire to be King of Affection, ruling them with Clemency, rather then to be only King of Power, ruling them with Tyranny, binding my Subjects to ſlavery. The power I deſire, is, to beat my enemies abroad, not to fright my Subjects at home; to defend them, not to ruine them; I covet not the riches of my Subjects, I hold not the Sword to cut their Purſe-ſtrings, but to decide truth from falſhood, to give Equity, and to doe Juſtice. Yet let me tell them, my Sword is as ready to puniſh Offenders, as my Clemency is to reward the vertuous. But I have found, and I make no queſtion I ſhall finde them alwayes as ready to obey, as I to command; and becauſe every one may returne to his owne private affaires, ſince in publique buſineſſe there is little left now to doe, but what I can order my ſelfe, I diſſolve my Parliament for this time, untill there be an occaſion to call them together againe.

Whereupon the Parliament all cryed;

God ſave the King,
God ſave the King.

I Know, thoſe that are ſtrict and nice about Phraſe, and the *placing* of words, will carp at my Booke: for I have not ſet my *words* in ſuch *order*, as thoſe which write *elegant Proſe*. But I muſt confeſſe ingenuouſly, my ſhallow wit could not tell how to order it to the beſt advantage; beſides, I found it difficult, to get ſo many *Rhythmes*, as to joyn the *ſenſe* of the *Subject*: and by reaſon I could not attaine to both, I rather choſe to leave the *Elegance* of *words*, then to obſtruct the *ſenſe* of the *matter*. For my deſire was to make my *conceit* eaſie to the *underſtanding*, though my *words* were not ſo *fluent* to the *eare*. Againe, they will finde *fault* with the *Numbers*; for I was forc'd to *fewer* or *more*, to bring in the *ſenſe* of my *Fancies*. All I can ſay for my ſelfe is, that *Poetry* conſiſts not ſo much in *Number*, *Words*, and *Phraſe*, as in *Fancy*. Thirdly, they will finde fault at the *Subject*; ſaying, it is neither *materiall*, nor *uſefull* for the *Soule*, or *Body*. To this I anſwer, My *intention* was, not to teach *Arts*, nor *Sciences*, nor to inſtruct in *Divinity*, but to paſſe away *idle Time*; and though *Time* might be better ſpent: yet 'tis oft ſpent worſe amongſt many in the *world*.

I *Language* want, to dreſſe my *Fancies* in,
The *Haire's* uncurl'd, the *Garments* looſe, and thin;
Had they but *Silver Lace* to make them gay,
Would be more courted then in *poore array*.
Or had they *Art*, might make a *better ſhow*;
But *they are plaine*, yet cleanly doe they goe.
The world in *Bravery* doth take delight,
And *gliſtering Shews* doe more attract the *ſight*;
And every one doth honour a rich Hood,
As if the *outſide* made the *inſide* good.
And every one doth bow, and give the place,
Not for the *Mans ſake*, but the *Silver Lace*.
Let me intreat in my poore Bookes behalfe,
That all may not adore the Golden Calf.
Conſider pray, *Gold* hath no life therein,
And *Life* in *Nature* is the richeſt thing.
So *Fancy* is the *Soul* in *Poetrie*,
And if not *good*, a *Poem* ill muſt be.

~~In the Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica, page 283, a copy of the third edition~~
~~of this work is named "London, printed by A. Maxwell in the year~~
~~1668." Folio, pp. 388 — occurs at the price of ten Guineas —~~

The Editor gives the following description of the Volume, viz. —
"This volume commences with commendatory verses "To her
"Grace the Duchess of Newcastle, on her Book of Poems" written
"by her Husband the Duke, which is succeeded by a Dedication
"To Sr. Charles Cavendish, my noble Brother in Law" and, another
"To all Noble and Worthy Ladies." Next occurs "An Epistle to
"Lady Topp" with that Lady's reply to the Duchess. — Two other
"prose Epistles follow, viz. "To Natural Philosophers" and
"To the Reader". — The prefatory matter ends with three rhy-
"mical Epistles. — "The Poetesses Hasty Resolution." — "The Poetesses
"Petition," — and "An Apology for writing so much upon
"this Book." — (The whole of these occur in this Volume
only the first is in MS. and the last is termed "An Excuse
"for so much writ upon my verses." —)

The Editor continues "The present Copy of this work is a
"very beautiful one, and has the very rare print of the Duchess
"sitting in her study, attended by four Cupids, two of whom
"are crowning her with laurel, engraved by Van Schuppen,
"after a painting by Diepenbeke. Of this print there is
"a copy, engraved on a smaller scale, and the volume
"is further illustrated by the conversation print of the
Duke and Duchess, with their family, engraved by Clouet,
"and a portrait of the Duke, engraved by Turner, from an
"original Miniature." — (a small wood Cut portrait, is given
in the Bibliotheca, copied from the scarce print inserted in
the volume, which was not published with it.)

The Writer continues "Margaret Duchess of Newcastle,
"although a voluminous writer of poems, plays, and
abstruse

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